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THE WELSHMAN's CANDLE:

OR THE

DIVINE POEMS

OF

Mr. *REES PRICHARD*,

SOMETIME

Vicar of LANDOVERY, in *Carmarthenshire*,

Now *first* TRANSLATED into *English* Verse
By the Rev.d William Evans, Vicar of Lanhaden.

CARMARTHEN,
PRINTED FOR THE TRANSLATOR BY J. ROSS.

M,DCC,LXXI.

the learned, the gay, or the great, but were profeſſedly compoſed for the Edification of the Vulgar; not but that the former may chance to find ſeveral things among them worthy of their Notice and Attention.

As the Work contains about 480 Pages, and an almoſt countleſs Number of Verſes, the Tranſlator once thought of contracting ſeveral of the Poems, by pruning away a great many Tautologies, wherein the Author very much abounds; owing, it may be preſumed, to his great Deſire of inculcating a valuable Sentiment, or important Precept,—ſo as to impreſs it more forcibly, and more durably on the Minds of his Readers, that it might be, at all Events, retain'd by them in one form or another. —— He likewiſe deſigned to have omitted ſome Thoughts and Expreſſions evidently calculated for the conception and taſte of the lower Claſſes of Mankind only; which would undoubtedly have added Strength and Beauty to the Work, as the Rays of the Sun operate more powerfully, when concent'red in a Focus:——But he thought himſelf obliged to drop that Deſign, as ſoon as he conſidered that the far greater Part of the *Welſh* would have deem'd it a high Piece of Preſumption, at leaſt, in him, if not a Sacrilege, to have either alter'd or diminiſh'd any Part of their beloved Author's Work;—and perhaps it might not then have been ſo extenſively uſeful among them. He has however taken the Liberty of changing the Metre in many of the Poems at his Pleaſure, in order to make them more agreeable to the *Engliſh* Reader, and to avoid too great a Monotony, which is generally diſguſtful and fatiguing to a nice poetical Ear. The fair Manuſcript of this Work, prepared for the Preſs by the Author, was unfortunately loſt in the Time of the Civil Wars; ſo that many of the Poems are now apparently imperfect and defective,——being only (as his firſt Editor Mr. *Stephen Hughes* confeſſes) Fragments pick'd out of his rough Draughts and foul Papers. It is clear, from his Epiſtle Dedicatory in Verſe, that he in-

intended to have had this Work printed, had he lived; —which wou'd have been a very desirable Circumstance, as every Poem wou'd then have been thoroughly finish'd, and receiv'd it's last Polish from his own Hand.

As the Translator assumes no more Merit to himself from this Performance than that it is the only Translation of Mr. *Prichard*'s Poems, hitherto publish'd, so he thinks himself accountable for the Errors of *that* alone. As to the original Faults and Imperfections of the Work itself, or the erroneous Doctrines it may contain, if any, he does not think himself responsible for them;—but shall leave the Author (as Mr. *Pope* says) to answer for them himself;—and that he may very well do,—since, like *Abel*, tho' dead, "He yet "speaketh," in this his Work which he has left behind him. I wou'd therefore advise the minor Critics, both in Poetry and Divinity, to take heed how they attack him, —at least, 'till they shall have, first of all, frequently and carefully read over their Bibles; for I can assure them that they will find him, like *Apollos*, strong and "mighty in the Scriptures;"——and, indeed, if I may be allow'd to speak, I look upon this whole Work of our Author's, to be an Assemblage of many of the most instructive and didactic Parts of Scripture.

As the few authentic Memoirs, now to be found, of the venerable Author's Life, follow this Preface, the Translator will not attempt to say any thing farther of him here; he shall only add some Observations, relative to the Method Mr. *Prichard* has taken of conveying Instruction to his Countrymen: A Person, that was to take but a little Pains, might easily trace it down from the earliest Antiquity, even to our own Nation, and to our own Times; witness the Song of *Moses*, of *Deborah* and *Barak*, and the Divine Compositions of the Royal Psalmist, which, together with many other of the most sublime Parts of the sacred Pages, were, it seems, wrote in *Hebrew* Verse:———That it has proved

ed effectual in our own Country, the Story of *Adelmus* ſufficiently evinces,—who a little before *Edward* the Confeſſor's Time, by his excellent Faculty in Poetry, and Singing, (we may preſume his own Compoſitions) wrought ſuch wonderful Effects upon the People, for the civilizing their Manners, and for their Inſtruction in the Duties of their Religion, that *Lanfrank*, by his own Authority, thought good to make him a Saint.

Even the rigid *Calvin* tells us, " That remarkable " and illuſtrious Tranſactions uſed to be deſcribed in " Verſe, ſo that they might be in the Mouths of all; " and that a perpetual Memorial of them might be " eſtabliſhed; for, by theſe Means, *ſays he*, a Point of " Doctrine becomes better known, than if it was to be " delivered in a more ſimple Manner." ——— " *Res* " *inſignes & præclaræ carmine deſcribi ſolebant, ut omnium* " *ore circumferentur*, —— *ſic enim celebrior fit doctrina*, " *quam ſi ſimplicius traderetur.*" Calvin in Iſai. v. 1.

I am farther informed, that in the Proteſtant Countries in *Germany*, inſtead of looſe Ballads, as in other Countries, they recreate their Minds, at their Work, on the Road, in the Fields, and in the Gardens, with the Divine Carols or Hymns, compoſed by *Luther*, or other good Authors, for that Purpoſe. *See* Jenkin Thomas Philips's *Life of* Erneſtus *the Pious*, p. 46.

But the beſt Example which I can poſſibly adduce in Favour of our worthy Author's Mode of Inſtruction, is that of *Grotius*, who, as Dr. *Patrick* tells us in his Preface to his Tranſlation of the moſt excellent Treatiſe *De Veritate Chriſtianæ Religionis*, wrote it in his own Language, and in Verſe;—— which Way, I ſuppoſe he choſe, continues the Doctor, becauſe it was the ancient Manner of delivering the moſt uſeful Things, as he himſelf obſerves in his Prolegomena to *Stobæus*'s *Florilegium*, where, as a Proof of it, he alleges that of *Homer*, who ſays *Clitemneſtra* did not incline to Vice, 'till ſhe had loſt him, who was wont to ſing to her. For Precepts of Wiſdom, ſo taught, are exceeding charming

ing to the Minds of Youth, —— being not only more eaſily imprinted on the Memory, but touching the Affections more powerfully, and more to the quick, than when otherwiſe more ſpoken at large; —— and therefore the public Laws were in the more ancient Times thus written, as *Ariſtotle* informs us; ——and that true Religion might be more eaſily convey'd into People's Minds, and fix'd there, *Apollinarius* tranſlated all the Works of *Moſes* (as *Sozomen* tells us) and the reſt of the Holy Bible as far as the Reign of *Saul* into heroic Verſe, in Imitation of *Homer*'s Poems. *Suidas* ſays, He put the whole Old Teſtament into ſuch Verſe;——and it is not improbable, as what he did on the Pſalms is ſtill remaining. Doctor *Watts* will be for ever remember'd for his uſeful Compoſitions of this Nature. But I ſhall ſay no more upon the Advantages of this Mode of propagating Chriſtian Knowledge, uſed by our Author, and many other eminent Writers, than juſt to remark that, as many more read for Amuſement than Inſtruction, they will frequently take a Book of Poems into their Hands, who wou'd be quite terrify'd at the Sight of a large Syſtem of Divinity, or a long Treatiſe in Proſe on any religious Subject; ſo juſt and true are thoſe often quoted Lines:

" *A Verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies,*
" *And turn a Pleaſure to a Sacrifice.*"

AN

THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. REES PRICHARD,

OUT OF

WOOD's *Athenæ Oxonienſes.*

REES PRICHARD was born, as it ſeems, at *Llanymddyfri*, in *Caermarthenſhire*, and being educated in thoſe Parts, he was ſent to *Jeſus'* College, in 1597, aged 18 Years, or thereabouts, ordained Prieſt at *Witham* or *Whytham*, in *Eſſex*, by *John*, Suffragan Biſhop of *Colcheſter*, on *Sunday*, 25th *April*, 1602, took the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in *June* following; and on the 6th of *Auguſt*, the ſame Year, had the Vicarage of *Llanymddyfri*, before mentioned, commonly called *Landovery*, collated on him by *Anthony*, Biſhop of *St. David*. On the 19th of *November* 1613, he was inſtituted Rector of *Llanedy*, in the Dioceſe of *St. David*, (preſented thereunto by the King) which he held with the other Living by Diſpenſation from the Archbiſhop, 28th of *October*, 1613, confirmed by the Great Seal on the 29th of the ſame Month, and qualified by being Chaplain to *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*. In 1614, *May* 17th, he was made Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of *Brecknock*, by the aforeſaid *Anthony*, Biſhop of *St. David*; and by the Title of Maſter of Arts, (which Degree he was perſuaded to take by Dr. *Laud* his Dioceſan) he was made Chancellor of *St. David* (to which the Prebend of *Llowhadden* is annexed) on the 14th of *September*, 1626, upon the Reſignation of *Richard Baylie*, Bachelor of Divinity

vinity of *St. John*'s College. — In *Wales* is a Book o his Compoſition that is common among the People there, and bears this Title,

Gwaith Mr. Rees Prichard, *gynt Ficcer*, &c.

The Works of Mr. *Rees Prichard*, ſometime Vicar of *Landovery* in *Carmarthenſhire*, printed before in three Books, but now printed together in one Book, *&c.* with an Addition in many things out of MSS. not ſeen before by the Publiſher; beſides a fourth Part now the firſt Time imprinted, *Lond.* 1627*; in a thick 8vo.

It contains four Parts, and the Whole conſiſts of ſeveral Poems and pious Carols in Welsh, which ſome of the Author's Countrymen commit to Memory, and are wont to ſing. He alſo tranſlated divers Books into Welsh, and wrote ſomething upon the thirty-nine Articles, which, whether printed I know not; ſome of it I have ſeen in MSS. He died at *Llanymddyfri*, about the Month of *November*, in ſixteen hundred and forty-four; and was, as I preſume, buried in the Church there. In his Life-time he gave Lands worth 20 l. *per Ann.* for the ſettling a free School at *Llanymddyfri*, together with an Houſe to keep it in: Afterwards the Houſe was poſſeſt by four School-maſters ſucceſſively, and the Money paid to them. At length *Thomas Manwaring* (Son of *Roger*, ſometime Biſhop of *St. David*) who married *Elizabeth*, only Daughter of *Samuel*, Son of the ſaid *Rees Prichard*, did retain (as I have been informed by Letters from thence) and ſeize upon the ſaid Land, under Pretence of paying the School-maſter in Money, which was accordingly done for an Year or two. But not long after (as my Informer tells me) the River *Towy* breaking into the Houſe, carried it away, and the Lands belonging thereunto, are occupied at this Time, 1682, by *Roger Manwaring*, Son and Heir of *Thomas* before mentioned; ſo that the School is in a manner quite forgotten.

THE

* *Qu.* Whether *Wood* did not write 1672, as the Author died in 1644, and his Work was not printed in his Life-time?

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William Llewelyn, Cardiff, Glamorganſhire, 2.
Charles Lloyd, Brecon.
Francis Lloyd, Trebarried, Breconſhire.

M.

Edward Mathew, Lanfoiſt, Monmouthſhire, 2.
Charles Morgan, *M. P.* Breconſhire, 4.
John Morgan, *M. P.* Monmouthſhire, 4.
J. Morgan, *Surgeon*, Builth, Breconſhire, 2.
Rev. William Morgan, Brecon.

Iltid

N.

Iltid Nichol, St. Athan, Glamorganſhire.

O.

Sir William Owen, *Bart.* Orielton, Pembrokeſhire, 4.

P.

Charles Powell, Caſtle-madoc, Breconſhire, 2.
William Powell, *Attorney at Law*, Brecon.
Rev. Ger. Powell, Lanharan, Glamorganſhire, 4.
Samuel Price, Park, Glamorganſhire.
Thomas Pryce, Dyffryn, Glamorganſhire, 4.
William Proger, Lanfoiſt, Monmouthſhire.

S.

Robert Savours, Glamorganſhire.

T.

William Thomas, Lanbradach, Glamorganſhire, 3.

W.

John Walton, *Surgeon*, Cowbridge, Glamorganſhire.
Walter Wilkins, Maeslough, Radnorſhire, 4.
Rev. John Wilkins, *M. A. Rector of* Diſſerth, Breconſh. 2.
Jeffry Wilkins, Brecon, 2.
Penry Williams, Penpont, Breconſhire, 4.
John Hanbury Williams, Colebrook.
Thomas Williams, *Attorney at Law*, Cowbridge, 1.
William Williams, *Mercer*, Brecon.

THE

THE
Welſhman's Candle.

An EPISTLE from the AUTHOR to a certain noble LORD*, to whom, it is imagined, he intended to dedicate his Book.

1 MY gracious LORD!——
Be not ſurpriz'd to ſee
An humble Clergyman, of mean degree,
With ſuch a ſimple Book the Man accoſt,
Who is by all eſteem'd his country's boaſt!

2 The Zeal you for the Church of God have ſhown,
Your ſervice to your country and the crown,
The favour you've for *Welſhmen* ſtill expreſs'd,
Muſt fill with gratitude each *Welſhman*'s breaſt.

3 Though thouſands ſtrive your character to raiſe
With countleſs ſums of tributary praiſe;
Permit e'en me, my Lord! however low,
Amongſt the reſt, my worthleſs mite to throw.

4 The LORD of Hoſts himſelf did meekly deign
To take the widow's mites, without diſdain;
Nor proudly deem'd the well-meant gift, too ſmall,
Or of no worth; becauſe ſhe gave——her all.

5 Do you, my deareſt Lord! the like receive
From One, who has no better thing to give;

* Suppoſed to be Robert earl of Eſſex, whoſe chaplain he was.

Yet with a better preſent would be glad
To honour You — if He a better had.

6 But You, our country's glory! merit more,
And more ſhou'd have—if more was in my pow'r;
Yet weigh'd according to it's kind intent,
This gift yields not to thoſe by princes ſent.

An EPISTLE to the READER.

1 THE glory of the Lord!—my country's gain,—
The ſuit of friends,--the poor's affecting ſtrain--
Caus'd me to print this little work of mine,
For my compatriots of the Cambrian line.

2 Becauſe they take in ſermons no delight,
But idle ſongs with eagerneſs recite,
I, for their good, have thus employ'd my time,
And put the doctrines, that enſue, in rhyme.

3 For as I ſaw fame'd *Sai'ſb'ry*'s labour'd ſtile
Neglected by the unlearned of our iſle,
I therefore took a metre ſhort and plain,
Eaſy to read, and eaſy to retain.

4 And this my Book, *The Welſhman's Candle*, nam'd;
Becauſe therein I've moſt ſincerely aim'd
Each ignorant and darkling mind to light,
And taught him, how to ſerve his God aright.

5 To give the unletter'd an aſſiſting hand,
Who, at the beſt, but little underſtand,
Theſe Poems I compos'd with pleaſing care:
The reſt, I ween, have better Paſtors far!

6 God grant the *Welſh* ſufficient light to know,
And ſerve him, whilſt they ſojourn here below—
God grant this *Candle*, as it was deſign'd,
May give unerring light e'en to the blind!

ADVICE

ADVICE to hear, and to read, the Word of God.

1 WHoe'er, of any ſex or age,
To heav'n above wou'd learn the way,
His guide muſt be the ſacred Page—
Or elſe he needs muſt go aſtray.

2 The way is difficult and long,
And few the tedious journey go,
Vaſt croſſes round each trav'ler throng,
And ſtrait the gate he muſt paſs thro'.

3 Above the ſun and moon heav'n lies,
And ſtrange and arduous is the road—
Thy ladder's Chriſt, to ſcale the ſkies---
His word, thy lamp, to ſhew thee God.

4 Of ſenſual joys full many a rock,
And many a ſea of worldly woe,
The paſſage with obſtructions block,
E'er one can to theſe regions go.

5 Full many a winding thou may'ſt count,
Or be in ſloughs and deſerts loſt,
E'er unto heaven thou canſt mount,
Without God's word, they can't be croſs'd.

6 Unto the dreary realms of woe,
A man may ſink, without a guide,
But none to heaven e'er did go,
Without the Goſpel, to reſide.

7 'Tis not the ſun's, or moon's, ſo bright,
'Tis not the ſtars' that gleam on high,
But the ſweet Word and Goſpel's light,
That can direct thee to the ſky.

8 Take thou the lantern of thy God,
To light thy falt'ring ſteps along,---
Tread the ſtrait path thy Saviour trod,
Thou ſoon ſhalt be, the ſaints among.

9 The Word's a candle, to give light,
The Word will ſhew thee, where to tread,
The Word will guide thy airy flight,
The Word to heaven will thee lead.

10 The Word's far beaming light purſue——
Whate'er thou'rt bid by Jeſus, do——
Whatever He forbade, eſchew——
And thou ſhalt ſtrait to heaven go.

11 The Goſpel is the lucid ſtar——
That darts it's cheerful gleam abroad,
He, who purſues it's rays——tho' far,
Needs never fear to miſs his road.

12 The Bread of Life, each there may meet,
To feed the body and the mind——
A lamp, to light his ſtumbling feet——
A bridle, his looſe tongue to bind.

13 Thence milk, to nurſe the weakling, flows——
Thence manna, hungry ſouls to feed——
Thence wine, to ſoften human woes,
And comfort give, to all that need!

14 An oil that can the pangs aſſuage
Of conſcience, and o'er ſin prevail——
A balſam is the ſacred page——
An antidote, ne'er known to fail!

15 A maul, to beat each knob full low——
A rule, the erroneous to conduct——
An ax, to lop each ſtraggling bough——
A maſter, children to inſtruct.

16 The Word's a trump, that ſummons all
To judgement——and a bell's the ſame,
That men does to repentance call——
A herald 'tis, peace to proclaim——

17 The Word's a mirror, that diſplays
Our vices and our latent ſtains,
And bids us all amend our ways,
Whilſt the clear light of day remains.

18 The Word's the Seed divine, whence ſome
Poſſeſſors of heaven's happy coaſt,
Chriſt's brethren and God's ſons, become———
And temples of the Holy Ghoſt.

19 Without the Word, there's no relief,
None can be reſcu'd from the grave——
For of all means it is the chief,
That Chriſt ordain'd, our ſouls to ſave.

20 Without the Word, no mortals can
About God's attributes agree,
Nor well the aweful myſt'ry ſcan
Of Three-in-one, and One-in-three.

21 Without the Goſpel, none God's Will
Can know, or worſhip him aright——
None can his ſacred laws fulfil,
Until the goſpel gives him light.

22 None e'er can learn, without the Word,
The fall of man,—or e'er explain,
How he, thro' Jeſus was reſtor'd
To his loſt righteouſneſs again.

23 Without the Word, none can believe——
None can believe, unleſs they hear,
Or unto Chriſt due homage give,
For Faith gains entrance through the ear.

24 God ne'er was known without the Word,
To turn a ſingle ſoul from ſin:
But, through the Goſpel of our Lord,
To ſave th' elect he oft is ſeen.

25 The Apoſtles, in the days of yore,
And Gentiles were converted——none,
Without it's efficacious pow'r,
Cou'd e'er approach God's ſacred throne.

26 St. Peter, by the Goſpel's aid,
At once among the Jewiſh train,
Above three thouſand converts made,
After that they had Jesus ſlain.

27 'Tis by the ſowing of the Word,
And thro' the holy Spirit's aid,
The worſt of ſinners are reſtor'd,
God's ſons and Chriſt's own brethren made!

28 Whate'er man wants, God's Word ſupplies;
Then ſearch it with a critic's care——
'Twill make thee to ſalvation wiſe——
For, lo! eternal life is there!

29 Chriſt for the goſpel bids thee ſtrive,
With all thy might and all thy main,
More than for all this world can give——
If thou wou'dſt endleſs life attain.

30 As for the breaſt, a child implores—
As the' hart lows for the ſprings, when dry——
As ſun-bake'd lands call out for ſhow'rs——
So for the Goſpel doctrines cry.

31 Sell all thy goods———ſell all thy land———
Sell e'en the ſhirt upon thy back———
Sell all thou haſt at thy command———
Rather than thou God's Word ſhou'dſt lack.

32 Much better 'tis, that thou ſhou'dſt roam,
Without the cheerful light of day,
Without meat, drink, fire, bed, or home,
Than that God's Word ſhould be away.

33 'Tis ſad to live in ſuch a place,
Where the ſun ſhines not all the year——
But much more diſmal is their caſe,
To whom God's light does ne'er appear.

34 Ne'er in a clime, where there's no day———
Nor in a land, where there's no rain———
Nor ſhip, without a compaſs, ſtay———
Ne'er, where there is no prieſt, remain.

35 Quit thou the pariſh, town, and ground——
Quit father, mother, friends, and kin——
Quit houſe and home—if the ſweet ſound
Of God's word can't be heard therein.

36 'Tis better in ſome cave to hide,
And ſometimes hear the goſpel there—
Than in the richeſt vale reſide,
Where one can ne'er the Goſpel hear.

37 'Tis hard in darkneſs to remain
Where comfort never yet appear'd—
But harder 'tis to ſtay in vain,
Where the bleſs'd Word was never heard.

38 To Turkey, 'tis not worſe to go,
Where none our God, or know or fear,
Than 'tis to dwell, where thou canſt no
Inſtruction have, no Goſpel hear.

39 To London go, o'er Britain roam,
The ocean croſs, the globe ſurround—
But never think of coming home,
Until thou haſt the Goſpel found.

40 'Tis hard to ſee the ſun and rain,
In all the hamlets 'round appear,
Whilſt that wherein thou doſt remain,
Has neither of them all the year.

41 If there's no ſermon to be found,
Which thou in thine own church mayſt hear,
Go to the churches all around,
And hear one ev'ry Sabbath there.

42 Whene'er thy ſtomach meat requires,
Thou to the pantry wilt repair,——
But when thy ſoul it's food deſires,
Thou for it's cravings doſt not care.

43 What boots the body's full repaſt,
If thy poor ſoul for hunger dies?
Can One the leaſt enjoyment taſte,
If in diſtreſs the Other lies?

44 'Tis bad, quite bad, upon the whole,
When theſe our bodies are not fed:
But worſe by much to ſtarve the ſoul,
For want of it's celeſtial bread.

45 Then to the clergy cry amain,
Due food unto thy ſoul to give:
Since thou doſt them with tithes maintain,
Bid them thy famiſh'd ſoul relieve.

46 From the prieſt's lips receive the word,
As if from Chriſt's own mouth it came—
He was commiſſion'd by the Lord
To warn thee, and from ſin reclaim.

47 Shou'd ſome poor curate, mean in dreſs,
As Chriſt commands, reprove thy ways,
Though he his thoughts ſhou'd ill expreſs,
Thou'rt bound to do, whate'er he ſays.

48 Although the goſpel of our Lord
Judas himſelf ſhou'd come to preach,
Yet it may ſave thee, tho' the Word
He might, involv'd in error, teach.

49 To vices, ſhou'd thy Paſtor run,
Yet if his doctrine ſhou'd be true,
His leſſons learn, his manners ſhun——
E'en Paul and Peter's faults eſchew.

50 Mind not his perſon, or addreſs—
If well, or meanly clad, ne'er note—
The goſpel's merit is not leſs,
Shou'd he be cloth'd in homeſpun coat.

51 Take pearls from toads, with venom fill'd—
Take gold from hands, that are not clean——
Take wine from caſks, with duſt defil'd----
Take knowledge e'en from lips obſcene.

52 The goſpel of thy ſaviour hear,
However poor the preacher be----
The Word, if not the perſon, bear,
'Twas Chriſt himſelf that ſent it thee.

53 Deep in thy mind his dictates ſow,
Nor let the fiends ſteal thence a part----
The Word's a ſeed, that there will grow,
If thou wilt plant it in thy heart.

54 Search then the Scripture, night and day,
And read it with obſerving eyes,
It's dictates punctually obey,----
So ſhalt thou prove extremely wiſe.

55 Keep it at all times next thy heart---
At work, at play, at home, abroad,
Unto thy ſons it's ſenſe impart-----
And ground them in the Word of God.

56 Still let that chain adorn thy neck----
Still let that frontlet grace thy brow---
Still let that ring thy finger deck----
And ne'er a ſtep without it go.

57 Make it thy comrade on the way----
Make it thy bedfellow by night----
Make it thy ſtudy all the day----
Do all it bids thee, with delight.

58 Make it thy councillor and friend,
And more thou'lt learn from ev'ry page,
(So it thy footſteps ſhall attend)
Than from the moſt enlight'ned ſage.

59 Leave it not, in the church, behind
With him, who did the ſubject treat---
But bear it homewards in thy mind,
And to thy family repeat.

60 Make thou God's word thy higheſt treat---
Be it the prime of food to thee-----
And, when thou'rt cloy'd with other meat,
Thy choice deſert then let it be.

61 This wholeſome Food, each morning, taſte---
Be it, each noon, thy conſtant fare----
And, ev'ry night, a ſweet repaſt
Of this celeſtial Bread, prepare.

62 As thou thy body doſt preſerve
With meat---thy ſoul with manna feed---
Let not the One, with hunger ſtarve,
Whilſt thou ſupplieſt t' Other's need.

63 The Bible, in thy native tongue,
May now e'en for a crown be got,
Sell then thy all, and be not long,
E'er thou the precious book haſt bought.

64 No chattels with it equal are---
No goods are of ſuch real uſe---
No treaſures can with it compare---
Nor any thing thou canſt produce---

65 'Twill comfort give, and 'twill adviſe—
'Twill give thee pleaſure, and ſucceſs----
'Twill make thee to Salvation wiſe----
'Twill give thee endleſs happineſs----

66 'Twill give thee bread, to ſate thy ſoul—
'Twill give thee milk, to feed the poor—
'Twill give thee wine, to fill thy bowl—
'Twill give a ſalve for ev'ry ſore———

67 Who wou'd not then the bible buy,
Which does all other goods excel?
To purchaſe it, who wou'd not try?
His houſe, his all, who wou'd not ſell?

68 This is the pearl, which Jeſus told
All them, that heeded his advice,
To buy—like him, who wiſely ſold
His all, that he might reach it's price.

69 Since God has deign'd to give each page,
That does his holy word contain,
To *Wales*—let's join, at ev'ry age,
To ſtudy it with might and main.

70 O let us then be all agreed,
Women and men, with one accord,
To buy a book,—that each may read
In his own tongue, the bleſſed word!

71 Since God has now vouchſafe'd the ſame
In our own tongue—O let's not waſte
Our time, but all attempt, for ſhame,
To read it, with the utmoſt haſte.

72 Let

72 Let not the labour fruitleſs prove,
Which coſt in England ſuch a ſum—
Leſt we ſhou'd not account above
For ſuch a crime, the day of doom.

73 O let's, of ev'ry ſex and age,
In our good neighbours footſteps tread,
Who can with eaſe the ſacred page
In their own native language read.

74 'Twill be for us a burning ſhame,
If we do not attempt, e'er long,
To maſter and to learn the ſame,
Since now 'tis in our mother's tongue.

75 More than a crown, now 'twill not coſt,
The value of a ſingle ſheep,
Which in ſome ditch may ſoon be loſt,
Whilſt nightly ſtorms the mountains ſweep.

76 If, in a family, but one
Is with the uſeful talent bleſt,
To read the ſcriptures—he alone
May eaſily inſtruct the reſt.

77 Each *Welſhman* in a month, or ſo,
May learn, if he'll the ſtudy mind,
To read all that he needs to know:
What's that?——if One be well-inclin'd.

78 Ah me! that Chriſtians cannot give
One crown, of all that they poſſeſs,
Or one month's time, whilſt here they live,
To learn the doctrines they profeſs!

79 Women and men of low degree,
The very abjects of the land,
You always may in England ſee,
Each with his Bible in his hand.

80 With us, ('mongſt thoſe, who moſt abound,
And ſumptuouſly their tables ſpread)
Scarce can a prayer-book be found,
Or One, who can his bible read.

81 Alas!

81 Alas! that they, in wealth who roll,
Shou'd be, by coblers in their ſtalls,
Surpaſs'd, in what concerns the ſoul,
And beſt will decorate their halls!

82 Will they not, in the day of doom,
Againſt the rich in judgement riſe,
And to condemn their folly come,
Who their ſalvation thus deſpiſe?

83 They teach each tradeſman's daughter, there,
To read the books that moſt excel———
Whereas the Gentry's daughters, here,
Can ſcarce the *Pater noſter* ſpell.

84 'Tis to the *Welſh* a foul diſgrace,
They're in religion ſtill ſo young,
That not the tithe of all the race
The ſcriptures read, in their own tongue.

85 Let's then, for ſhame, together join
To learn, from the heav'n-inſpired code,
The ground-work of our Faith divine,
And ſtrive to read the word of God.

86 So ſhall we know, and truly fear
Our great Creator, whilſt we live———
And if we know and fear him here,
We all ſhall endleſs life receive.

87 God grant the *Welſh* ſufficient grace,
Rightly to know and dread the Lord,
And God enable all the race,
In their own tongue, to read his word!

To the Sons of BRUTUS.

1 YE ſons of Brute, of Trojan blood,
A lively, lovely, loving brood,
Attend in haſte, and to my ſtrains draw nigh,
With an obedient heart appear,
And with a fix'd attention hear,
My doleful plaint, and heart-affecting cry.

2 Th'

2 Th' unceaſing wheel of reſtleſs fate,
Early each morn, each ev'ning late,
'Till Death, ſtill whirls about the fatal ball
Of life —— yet thoughtleſs on we run,
Until the whole is fairly ſpun,
And we to endleſs torments headlong fall.

3 For, like a ſhip that proudly gay,
Still glides along its wat'ry way,
Whilſt on the deck the ſailors dance, or ſleep,
Our time here paſſes ſwift away,
And will not for it's owner ſtay,
Whatever coil or clutter he may keep.

4 Pale Death ſtill follows at our heels,
And like a ſilent felon ſteals
Along, with trembling pace, and footſteps ſlow,
Still ready, with unerring dart
To pierce each unſuſpecting heart,
And give, amidſt our vain purſuits, his blow.

5 For, like a bubble on the ſtream,
E'er we of any danger dream,
The aerial particle of life is flown;
And yet, ſo thoughtleſs ſtill are we,
We don't the gaping pit-fall ſee,
'Till to perdition we all tumble down.

6 This world's a dotard, ſick all o'er,
E'en juſt now knocking at Death's door,
And tending to the grave with th' utmoſt haſte,
His head turns round, he bows, he faints,
His heart with apprehenſion pants,
His gall, and all his vitals ſtrangely waſte.

7 Yet void of awe, or conſcious fear,
The thoughtleſs ſons of men appear,
To conſtitution they too much confide;
As ſeamen truſt (when dangers preſs,
And they are all in deep diſtreſs)
The found'ring bark, 'till bury'd in the tide.

8 O! let not us, who are but duſt,
To a deceitful world ſtill truſt,
That breaks, like ice o'er the fallacious ſtream,
And drops us, at our fate unſcare'd,
To the dread judgement unprepare'd,
E'er we can well of it's intention dream.

9 But let us all with anxious care,
For the great feſtival prepare,
(The hour Chriſt comes, no man on earth can ſay)
And to our Saviour's preſence preſs,
In trim array and proper dreſs,
And veſtments ſuited to that ſolemn day.

10 And let us never be ſurpriz'd
In ſin, nor be in drink diſguis'd
At our laſt hour, (leſt we the feaſt retard)
Our lamps without or oil, or light——
Our talents not employ'd aright;
But all our reck'ning juſt, and well prepar'd.

11 The ax (ye ſinners be afraid!)
Has to the copſe long ſince been laid—
Soon from the floor ſhall the light chaff be blown——
The angel threatens, even now,
The brambles with his ſithe to mow,
And then the traſh ſhall to the flames be thrown.

12 A dreadful doom hangs o'er our heads,
And at our doors old Time now treads,
The trumpet longs the ſhrilly blaſt to ſound---
The ſea, the church-yard, and the field,
And Hell itſelf, now yearn to yield
The dead in their repoſitories found.

13 The Judge himſelf is quite prepar'd,
Eſcorted by a ſainted guard ———
The day is nigh, this globe ſhall be deſtroy'd—
When God ſhall all the ſons of men,
Before his righteous throne convene,
There to account for all they've here enjoy'd.

14 Yet

14 Yet ſtill we madly venture in,
To gorge ourſelves on filth and ſin,
Not thinking of our reck'ning or our doom:
We ſtill our talents miſapply,
And ev'ry paſſion gratify;
Let death and vengeance come, when they will come.

15 Like the ancients e'er the deluge came,
Like Sodom, e'er the o'erwhelming flame,
(Not worſe the caſe of Pharoah and his crew!)
We ſin with all our might and main,
And ſtill go on to ſin again,
Nor the leaſt ſign of reformation ſhew.

16 As filthy ſwine can feaſt on draff,
As thirſty oxen water quaff,
We ſwill and drench ourſelves with heady drink;
We wallow in each foul deſire,
As hogs delight to roll in mire,
And never of the conſequences think.

17 Preſumptuouſly we curſe and ſwear,
And Chriſt himſelf in pieces tear,
And for a ſtraw, or any trifle, fight;
Without the leaſt remorſe, or awe,
('Till beggar'd quite) we go to law,
But leave the poor in a moſt piteous plight.

18 The ſun and moon, with wat'ry eye,
Our vicious converſations 'ſpy,——
The earth too groans; becauſe ſo ill we live——
Angels are pain'd at heart the while;
Becauſe we Chriſtians are ſo vile,
And for our manifold tranſgreſſions grieve.

19 The prieſt, the farmer, and the hind,———
With artiſans of ev'ry kind,
*The Bailiff, Judge, and Gentleman, each ſtrives
With moſt amazing inſolence,
Which ſhall the Godhead moſt incenſe;
Nor can I ſay, who worſt, amongſt them, lives.

20 In

* The chief magiſtrate of a Corporation—I ſuppoſe the author meant in this place.

20 In Indolence, the Clergy live,
The venal Judges bribes receive,
The Gentry tipple in each paltry inn;
The Farmer, but as yeſterday
Unuſe'd to drink, now topes away,
And ſmokes his tube, as if it were no ſin.

21 The ſins which Sodom overthrew,
The vile exceſſes Parthia knew,
The thefts, which erſt diſgrac'd the Cretian ſtrand,
The frauds, wherein the Greeks excell'd,
The idolatries Samaria held,
Are rife in ev'ry diſtrict of the land.

22 I bluſh, the vices to diſplay,
We *Welſhmen* act in open day,
And grieve our immoralities to ſhew:
Yet 'tis my duty to reflect,
Shou'd I th' unwelcome taſk reject,
That God will bring them all to public view.

23 Beſides it better is by far,
That I ſhou'd now thoſe ſins declare,
To make us now repent, whilſt here below,
E'er in the dungeon's diſmal gloom,
We all receive our joyleſs doom,
Since here no marks of penitence we ſhow.

24 Therefore, my countrymen, I wou'd
Fully perſuade you, if I cou'd,
To pray for pardon, to avert your fate,
And here on earth your morals mend,
Before your lives draw to an end,
And you wou'd fain reform, when 'tis too late.

25 For 'tis in vain to ſob and ſigh,———
In vain to tremble and to cry,
When once we at the Judge's bar are caſt:
However loud we cry, there's nought
But ſtricteſt Juſtice to be got,
When once the time of reformation's paſt.

26 Then let us all reſolve this hour
(E'er Jeſus comes in all his pow'r
From heaven, to judge each good and evil ſoul!)
His favour to implore in haſte,
E'er we be into priſon caſt,
And force'd in floods of flaming fire to roll.

The Second PART.

27 ENrage'd, with his angelic hoſt,
He'll come—and come unto our coſt,
Upon our heads his vengeance to begin,
And with his light'ning's dreadful blaze
He will the guilty ſouls amaze
Of thoſe, who now are ſo alert to ſin.

28 Then, all our terrors to complete,
Becauſe his anger is ſo great,
His friends and ſervants whom he lov'd ſo dear,
(When he in all his wrath ſhall come,
To execute his final doom)
Nay, e'en the angels too, ſhall quake for fear.

29 The ſun's bright rays ſhall turn to night,
The moon ſhall not give forth her light,
The heavens themſelves ſhall tremble with diſmay,
The ſtouteſt of the ſons of men
Shall ſhrink for fear and terror then,
And ſhriek aloud through horror of that day.

30 Each flinty rock ſhall rive in twain,
Each mountain ſink into a plain,
The ſeas themſelves ſhall, on that day, grow dry—
The worms that in the waters creep,
The fiſh and monſters of the deep,
Shall in the bottom of the ocean die.

31 Each fort and ſtrong-built caſtle ſhall,
To it's foundation, piece-meal fall,
And ev'ry building in the world be burn'd——

The firmament ſhall melt on high,
The ſtars ſhall tumble from the ſky,
And all this globe be to a cinder turn'd.

32 When Jeſus Chriſt, with glory great,
And ev'ry kind of pow'r replete,
To judge us ſev'rally, ſhall quit the ſky———
What human face ſhall not turn white?
What heart not ſhudder with affright,
When he Chriſt's ſign in heav'n aloft ſhall ſpy?

33 What horror, and what deep diſtreſs,
Muſt ev'ry guilty mind oppreſs?
What comfort can the creſt-fall'n culprit know,
When he beholds ſuch woe and dread,
The whole creation overſpread,
And thinks 'tis for his ſins alone they flow?

34 Monarchs, and leaders of the fight,
And giants once of matchleſs might,
The proud, th' oppreſſors, ſhall bewail their fate,
And to the cloven mountains call,
That they upon their heads ſhou'd fall,
And ſcreen them from their righteous Judge's hate.

35 Then, after all this vaſt ado,
The archangel ſhall his trumpet blow.
How very loud, and very clear the blaſt!———
So very loud, and very clear,
The dead the piercing ſound ſhall hear,
That calls them to account for all that's paſt.

36 The dead ſhall then aſcend the sky,
E'en in the twinkling of an eye,
From duſt and rottenneſs, where low they lay,——
The living too ſhall then be change'd,
And ev'ry ſoul in order range'd
On high, where they ſhall for their vices pay.

37 And there their Judge and ſovereign Lord,
Unſheath'd his keen and glitt'ring ſword,
Impartially their actions ſhall obſerve,

And

And, in his balance weigh'd with care,
To all he will aſſign their ſhare
Of good and evil, juſt as they deſerve.

38 He will not look into the eyes
Of emperors, nor abbot's prize
For their gay robes, their ſtate, or hoarded treaſure;
But equal juſtice he'll diſpenſe,
Both to the peaſant and the prince,
And neither dread their pow'r, nor their diſpleaſure.

39 When once he opes his books, he'll rive
The heart of ev'ry man alive;
And all their faults expoſe to open view,
And for each deed deſerving blame,
He will reproach them with the ſame,
And make injuſtice his vaſt fortune rue.

40 He'll not with one looſe word diſpenſe,
Nor with a farthing's vain expence,
Nor moment, ſpent without due weight and heed—
No vanity, nor waſte of time,
Nor act obſcene, nor heinous crime;
But all muſt then be anſwer'd for with ſpeed.

41 The fornications of the great,
And gentlewomen of eſtate,
Who uſe the ſervant, when the huſband's gone———
The crimes, the murders now abroad,
Each daring theft and private fraud,
Shall then to ev'ry prying eye be ſhown.

42 What aſpects full of ghaſtly woe?
What aching hearts ſhall mortals know?
What gloom and grief ſhall on each brow be ſeen,
And on thoſe guilty boſoms prey?—
Who now, alas! this very day,
So forward are, ſo very fond of ſin!

43 But not a mouthful ſhall be loſt,
Nor bit nor drop of all the coſt,
That to the poor, for Jeſus' ſake is given;

With int'reſt it ſhall be repaid——
While miſers rue the crumbs of bread
Refuſe'd to ſuch— by being baniſh'd heaven.

44 Then ſhall the' Almighty Shepherd keep
The goats divided from the ſheep,
And each be try'd for his own ſins alone;
Theſe ſhall in Paradiſe be place'd,
With ev'ry bliſs and honour grace'd,
Whilſt thoſe ſhall to th' abyſs of hell be thrown.

45 The righteous, at the pref'rence glad,
In robes of dazzling whiteneſs clad,
Shall ſoar directly to the ſacred domes,
A firm poſſeſſion to ſecure
Of realms, that ever ſhall endure,
Aſſign'd by God for their eternal homes.

46 Then ſhall the reprobated ſtock,
And all the folks that make a mock
At preſent of their Judge, and that dread day,
In cluſter'd heaps be hurried down
To hell, and into chains be thrown,
Where endleſs torments on their ſouls ſhall prey.

47 In hell, on Abraham, they ſhall roar,
(So fierce the fire! their pain ſo ſore!)
And for a drop of water ſue in vain:
But though they ſhou'd forever roar,
They ne'er ſhall have one mouthful more,
Nor the leaſt portion of relief obtain.

48 For falſhood ever ſhall remain
In priſon there, and racking pain,
Nor even hope for reſpite from his woe:
He there ſhall gnaſh his teeth for rage;
But nothing ſhall his pains aſſuage,
Nor ſhall his ſuff'rings e'er ceſſation know.

49 And there ſhall we aſſur'dly go,
Hanging our lips and foreheads low,
Becauſe our time we ſo abſurdly ſpend,

Becauſe we do not watch and pray,
And do not (e'er that awful day
Of vengeance comes) our vicious lives amend.

50 Let us unfeign'd repentance ſhow,
Whilſt Time does of the change allow:
To-morrow never was by any caught!
Let us, this very Now, begin
To quit all vanity and ſin,
E'er we are to our final reck'ning brought.

51 Thou Saviour God, who of thy grace
Haſt brought ſalvation to our race,
And from infernal flames thy ſervants freed,
O, ſave us, in the day of doom,
When we to thy tribunal come,
And to the bliſsful ſeats of Eden lead!

52 Shou'd any of the *Cambrian* land,
In *South* or *North Wales*, here demand,
Who ſung thoſe ſtrains, that warn them to ſurmount
Their danger,——ſay, 'twas one whoſe aim
Was to preſerve them free from blame,
And to remind them of their dread account.

The wretched Condition of MAN by NATURE.

1 RASH Adam to the fiend of old,
Mankind for one dear apple ſold;
And none can from his fangs get free,
'Till Jeſus gives him liberty.

2 The Devil in a dreary gloom
Keeps ev'ry ſoul, 'till Chriſt ſhall come,
To make him his condition ſee,
To break his chains, and ſet him free.

3 This dungeon is ſo very dark,
That we can't ſee a ſingle ſpark,

Nor ought of our own wretched plight;
'Till Jeſus comes to give us light.

4 What days and nights paſs o'er our head,
With pitchy darkneſs are o'erſpread,
And none his woeful ſtate can view,
'Till Chriſt does his condition ſhew.

5 We in our ſins unweeting die——
We think not our perdition nigh——
Our lives in diſmal gloom we ſpend—
Yet ſeek not our ſad ſtate to mend.

6 Thou to the Devil's camp doſt go——
Thou art unto thyſelf a foe——
Thou more and more aſtray doſt roam;
'Till Jeſus come to fetch thee home.

7 Thou e'er thy birth was try'd and caſt,
And thy tremendous doom is paſt,
And, if Chriſt's aid thou canſt not gain,
Thou ever ſhalt condemn'd remain.

8 The ſerpent's ſting has pierc'd thy heart,
Thy very ſoul groans with the ſmart;
Then, for a cure, to Chriſt apply,
Or elſe, without his aid, thou'lt die.

9 Thy ſoul by Satan was bereav'd
Of all the gifts from God receiv'd;
Chriſt only can reſtore the ſame,
And hide thy nakedneſs and ſhame.

10 Fell Satan with his fiery dart,
With poiſon fraught, has pierc'd thy heart,
Intreat of Chriſt to eaſe thy pain,
Or thou with Satan muſt remain.

11 Thy ſoul like a meek lamb appears,
Among fierce lions, wolves, and bears:
Then ſoon to Chriſt for ſuccour pray,
Or thou'lt become their certain prey.

12 The Devil has thy ſoul beſet,
And hamper'd in his ſtrong-meſh'd net,
And nought on earth can reſcue thee,
'Till Jeſus comes to ſet thee free.

13 A faithful ſlave to vice thou'ſt been,
And wallow'd ev'ry day in ſin;
Then ſue to Chriſt, and he will give
Thee Grace, a righteous life to live.

14 Thou art by Nature born in ſin,
The child of wrath, like all thy kin,
Ask Chriſt then, to be born again,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt ever ſo remain.

15 Thou doſt the Devil's laws obey——
Thou art quite ſubject to his ſway——
Beg then of Chriſt to reſcue thee
Out of his paws, and ſet thee free.

16 In thee the ſtrong One keeps his court,
Like thoſe, who garriſon a fort;
'Till Jeſus comes his arms to ſeize,
Thy boſom ne'er will be at peace.

17 Thou waſt an uſeleſs branch before,
That nought but acid fruitage bore,
And, if Chriſt alters not it's kind,
'Twill be to hell's fierce flames conſign'd.

18 Satan, to God made thee a foe———
To make thy peace, to Jeſus go,
By whom thou muſt be reconcile'd,
E'er thou canſt be, once more, his child.

18 Thou, like a little chick, doſt play
Amongſt the rav'nous birds of prey;
And, if Chriſt ſcreens thee not beneath
His wings—thou muſt be torn to death.

20 Thou thro' a dreary vale doſt go——
The paths of peace thou doſt not know——
And if thy ſteps Chriſt ſhou'd not light,
Thou'lt headlong ſeek the realms of night.

21 Thou doſt deſerve all kinds of woe,
(Doom'd, e'er thy birth, to hell to go)
And, if his aid Chriſt does not deign,
For ever damn'd thou muſt remain.

22 Thou art a foe to thy beſt friend,
Thou art a ſlave unto the fiend,
Thou'rt ſhut up in his ſty obſcene,
'Till Jeſus comes, to waſh thee clean,

23 Thou doſt in ev'ry point tranſgreſs —
Thou'rt liable to each diſtreſs——
Thou'rt to each pain and woe a prey—
'Till Jeſus laves thy ſins away.

24 Thou'rt bad, without—and bad, within—
Thou'rt void of Grace, but full of ſin ---
Thou'rt foul, impure, and fooliſh quite,
'Till Chriſt the ſinner bleaches white.

25 Such is, 'tis plain, each perſon's caſe,
(If we the ſacred ſcriptures trace)
Until again the ſinner's born,
And Chriſt reforms his ſtate forlorn.

26 If not aſſiſted by the Lord,
And to his priſtine ſtate reſtor'd,
No man (no more than the foul fiend)
Can, of himſelf, his life amend.

27 Not Peter, Paul, nor any One,
(But Jeſus Chriſt our Lord alone)
Supernal, or infernal, can
Preſerve the ſin-polluted man.

28 Search heav'n, ſearch earth, and ſearch the air,
The ſea, and all therein, with care——
And thou ſhalt find it true, that none
Can ſave a ſoul, but Chriſt alone.

29 If thou doſt not his aid implore,
Thy fallen nature to-reſtore,
Thou ſhalt in hell's abyſs be laid,
Becauſe thou didſt not beg his aid.

30 No man on earth his ſoul ſhall ſave,
But he, who ſhall that favour crave,
For Chriſt, his bleſs'd Redeemer's ſake;
Whatever buſtle he may make.

31 Nor will the Lord ſalvation give,
But to the man that ſhall believe
In him (however loud his pray'r)
With a faith, lively and ſincere.

32 Whoe'er in Chriſt believeth well,
Shall ſurely ſave his ſoul from hell;
But he, who does not—ne'er ſhall ſave
His ſoul, nor any favour have.

The LIFE and DEATH of CHRIST.

1 LET ev'ry Chriſtian who deſires to know,
What to his Saviour happen'd here below,
Draw near——whilſt I his Incarnation tell,
And what, 'till death, unto our Lord befel.

2 The word was God (e'er heav'n and earth were made,
Or the foundations of the world were laid.)
The Second Perſon of the ſacred Three,
And the Creator of all things that be.

3 He was the Lord, before he left the ſky,
Coequal to his Sire in dignity,
And o'er the countleſs hoſt of angels reign'd,
E'er he to viſit ſinful mortals deign'd.

4 He was a God---of matchleſs pow'r and might---
He was a Lord---of glory infinite---
He was a King---than ev'ry ſov'reign highe'r—
He was in all things equal to his Sire.

5 When, to redeem us, he the ſkies forſook,
Our form and faſhion on himſelf he took,
Nay, e'en our fleſh from Mary did aſſume———
A ſpotleſs virgin from her mother's womb!

6 Who

6 Who by a wond'rous pow'r, yet well believ'd,
The holy Spirit's gracious pow'r! conceiv'd——
And, tho' betrothe'd, when marriageable grown,
She, 'till his birth, by man was never known.

7 Thus did the Son of God a man become,
By Grace divine, in Mary's virgin womb,
And, though her nature only form'd the child,
Yet it was ne'er by any ſin defile'd.

8 Two natures in our bleſt Redeemer join,
That is to ſay—the human, and divine:
This does the mother, that the Sire, declare;
They're both diſtinct, and yet both perfect are.

9 The Son of God, and yet a mortal's ſon,
And though thus complex—yet he is, but One:
The Son of Man, without a father, made ———
The Son of God, without a mother's aid!

10 As to his manhood, in his human ſtate,
'Tis my deſign at preſent to relate
The form and manner of his wond'rous birth,
When, to redeem us, he came down on earth.

11 When to fair Bethl'em Mary had arriv'd,
(Where David and his anceſtors erſt liv'd)
To be enroll'd, and Cæſar's tax to pay,
Her reck'ning was fulfil'd that very day.

12 But as large companies had throng'd each inn,
There was no place for her to lodge within;
So in an out-houſe ſhe, for want of room,
Was force'd to drop the burden of her womb.

13 There, without ſtate or any vain parade,
The meek-eye'd virgin, on the litter laid,
Amongſt the cattle, our Redeemer bore,
On Chriſtmas-day—a day not fame'd before!

14 Thus born, without a ſingle groan or throe,
(Which all her ſex are doom'd to undergo)
In ſwaddling clothes, with a young mother's joy,
She bound, tho' heaven's King! the beauteous boy.

15 And

15 And, when with care ſhe had the infant dreſt,
She in the manger laid him down to reſt :
Tho' in mean circumſtances, yet content
With whate'er Providence had kindly ſent.

16 A train of guileleſs ſhepherds God diſpatch'd,
Who in the field that night their flock had watch'd,
To worſhip him before the break of day,
As in the manger the ſweet infant lay.

17 Warn'd by a band of angels from the skies,
And fill'd with heart-felt pleaſure and ſurprize,
To happy Bethle'm (with the ſole intent
Of ſeeing the Meſſiah) glad they went.

18 They were commiſſion'd, by divine command,
To let th' expecting people underſtand,
That Chriſt was come—the promis'd Seed, of old,
From the beginning of the world foretold———

19 And tell to all—that with united voice
They at the gladſome tidings ſhou'd rejoice ;
Becauſe that, on that ſame auſpicious morn,
The glorious Saviour of mankind was born.

20 The angels then their tuneful voices rais'd,
And in ſweet hymns their great Creator prais'd,
Aſcribing Glory unto God above,
Who to mankind vouchſafe'd ſuch wond'rous love!

21 Soon after this was ſeen a radiant ſtar,
Exceſſive clear, and viſible afar,
Whoſe beamy luſtre bright'ning all the air,
Was thought the Birth of Jeſus to declare.

22 Three hoary ſages, from the diſtant Eaſt,
Who had the meaning of the portent gueſs'd,
Led by the guidance of the friendly flame,
In ſearch of Jeſus, to Judea came :

23 To Herod they apply'd, when there arriv'd,
The greateſt Tyrant that had ever liv'd !
To know where Chriſt, the Jew's expected King,
Was to be born, and from what ſtem to ſpring.

24 The

24 The Rabbi all, with one accord agreed,
That Chriſt was to be born of David's ſeed,
In Bethle'm-judah, as it was of old
By Micah in his ſacred page foretold.

25 Thus advertiſe'd, the ſages took their way,
'Till guided by the ſtar's refulgent ray,
They came to Bethle'm, where, tho' ſorely tire'd,
With earneſt zeal for Jeſus they enquire'd.

26 But when they juſt had to the houſe arriv'd,
Where the bleſt Infant with his parents liv'd,
The ſtar, which led them from their native land,
Seem'd o'er the ſtateleſs door to make a ſtand.

27 They enter'd to the homely cot with joy,
And ſaw the Virgin with her lovely Boy,
Then on their bended knees upon the floor
They fell—the gracious Sov'reign to adore.

28 There various gifts they offer'd at his feet——
Gifts that to Chriſt, in all reſpects, were meet—
Gold, the pure product of the wealthy Eaſt——
With od'rous Myrrh—and incenſe, of the beſt.

29 When Herod the unwelcome tidings heard,
That Chriſt, the true Meſſiah, had appear'd,
Whilſt in his ſwathes as yet the Babe was dreſt,
He ſought to ſlay Him at his mother's breaſt.

30 A bloody, butchering, and murde'rous crew,
Whom void of all humanity he knew,
He ſent the children all around to ſlay,
Rather than Chriſt ſhou'd not become his prey.

31 The cruel ſoldiers, to their orders true,
Inhumanly the hopes of Bethle'm ſlew:
All, about two years' old, alike did fare;
Even the Tyrant's ſon they did not ſpare.

32 But Mary, warn'd this maſſacre to ſhun,
At midnight roſe, and with her Infant Son
To Egypt travell'd, by divine command,
Oblige'd to flee, and quit her native land.

33 There

33 There Chriſt ſome time among th' Egyptians paſt,
Until his parents heard the news at laſt,
That Herod, from whoſe cruelty they fled,
Who ſought to' aſſaſſinate the Child, was dead.

34 On Herod's death, who had the Infants ſlain,
Unto Judea Chriſt return'd again,
Where to his mother due reſpect He pay'd,
And even Joſeph cheerfully obey'd.

35 At twelve years old, a Wonder to relate!
He with the Rabbies enter'd to debate,
Until thoſe ſages wonder'd how a Child
Cou'd be with ſuch prodigious Knowledge fill'd.

36 When He, at thirty, to the Baptiſt came,
And was baptis'd by him in Jordan's ſtream,
The Holy Ghoſt deſcended from above,
And hov'ring, perch'd upon him, like a dove.

37 Meanwhile the Father from on high declar'd
His will aloud, whilſt all the people heard——
" This is my only Son, my beſt belov'd,
" Who is by me, in all reſpects, approv'd."

38 And, after this miraculous deſcent,
He to the deſert, to be tempted, went;
Where, though he by the fiend was ſore aſſail'd,
In each aſſault the baffled tempter fail'd.

39 This conflict o'er, He travell'd all around,
To ſpread the glorious Goſpel's gladſome ſound,
And his ſtupendous miracles to do,
In ev'ry place, where He thought fit to go.

40 He, firſt of all, turn'd water into wine———
Then heal'd all, whom He ſaw with ſickneſs pine
The blind, He cauſe'd to ſee—and the deaf ear
Diſtinctly, ev'ry Word He ſpoke, to hear.

41 He made the crippled Lazar nimbly go,
" And leap exulting, like the bounding roe,"
He made the woman, who had many days
Been bent, her back as ſtrait as ever, raiſe.

42 Upon

42 Upon the boiſt'rous Billows, far from ſhore,
He walk'd erect, and ſtill'd it's noiſy roar,
And by a ſingle Word, whene'er He pleas'd,
When moſt it rage'd, the tempeſt he appeas'd.

43 To prove, that He was God---three diff'rent men
He rais'd from death, and bade them live agen,
Laz'rus, tho' he'd been three days dead, was one---
Jairus's daughter—and the Widow's Son.

44 With five ſmall loaves five thouſand men He fed,
How great his pow'r!—how filling was the bread!
Two ſhips He freighted at one wond'rous draught,
Tho. they, who trie'd before, had nothing caught.

45 Many a furious fiend He diſpoſſeſs'd,
And gave each miſerable Maniac reſt:
Malchus' ear, ſhorn off by Peter's ſword,
Without a ſalve, He with a word reſtor'd.

46 Many a miracle beſides He wrought,
To prove the ſacred doctrines that He taught,
E'er Judas to deſtroy Him lent his aid,
And for a bribe his bleſſed Lord betray'd.

47 He ne'er was tax'd with guile at any time,
And none cou'd juſtly charge Him with a crime;
He, like a lamb with innocence replete,
Was little honour'd, tho' his pains were great.

48 But when the hour, ordain'd by God, drew nigh,
When He, for our offences, was to die,
The traitor came, in ſeeming virtue bold,
And for a trivial ſum his Maſter ſold.

49 Scarce half a crown was to the villain paid,
When to the Jews his Saviour he betray'd,
Whom they to Caiaphas tight-pinion'd bore,
Although by Annas queſtion'd much before.

50 When they to Caiaphas had led him bound,
Falſe witneſſes encompaſs'd Him around,
Who to his charge unnumber'd falſehoods laid,
And things, that He had never done, nor ſaid.

51 The

51 The Pontiff then examin'd Him full hard,
About a thouſand ſtories he had heard,
And bound Him by an Oath to let him know,
Whether he was the Son of God, or No.

52 And yet becauſe he publicly confeſs'd
That he was Chriſt the ſon of God—the reſt
Wou'd fain have murder'd him, altho' untrie'd,
Or ſtone'd him on the ſpot, until He die'd.

53 Some on his face their filthy ſpittle threw———
Some o'er his eyes in ſport a cov'ring drew——
Others with rods his ſacred Perſon bruiſe'd,
And with inſulting buffetings abuſe'd.

54 Next morn, the Chief of the aſſembled tribes,
The populace, the Levites, and the ſcribes,
Brought Jeſus bound, unto the Judgement-hall,
There to be trie'd, and judge'd before them all.

55 When Pilate had examin'd him a while,
And found in him no fault, nor any guile,
His hands he waſh'd before them—and, at laſt,
Tho' with regret, the fatal ſentence paſt.

56 He firſt of all condemn'd him to be ſtripp'd,
And after that to be ſeverely whipp'd,
He then was ſentence'd to be crucify'd,
Like a baſe ſlave or felon, 'till he die'd.

57 Thus Chriſt was uſe'd by that inhuman throng,
And ſorely ſcourge'd from ſtreet to ſtreet along,
Nor was there left an inch from head to heel,
Whereon the blood-ſtain'd laſh he did not feel.

58 Then Pilate's ſoldiers, fierceſt of his foes,
Advanc'd, and robb'd the ſuff'rer of his clothes,
And in their ſtead the vile inſulting crew,
A robe of ſcarlet o'er his ſhoulders threw.

59 They platted next a new invented crown
Of thorns, and o'er his temples preſs'd it down,
Until the blood well'd from each ſpouting wound,
And ſtreaming down his cheeks, inrich'd the ground.

60 In

60 In his right hand an ample reed they place'd,
And with feign'd homage the proceſſion grace'd,
Mocking Him with ſarcaſtical abuſe,
And crying, " Hail thou ſov'reign of the Jews."

61 Robb'd of his clothes, which he was uſe'd to wear,
On his bare back, his croſs they made Him bear;
Tow'rds *Calvary* he dragg'd it on with pain,
Where, on its brow, the guiltleſs Lamb was ſlain.

62 But as they went to crucify the Lord,
His hands and feet they barbarouſly bore'd,
And faſten'd each (a ſhocking ſight to ſee!)
With three ſtrong nails of iron, to the tree.

63 Yet, though ſo great his woes, ſo fierce his pain,
His mouth he never op'ned to complain,
Nor ſpoke a word unto the ſavage band,
More than a ſheep beneath the ſhearer's hand:

64 But, on the croſs, (when moſt acute his pains)
His ſoul, and all the blood that fill'd his veins,
He offer'd as a ſacrifice for ſin—
For all the ſins of all the ſons of men!

65 His ſoul he recommended to his Sire,
The Judge, whoſe juſtice all men muſt admire,
Whom he beſought, with his departing breath
To pardon the inhuman Jews his death.

66 Thus on the croſs the bleſſed Jeſus die'd—
Who, his heart's blood, forth guſhing from his ſide,
With love unutterable, freely gave,
The ſouls of his true votaries to ſave!

67 And thus God gave his beſt-beloved Son,
When he a thouſand woes had undergone,
To ſuffer on the croſs, that we might live,
And from hell-torments our loſt ſouls reprieve!

68 Then let us praiſe Him, both by night and day,
And never fail our bounden thanks to pay,
For the vaſt love and mercy He did ſhow,
When to redeem us, He did ſtoop ſo low.

69 Or

69 All thanks and laud unto the God of heaven,
To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghoſt, be given,
Who bought the ſouls of men, at ſuch a rate,
And led to bliſs from ſuch a wretched ſtate!

A Rehearſal of Christ's Love towards the World.

1 COme, hear me relate our Redeemer's vaſt love,
When to purchaſe our ſouls he firſt came from above;
That love bear in mind, which then coſt him ſo dear,
And ſtill, whilſt you live, his bleſt memo'ry revere.

2 When Satan eſſay'd with ſucceſs to deceive
(Transform'd to a ſerpent) our Grandmother Eve;
We then for an apple were ſold ev'ry one,
And none cou'd redeem us, but Jeſus alone:

3 Who, when he our woeful condition did 'ſpy,
Expreſsly forſook the pure Regions on high,
Diſdain'd not to enter the pure Virgin's womb;
But, to ſave us from hell, did our nature aſſume.

4 So Mary grew pregnant of Him, we adore,
(How wond'rous a thing!) by the Spirit's great pow'r,
Though a maid ſcarce to years of maturity grown,
And tho', all her life, ſhe a man ne'er had known.

5 When her reck'ning was up, e'er the dawning of day,
Her Son ſhe brought forth on a bundle of hay,
In a ſtable at Bethl'em:-- in ſwaddling clothes dreſt,
In a manger ſhe afterwards laid him to reſt.

6 At his birth there were angels from heav'n employ'd;
(Who at their commiſſion were quite overjoy'd)
To proclaim to the world, that on that very morn,
Chriſt Jeſus, their bleſſed Redeemer, was born.

7 When the three Eaſtern Magi firſt lift up their eyes,
And ſaw the new ſtar, that illumin'd the ſkies,
They left their own country, and travell'd from thence
To worſhip the Babe, not regarding expence.

8 When Herod the birth of our Saviour firſt knew,
To ſlay him, he ſent out his butchering crew,
And, leſt Chriſt ſhou'd 'ſcape, he deſtroy'd ev'ry one
Of the Infants at Bethl'em, nor ſpar'd his own ſon.

9 But Mary, ſhe ſilently 'roſe in the night,
And to Egypt retire'd with her Child in a fright;—
And there ſhe reſided—how long can't be ſaid——
'Till Herod howe'er, and his butchers were dead.

10 Chriſt came back again on vile Herod's demiſe,
To a nation exceſſively dull and unwiſe,
Where the Goſpel He preach'd to a wrong-headed throng,
Who lov'd not the truth, for--I can't tell how long!

11 He deign'd moſt extra'ordi'nary wonders to do,
That he was the promis'd Meſſiah, to ſhow:
Yet the Jews, nor the truth, nor his wonders, believ'd,
But ſought to deſtroy him, as long as he liv'd.

12 Mark'd out from the reſt by a trait'rous embrace,
He by Judas was ſold to that reprobate race,
Whoſe Avarice drove him (ſo wretched was he!)
To end by a halter his days on a tree.

13 The night Chriſt was ſeiz'd, an effuſion of blood
Sweated down from his head to his heels in a flood,
On thinking how bitter the pains! how ſevere!
Which he for the ſins of each age was to bear.

14 With torches and ſtaves, he a priſo'ner was made,
As late after ſupper devoutly he pray'd:———
With cords he was bound, and then hurry'd along
Before the high-prieſts by the loud-ſhouting throng.

15 Pilate queſtion'd him afterwards cloſely a while.
But cou'd not find in him tranſgreſſion, or guile;
Yet wrongfully ſentence'd the guiltleſs to die,
Though his hands he had waſh'd---and, he cou'd not tell why.

16 He order'd him, firſt, to be whipp'd 'till the blood
From his head to his heels his bleſt body o'erflow'd,
Then

Then (that Chriſt might be fix'd to the Croſs) he commands
Strong nails to be drove thro' his feet and his hands.

17 A large crown of thorns on his head, next, was place'd,
And he with a robe of fine ſcarlet was grace'd,
On the knee, with mock homage, he then was ador'd;
With blows and grimace they inſulted the Lord.

18 With the croſs on his ſhoulders they forc'd him to go
Tow'rds Golgotha, (never conſid'ring his woe!)
To which they affix'd him alive, in great pain:
Thus Chriſt on the croſs was moſt cruelly ſlain!

19 And, yet though his grief and his pains were ſo vaſt,
When the nails, thro' his hands and his feet, they drove faſt;
As ſheep when they're ſhorn ſeldom murmur or bleat,
His lips he ne'er ope'd, tho' his wrongs were ſo great!

20 But with pitiful accent his Father beſought,
To pardon the Jews this deteſtable fault,
Becauſe that they were not then conſcious of guilt,
Nor knew 'twas the blood of their Saviour they ſpilt.

21 And thus from this life did our Saviour depart,
When he on the croſs had firſt ſuffer'd the ſmart,
The Woes, and the Penance, and Vengeance entire,
Which God for the ſins of the world did require.

22 At the price of his blood, by a death full of pain,
He reconcile'd man to his Father again,
And the favour of God to us ſinners reſtor'd;
Then ſtill, whilſt we live, let us all praiſe the Lord!

23 On the croſs, he the ſins of us all did ſuſtain,
And waſh'd in his blood, 'till not one did remain—
He made us all, kings, and all prieſts unto God:
Then ſtill, whilſt we live, let us Jeſus applaud!

24 The law he fulfill'd, and his Sire fully pleas'd,
Our pardon he bought with his blood, and releas'd
Our ſouls from hell's dungeon---our ſentence he tore:
Then little, and great, let us Jeſus adore!

25 Like Samſon, he conquer'd the powers beneath,
And our brethren's accuſer, the old Dragon, by death!
By bruiſing his head, he the victory gain'd:
Then let us praiſe Chriſt, who the palm has obtain'd!

26 The wrath of his Sire he did fully efface—
He made us his ſons by adoption and grace—
He gave us a ſhare in the kingdom of God—
Then ſtill, whilſt we live, let us Jeſus applaud!

27 For us crowns of gold, (to encircle each brow)
And elegant robes of the whiteneſs of ſnow,
He purchaſe'd—and alſo the kingdom of God:
Then ſtill, whilſt we breathe, let us Jeſus applaud!

28 All poſſible glory, thankſgiving, and pow'r,
Be 'aſcribe'd to the Trinity now, and each hour—
All praiſe and applauſe, to our Saviour, and Head:
And, to this, let *Amen* by each Chriſtian be ſaid!

Let us go to BETHLEHEM.

1 LET's to Bethle'hem all advance,
With ſong, with merriment, and dance,
And ſee the bleſt Redeemer, born
To us, on this auſpicious morn.

2 In Bethle'hem He is to be ſeen,
In the ſtable of an inn;
Let us there our gifts beſtow———
Let us all to ſee him go.

3 This is the Saviour God above
Sent, out of his paternal love,
To ſave us from Death, griſly king!
And with him our ſalvation bring.

4 Let us go there to ſee, this morn,
How, when, and where, the babe was born;
That we may view his bleſſed face,
And worſhip Him upon the place.

5 A radiant ſtar our way will light,
And ſerve to guide our footſteps right,
'Till to the happy ſpot we come,
Which He has choſen for his home.

6 The ſhepherd-train is gone before
With joy, their Saviour to adore;
Let us with haſte thoſe ſwains purſue,
And pay our homage to Him too.

7 The child is in the ſtable laid,
And in his ſwaddling clothes array'd;
Where in a manger He, between
An ox and Joſeph may be ſeen.

8 The Magi now are on their way,
Their off'rings at his feet to lay-----
Gold, myrrh, and frankincenſe, the beſt
Of all the produce of the Eaſt.

9 Let us theſe ſages overtake,
And hear the ſpeeches that they make,
And learn from them what gifts to bring,
And how we beſt his praiſe may ſing.

10 For gold ---- let us aright believe----
For myrrh--- let's true repentance give ----
For frankincenſe --- let's praiſes leave,
And Chriſt our preſents will receive.

11 The angels all rejoice on high,
And pleaſure brightens all the sky,
The hoſts of heav'n hymn their King;
Why ſhou'd not men his praiſes ſing?

12 Let's to Bethle'hem all repair,
To ſee the prime of wonders there,
The Godhead human nature take,
And ſuffer for his people's ſake!

13 Let's th' Eternal, go and ſee,
Who made the skies, the earth, the ſea,
The ancient Alpha, ſource of light,
Become an Infant in our ſight!

14 Let's go viſit God the Word
On Mary's lap———the heaven's Lord
In human fleſh and nature dreſt,
And hanging at his mother's breaſt!

15 A babe, above his mother's years,
And fully equal to his Sire's!———
His mother's father;———daughter's child!------
Though ſpeechleſs, amiable and mild!

16 Let's to Bethle'm go, and ſee
The Son of God on Mary's knee,
Or Mary dandling in her hands
The babe, who all the world commands!

17 Let's go ſee, Death's Victor, bound
In folds of ſwaddling-clothes around,
And Him, who'll pull down Satan's throne,
Quite helpleſs to a manger thrown!

18 Let's, the Meſſiah, go and ſee,
The Founder of Chriſtianity,
Our Saviour, glory, grace, and reſt,
Now ſucking at his mother's breaſt!

19 Let's go ſee the woman's Seed,
Ordain'd to make the ſerpent bleed,
And bruiſe his baneful head, who firſt
Taught man to eat the fruit accurſt.

20 Let's go ſee the wond'rous Son,
Form'd of his mother's fleſh alone———
A mother, ſcarce yet fully grown!
A mother, yet by man not known!

21 Let's this mother go to ſee———
This mother, from pollution free!———
The daughter, lull her Sire to reſt!———
The Father at his daughter's breaſt!

22 Let's ſee the architect divine,
Who made the ſun and planets ſhine,
And form'd the firmament's vaſt plain,
Let's ſee him in a ſtable lain!

23 Let's

23 Let's ſee the God, in glory great,
Wont with his ſpan the skies to mete,
Now bedleſs in a manger laid,
And in a ſorry dreſs array'd!

24 Let's go ſee the bleſſed Lamb,
(Such ne'er before a ſhepherd came)
The Lamb of God, ſent down in time,
To free the world of ev'ry crime!

25 Let's go ſee our Saviour dread,
Ordain'd to judge the quick and dead,
Who will convey us all on high,
On angels pinions to the sky.

26 See, ſtruck with aweful rev'rence dumb,
Omnipotence, now weak become!
The God, man---and the man, God, ſee!
Who ſees Him ſo---thrice bleſs'd is He.

CHRIST is All in All.

1 'TIS Chriſt, 'tis Chriſt himſelf, that's all in all;
Without Him, man muſt to perdition fall:
No thing, no perſon, beſides Chriſt alone,
Can for the ſins of human kind atone.

2 The ſerpent with an apple man deceiv'd ----
The ſerpent man of Paradiſe bereav'd ----
The ſerpent poiſon'd all the race with ſin ---
The ſerpent to hell's horrors hurl'd them in.

3 Each man on earth as certainly muſt go
Into the dungeon of infernal woe,
As if he there had been already got;
If Chriſt from that ſad doom preſerves him not.

4 Chriſt left (to buy us) the angelic hoſt ---
Chriſt ſave'd us, when we ev'ry one were loſt ----
Chriſt from all kind of woes our boſoms free'd----
Chriſt to celeſtial bliſs our ſouls will lead.

5 From the fell dragon's mouth---the lion's paws----
The toils of Satan,----and the tiger's claws---
Chriſt ſnatch'd us ev'ry one---and what is more,
From hell's deep dungeon, and the Devil's pow'r.

6 Satan can not deſtroy and murder more,
Than Jeſus can with eaſe to life reſtore:
All that the ſerpent's pois'nous ſting has ſlain,
Shall by the Lamb's own blood be heal'd again.

7 Chriſt is the woman's Seed, ordain'd of yore
By God, to trample on the ſerpent's pow'r,
To cruſh his ſkull, to overturn his ſway,
And from his fangs to ſnatch the deſtin'd prey.

8 To conquer Satan, none can e'er ſucceed,
Unleſs aſſiſted by the woman's Seed:
None can eſcape from his tyrannic ſway,
Unleſs by Jeſus he be fetch'd away.

9 Chriſt only, is the Seed, the' Almighty pow'r
Promis'd to Abraham in the days of yore,
To free us from the curſe, wherein we live,
And give us all the Bleſſings, heav'n can give.

10 Chriſt, is the Shiloh ſent us from above,
Our Slavery and Bondage to remove,
From vice our erring footſteps to reclaim,
And teach us to adore the ſacred Name.

11 Chriſt is the Tree, whence ev'ry one that lives
On earth, his food, and nouriſhment receives:
No one ſhall death's eternal ſorrows meet,
Who ſhall of it's immortal fruitage eat.

12 Chriſt is the Ark, which from th'o'erwhelming deep,
Did Noah erſt, and all his houſehold, keep:
Chriſt likewiſe is the only Ark can ſave
The preſent age, from ſin's all-cov'ring wave.

13 Chriſt is the Ladder, Jacob did behold,
Which reach'd from heaven down to earth, of old:
Up this, all muſt aſcend, who fain wou'd riſe,
And ſcale the ſteepy ſummit of the skies.

14 Chriſt

14 Chriſt is the mighty Seer, ſent from the sky,
And his own boſom, by the Lord moſt high,
His ſacred will and pleaſure to declare:
Let us, on pain of death, his mandates hear.

15 Chriſt is the brazen Serpent, who is found
Alone to cure the fie'ry ſerpent's wound:
Let us to Him our ev'ry ail make known,
And He will heal us with a look alone.

16 Chriſt's the high-prieſt, who offer'd up his blood,
His heart's warm treaſure, for his church's good,
Upon the croſs to his eternal Sire,
To ſave the world from everlaſting fire.

17 Chriſt is a King, endue'd with might and grace,
Who wiſely governs his elected race,
Who plucks their haughty adverſaries down,
That each may win and wear a glorious crown.

18 Chriſt is the watchful Shepherd, who does keep
From ev'ry ill his ne'er-neglected ſheep;
So that no lion, wolf, or beaſt of prey,
Can from his flock one lambkin ſteal away.

19 Chriſt, and Chriſt only, is the Prince of Peace,
Who cauſed his Father's furious wrath to ceaſe,
And by his blood, ſhed on the curſed tree,
Made God and man, before at odds, agree.

20 Chriſt is the Roſe, in Sharon's wilds that blooms,
And fills the deſert with it's ſweet perfumes,
That by it's colour elevates our hearts,
And to our fainty ſpirits life imparts.

21 Chriſt is the Balm of Gilead, only found
Of force to cloſe each widely-gaping wound,
Which Satan gives, with his ſin-pointed dart,
To each bad conſcience, and polluted heart.

22 Chriſt is the Manna, ſent us from above
By God himſelf, out of his wond'rous love:
Whoe'er, with faith, ſhall on this banquet feaſt,
Shall never more by hunger be diſtreſt.

23 Chriſt

23 Chriſt is the Paſchal Lamb, that erſt was ſlain
For ſin, when on the croſs He ſuffer'd pain;
Who, by his blood, each ſoul ſo well does keep,
That Satan from his fold can't ſteal a ſheep.

24 Chriſt is the Altar, whereon, night and day,
Prayer and praiſe, ſweet incenſe! all ſhou'd lay—
Sweet incenſe, lighted by devotion's fire,
For their Creator, light's immortal Sire.

25 Chriſt's the Phyſician, whoſe moſt precious blood
Alone, can do the ſinful Chriſtian good,
And heal thoſe Pains which vile tranſgreſſors feel---
Thoſe rankling pains which nothing elſe can heal.

26 'Tis Chriſt, and Chriſt alone can intercede
For us with God, and with our Maker plead:
'Tis Chriſt, and Chriſt himſelf alone, that can
Make up the deadly breach, 'twixt God and man.

27 Chriſt is our Advocate,—'tis he alone
Can plead our cauſe, before th' Almighty's throne,
When Satan, ever our accuſing foe,
Wou'd fain obtain our final overthrow.

28 Chriſt is our ſov'reign Lord—Chriſt is our Prieſt---
Chriſt is our Prophet——our Protector's Chriſt—
Chriſt is our Shepherd---Chriſt's our Judge, ſo dread,
Chriſt is our Saviour---Chriſt's our chief and Head.

29 Chriſt is the Alpha, e'er the ages paſt——
Chriſt is the' Omega, which muſt always laſt——
Chriſt is ſalvation's ſource, as well as end——
Chriſt is our patron, and ne'er-failing friend!

30 Chriſt has th' uſurping tyrant Death o'erthrown---
Chriſt's death has ſpoil'd, and made his arms his own--
Chriſt has devour'd the ghaſtly-viſage'd king—
Chriſt has bereav'd Him of his pointed ſting.

31 Chriſt all the keys of Death does cloſely keep,
As well as thoſe of Hell's tremendous deep;
So that no Fiend or Angel e'er can hope
Without his leave, their cloſe-barr'd valves to ope.

32 Chriſt

32 Chriſt is the Pelican, ſo kindly good,
That heals his young-ones with his flowing blood,
And brings them back to light and life again,
When they were by the wily ſerpent ſlain.

33 Chriſt is the Pelican, ſo kindly good,
That heals his brethren with his heart's dear blood,
And brings them ſafely back to life again,
When they, thro' ſin, had been by Satan ſlain.

34 There is no ſalve, that ever yet was found,
Nor medicine, can heal ſin's deadly wound,
Beſides our bleſſed Saviour's precious blood,
The ſole ſpecific, that can do us good!

35 Chriſt is the Pearl, which we ſhou'd all explore,
The man, who has it, never can be poor!
To find it, over lands and oceans haſte——
To purchaſe it, when found, ſell all thou haſt.

36 Chriſt is himſelf the whole that's requiſite,
(To ſave our ſouls) in the Almighty's ſight:
For nought can to the Deity atone
For the loſt ſouls of men, but Chriſt alone.

37 'Tis Chriſt himſelf, and it is Chriſt alone,
Chriſt unaſſiſted, and Chriſt league'd with none—
Chriſt, without ought but Chriſt himſelf, can keep
The ſouls of men from Hell's unfathom'd deep.

38 Chriſt is the ranſom, for tranſgreſſion paid———
Chriſt is our off'ring, ſacrifice, and aid———
Chriſt is our treaſure——Chriſt's our only gain—
Chriſt is the Saviour of the faithful train.

39 Chriſt is with ev'ry uſeful gift replete,
Which for the ſouls of ſinful men is meet——
In Chriſt alone is found each ſaving grace,
Expedient to preſerve a wretched race.

40 Chriſt is himſelf our perfect Righteouſneſs——
Chriſt is our Wiſdom, and our Holineſs———
Chriſt ſave'd us, and Chriſt bought us with a price
Chriſt is our comfort—Chriſt our Saviour is.

41 Chriſt

41 'Tis Chriſt, and Chriſt alone, that can aſſuage,
And totally remove his Father's rage———
'Tis Chriſt himſelf, and none, but Chriſt, that can
Reſtore, and juſtify, corrupted man.

42 Chriſt, without help from either man, or maid—
Chriſt, without any ſaint's, or ſainteſs' aid——
Chriſt, and nought elſe but Chriſt alone, can keep
The ſouls of men from the wide-yawning deep.

43 Chriſt, and Chriſt only, felt the racking pain,
Whilſt on the Croſs He did for us remain;
And none aſſiſted Him, to ſave us, then——
Not even one of all the ſons of men.

44 Peter, thro' fear, his ſuff'ring Lord deny'd,
The' Apoſtles either fled, or turn'd aſide,
And timid Mary nothing did but weep:
Whilſt Jeſus only die'd to ſave the ſheep.

45 No one but Chriſt himſelf has ever been
Beneath the cumbrous weight of all our ſin:
None ever ſweated drops of Blood before,
But Chriſt, when He our foul tranſgreſſions bore.

46 None for our ſins, but Chriſt, was crucify'd,
Nor to redeem his choſen poeple die'd:
No one, but Chriſt, his father fully pleas'd——
No one, but Chriſt, our wounds' vaſt anguiſh eas'd.

47 No one, but Chriſt, cou'd pluck our ſouls away,
When they were otherwiſe the Devil's prey:
No one, but Chriſt, the tyrant Death o'er pow'r'd,
And the Devourer, none but he, devour'd.

48 Chriſt only has Death, grimface'd monarch! foil'd
Chriſt only has all pow'rs that are, deſpoil'd——
Chriſt has the bond, that tie'd us down, repeal'd--
Chriſt paid our ranſom, Chriſt our pardon ſeal'd.

49 'Twas Chriſt, our peace with the Almighty wrought,
'Twas Chriſt, our bliſs and our Salvation bought,
'Twas Chriſt, that all of us God's children made--
'Twas Chriſt, that ſave'd us by his potent aid.

50 'Twas

50 'Twas Chriſt, and Chriſt alone, that did the whole,
And from diſtreſs drew each devoted ſoul:
Nothing but Chriſt alone, thro' God, can ſave
Our ſouls from hell, our bodies from the grave.

51 Ne'er was there Angel, Prophet, Saint of yore,
Nor any man, that woman ever bore,
Nor any one but Chriſt himſelf, who e'er
Did as the Saviour of mankind appear.

52 Our God, to ſave a Race forlorn, thinks fit
No angel's mediation to admit,
No mortal's merits, or no martyr's blood,
Nought but Chriſt's own, can do a Chriſtian good.

53 Chriſt is for ſin the prop'reſt recompence,
There can't a better be for man's offence,
A ſmaller recompence can't be allow'd,
(So vile is ſin!) than the Beloved's blood.

54 Put no man's blood with Chriſt's upon a par,
And no one's merit's e'er with Chriſt's compare:
The blood of ſinful wretches, ſuch as we,
Can never with our Saviour's blood agree.

55 The blood of Chriſt, his covenanted blood
Alone, can cleanſe tranſgreſſion's fetid flood:
For not the blood of all the martyrs ſlain
Can waſh away thy very ſlighteſt ſtain.

56 'Tis not a work by ſaints, or angels, done,
But 'tis the Work of Jeſus Chriſt alone,
The' endanger'd ſouls of ſinful men to ſave
From Satan's wiles, from hell, and from the grave.

57 Two ſev'ral natures muſt in one unite,
E'er man can ſhun the gloomy realms of night;
Before our ever-bleſt Redeemer can
Preſerve one ſoul, he muſt be God and man.

58 The Work of God or man alone, can't keep
A ſingle ſinner from hell's hideous deep:
But God and Man, united both in one,
Can for the ſins of all the World atone.

59 Mankind's

59 Mankind's Redeemer muſt be God and man,
E'er He (conſider well the wond'rous plan!)
Can ſave thy ſoul, and ſet it wholly free
From penal fire, and endleſs miſery.

60 He muſt be God, and for his might ador'd,
E'er He can ſtay the fury of the Lord,
And reſcue thee from Satan, and the foes
Of ev'ry ſort, that wou'd thy bliſs oppoſe.

61 E'er He for man can ſuffer,—He muſt be
A Man, from ev'ry vice and error free,
Whoſe death muſt be equivalent to all
The deaths of thoſe on this terreſtrial ball.

62 In all the earth beneath, or ſkies above,
There's not a Saviour ſo replete with love,
As the incarnate Word—nor ſuch another
As Jeſus Chriſt, our God, and yet our brother.

63 There's not a creature of all thoſe that dwell
On earth, can ſave a ſingle ſoul from hell;
That is a taſk, no other power can
Perform, but our Redeemer, God and Man.

64 There is no ſure Salvation to be found,
Tho' you ſhou'd ſearch the univerſe around,
But that which is thro' Jeſus Chriſt attain'd,
Whom God, to reſcue us from death, ordain'd.

65 There is no name beneath the copes of heaven,
No other name to ſinful mortals given,
Whereby they may be ſav'd from death, but One;
And that's the name of Jeſus Chriſt alone.

66 God will of none, but Jeſus Chriſt admit,
To be his partner—none beſides is fit
To be with Him in the great Work conjoin'd,
Which is to ſave the ſouls of all mankind.

67 The Son of God himſelf is not inclin'd,
That any creature ſhou'd with Him be join'd,
The world's Salvation fully to ſecure!
For who like Him, is perfect? who is pure?

68 He,

68 He, of Himſelf, will ſave his choſen race,
Or elſe He never will in any caſe,
(So inconſiſtent's the conjunction!) deign
With any creature in the Work to join.

69 Chriſt will not give (how good ſoe'er they are)
To ſaint or angel, any part or ſhare,
To man, or idol form'd of gold or ſtone,
Of th' adoration due to Him alone.

70 Shou'd any be of ſo inſane a mind,
As to attempt another guard to find,
Let Him, who liſts, the pow'rleſs guard purſue;
But let him nothing have, with Chriſt, to do.

71 To Saints, or Images,———let ſome apply,
And on their impotent ſupport rely;
But my poor ſoul will never ſeek for one
To give it aid, but Jeſus Chriſt alone.

72 Give me, O God! thy well-beloved Son,
'Tis Chriſt, 'tis Jeſus Chriſt, I beg alone,
Whate'er, beſides, thou addeſt to my ſtore,
Give me but Chriſt, and I ſhall aſk no more.

73 Give me, O God! for my Protector, Chriſt——
Give me Chriſt for my King, and for my Prieſt,
My Prophet, my Redeemer, and Support,
To whom I may in each Diſtreſs reſort!

74 Tho' nought but Chriſt ſhou'd to my ſhare be given
By our immortal Sire, that dwells in heaven,
I have enough———I have the whole I crave,
If I have Chriſt——though nothing elſe I have.

75 If I have Chriſt, He'll change my nature quite,
And make the child of hell, a child of light—
From Satan's ſlave, and from a man undone,
I then ſhall be Chriſt's member, and God's ſon.

76 Though I ſhou'd gold and ſilver have in ſtore,
With houſes, and wide manors in my pow'r,
What boots it, ev'ry thing I want, to have,
Unleſs I've Chriſt, my ſinful ſoul to ſave?

77 Take out my heart—take out my precious eyes--
Take all my wealth, my friends, whom moſt I prize;
Take all, in ſhort, I have:——but don't, I pray,
Take my Redeemer, Jeſus Chriſt away.

78 Let Soldiers talk of wars, and battles fought——
Let Sailors talk of wealth from India brought—
Let Miſers talk of cheſts with gold well ſtor'd--—
But let the Chriſtian's talk be of the Lord.

ADAM'S RACE.

1 ADAM and EVE's, unhappy, ſinful, Race,
Late heirs apparent of the fiery lake,
To you, great joy is come——your ſorrows chaſe,
And from your ſtupid lethargy awake!

2 To-day (ſays th' angel Gabriel, ever-true,
The faithful bearer of Jehovah's will)
Was Jeſus Chriſt, the Saviour, born to you,
Your chief ſupport in each incumbent ill,

3 Then let us ſhout aloud, rejoice, and ſing,
And with Hoſannahs make the ſkies reſound;
For now, to earth, the' Almighty peace did bring,
And his Good-will did tow'rds mankind abound.

4 This is the prop, the branch, the woman's Seed,
For Adam's comfort, by God's promiſe, given,
To cruſh beneath his heel the ſerpent's head,
When he from Eden's bliſsful groves was driven.

5 This is old Sarah's Seed, Jehovah deign'd
To promiſe Abraham, all his race to bleſs,
From Age to Age, 'till royal David reign'd,
The nobleſt branch ſprung from the root of Jeſſe'!

6 This is the Shiloh, Jacob erſt foretold,
To be the ſolace of the mournful Jews,
When they the crown, their monarchs wore of old,
Shou'd to an Idumean ſtranger loſe!

7 This

7 This is the Prince, the' Emmanuel benign,
The virgin-mother's long-expected boy,
Promis'd to Ahaz by the Word divine,
To lead us to the realms of endleſs joy!

8 This is the Judge, foretold in Micah's page,
From Bethle'hems little city to ariſe!——
This is the eternal Chief, from age to age
Ordain'd to lead his vot'ries to the ſkies!

9 This is the Prophet and the promis'd King!
This is the Prieſt, decreed to quell the foe!
This is the Victim, offer'd for our ſin,
And doom'd the works of Satan to o'erthrow!

10 You've heard how Satan erſt, with wiles replete,
Old mother Eve in Paradiſe deceiv'd,
Raſhly of the forbidden fruit to eat,
And how her huſband part from her receiv'd!

11 When thus the Fiend our Parents overcame,
And taught them God's commandment to tranſgreſs;
Subject to death, both they and we, became,
And to each form and ſpecies of diſtreſs.

12 From Death and Hell no perſon cou'd be found
Our ſouls, by his own ſuff'rings, to relieve,
But God's own Son, for Juſtice moſt renown'd---
That God, whom by our ſins ſo oft we grieve!

13 This very Son of God moſt high was doom'd
The worſt of deaths to ſuffer on the tree;
When He our fleſh had readily aſſum'd,
To ſet us from his Sire's diſpleaſure free:

14 And had not God out of his mercy deign'd
This Son to give—to ſave us all from Hell:
All there, without exception, had remain'd,
For ever force'd in endleſs pains to dwell.

15 God ſoon did at our wretched ſtate relent,
With tender pity and compaſſion move'd;
And, as he promis'd, to redeem us ſent
His only Son, whom more than all He love'd.

16 To earth, from the delightful realms above,
When he perceiv'd the proper time was come,
God ſent the object of his deareſt love,
Our fleſh and human nature to aſſume.

17 A human body, in a happy hour,
Our Saviour took from Mary, ſtill a maid,
Who, by a marvelous and ſacred pow'r
Conceiv'd—without a thought of fleſhly aid.

18 Wonder of wonders!——without ſin, or blame,
Our Lord was born, from one to man unknown--
A perfect man, whom the' Holy Ghoſt did frame
Without man's help, by pow'r divine alone!

19 Mary, when ſhe conceiv'd our Saviour firſt,
Was ſtill a maid—a maid e'en at his birth——
When marry'd, ſtill a maid---and when ſhe nurſt--
And ſtill a maid, e'en when ſhe left the earth.

20 But as our guilt Chriſt undertook to bear,
His very birth was ſubject to diſtreſs;
A wretched ſtable was his palace, here——
A ſwathe, and ſome poor clothes, his richeſt dreſs.

21 Yet, howe'er humble his appearance here,
That all to Him might proper homage ſhow,
God cauſe'd a ſtar in heaven to appear,
Bright as the ſun, to wait on Him below.

22 Three royal Sages, from the diſtant Eaſt,
E'en from Chaldea, came to ſeek the Lord,
Who, on their knees, the ſwaddled Babe addreſs'd,
And as their Sov'reign King and God ador'd.

23 With three rich preſents, they the Babe did greet,
Which to Chriſt's offices did all belong,
And humbly laid them at his ſacred feet——
Gold, myrrh, and frankincenſe, of fragrance ſtrong.

24 Deſcending angels alſo came, and told
That He was the Meſſiah, promis'd man
To be his Saviour from the days of old,
By God himſelf, juſt as the world began.

25 Heav'n

25 Heav'n ope'd, earth ſhone, at this ſtupendous birth,
And the' angel cry'd, on that auſpicious morn,
" Glory to God above, and peace on earth,
" This Day the Saviour of the World is born."

26 Whate'er, thro' her neglect, old Eve once loſt,
When ſhe at firſt the law divine tranſgreſs'd,
We now (as we moſt happily may boaſt)
By the Meſſiah's birth, have repoſſeſs'd.

27 Our Saviour left the glorious realms of bliſs,
On purpoſe to defeat our wily foe,
To thwart his views, to ſave us from the' abyſs,
And to preſerve us from all pain and woe.

28 So great was the Almighty Father's love
For us, old Eve's vile, ſin-polluted race,
That He diſpatch'd our Saviour from above,
Out of mere pity to our woeful caſe.

29 So anxious too was Chriſt our ſouls to ſave,
Which now obnoxious to damnation lie,
That his own life and ſoul He freely gave,
And for his flock the ſhepherd deign'd to die.

30 The Death, which we deſerv'd, for us He bore,
And clear'd our debts, which unaccounted ſtood,
He paid the forfeit, and the writing tore,
And dearly bought our pardon with his Blood----

31 His heart's beſt Blood He for an off'ring laid,
And for our ſake reproach and ſhame endure'd:
So God was reconcile'd, our ranſom paid,
And our Salvation perfectly ſecure'd———

32 That pardon, which with his own Life He bought,
When to releaſe loſt ſinners from their chains,
He laid it down, tho' void of any fault,
And ſave'd the world from everlaſting pains.

33 If then on Him our confidence be laid,
Certain remiſſion ſhall for us be found,
Nor need we of thoſe torments be afraid,
With which the yelling vaults of hell reſound.

34 For Satan is deſtroy'd, and Death ſubdu'd,
And Hell of it's aſſured prey deſpoil'd;
The ſouls of men by mercy are renew'd,
And all the fiends by the Meſſiah foil'd.

35 Old Adam hurl'd us to the deep abyſs,
From Paradiſe with ev'ry pleaſure bleſt;
But Chriſt reſtore'd us to the ſeats of bliſs,
Where we ſhall ever with th' Almighty reſt.

36 He is the guiltleſs Lamb, which in their ire
The Jews erſt ſlew, Jehovah's gracious Heir!
The wiſh of nations, and the world's deſire!
Our only joy and ſolace in deſpair!

37 He is the reprobated Corner-ſtone,
The Rock, ordain'd to give the Jews offence;
But precious as a pearl, to us that own
Him, for our true Meſſiah and our Prince.

38 Though, beyond meaſure, our foul ſins extend,
And, like Gomorrah's citizens, we live;
If we believe, and our bad lives amend,
He'll get us all a free and full reprieve.

39 One ſacred drop, of the bleſt Blood He ſhed,
Can waſh away our vile offences quite,
Tho' as the purple, deep—as ſcarlet, red——
And make them than the drifted ſnow more white.

40 If then we place our truſt in Chriſt alone,
And humbly ſerve Him—He our ſouls will bring
To Heav'n's bleſt manſions, near his ſacred throne,
To chant the praiſes of th' eternal King——

41 Thoſe manſions, where ſweet pleaſure and delight,
Where peace and joy in ſuch exceſs abound,
As ear ne'er heard of—nor e'er bleſs'd the ſight—
Nor e'er in thought in any heart were found.

42 Then let us laud, with all our might and main,
Our Saviour Chriſt, to us for ever dear,
Who, thro' Death's bitter pangs, our ſouls from pain
Reliev'd, and from Hell's dungeons dark and drear.

43 O let us ſtill each bleſſed Perſon praiſe,
Which in the ſacred Trinity is found,
So ready, ever ſince old Adam's days,
To bring men's ſouls to heav'n from hell profound.

Advice to a Sinner, to come to CHRIST.

1 COme, thou vile wretch, thou veteran in ſin,
With faith and tears, come to the Son of God!
'Tis He, the Son of God, that calls thee in,
If thou art weary of thy cumbrous load.

2 'Tis Chriſt himſelf, that calls thee from above,
'Tis Chriſt commands, and who can diſobey?
'Tis Chriſt, that deigns thy troubles to remove,
If thou to Him, thro' faith, wilt come away!

3 Come thou to Chriſt, however great thy crimes,
Come thou, thy life however vile and ill,
Come thou, and beg his needful aid betimes;
For he can ſave thee, whenſoe'er he will.

4 Though thou in Adam once were ruin'd quite,
Though thou wert ſnare'd by the inſidious Fiend,
Though thou haſt ſo incens'd the God of might,
Believe in Chriſt, He'll ſave thee in the end.

5 Though thou wert in Iniquity conceiv'd,
Though thou ſo very lewd a life haſt led,
When thou haſt once Chriſt's covenant receiv'd,
He'll cleanſe thy filth, and raiſe thee from the dead.

6 Though thou by nature art to God a foe,
Though thou wert born of a corrupted line,
Believe in Chriſt——thou ſhalt no more be ſo----
But a great fav'rite of thy Sire divine.

7 Though thou to Satan art become a ſlave,
Though to his wiles thou haſt been made a prey,
Believe in Chriſt---from Satan's den He'll ſave
Thy ſoul, and bring thee up to perfect day.

8 Though thou Damnation doſt deſerve in hell,
And all the tortures that the Devils bear;
Believe in Chriſt—in heaven thou ſhalt dwell,
And thy Creator laud for ever there.

9 Though thou art now a headſtrong rebel grown,
And turn'd a fiend, who waſt a ſaint before;
Believe in Chriſt—he'll take thee for his own,
And make thee, from a fiend, a ſaint once more.

10 Tho' thou'rt condemn'd, thro' ancient Adam's fault
Who poiſon'd and infected all his race;
Believe in Chriſt—and thou ſhalt yet be brought
To heav'n, in ſpite of Adam's foul diſgrace.

11 Though Satan ſeiz'd thy boſom, as his prey,
And took poſſeſſion of the fenceleſs ſeat;
Believe in Chriſt—he'll take his arms away,
And out of doors the fell intruder beat.

12 Though thieves, of ev'ry virtue robb'd thy ſoul,
And wounded thee with a felonious rage;
The true Samaritan will make thee whole,
And thy deep wound's exceſſive pain aſſuage.

13 Altho' the fie'ry Serpent ſtung thy heart,
And ſhot his venom thro' each rankling pore;
Believe in Chriſt—and he'll allay the ſmart,
And bathe thy wounds in his all-cleanſing gore.

14 Though thou haſt often wander'd far from home,
Like a ſtray'd ſheep, juſt periſh'd with the cold;
Believe in Chriſt, He ſpeedily will come,
And from the deſert drive thee to his fold.

15 Tho' thou more than a thouſand times haſt ſinn'd,
And tho' thoſe ſins as many ſtripes require,
Believe in Chriſt—thou ſhalt remiſſion find
For ev'ry crime, and ev'ry looſe deſire.

16 Altho' thy ſins are, as the ſcarlet, red,
Or, like the deeper crimſon, though they glow;
Believe in Chriſt—and with the blood he ſhed,
He'll bleach thee white as any driven ſnow.

17 Altho'

17 Altho' thy vices, than thy hairs were more,
And did unto a countleſs ſum amount;
Thy bleſt Redeemer, God and man, adore,
And he'll forgive thee the immenſe account.

18 Take comfort, thy deſponding ſpirits raiſe,
Believe in Jeſus, thy Redeemer dear,
Amend thy morals, quit thy wicked ways,
And he from ev'ry ill will keep thee clear.

19 Chriſt calls—Chriſt ſummons thee above the ſky,
Nay, Chriſt invites thee to a bliſsful home;
Why wilt thou therefore obſtinately die,
Becauſe thou wilt not to thy Saviour come?

20 Chriſt to the world, from the bright realms of joy,
Expreſsly came, tranſgreſſors vile to keep;
His care, his buſineſs, and his ſole employ,
To gather, and to fold his ſtraggling ſheep.

21 Thou long, as all have done, haſt gone aſtray,
Thou art, like us, without his aid undone:
Why wilt thou not the gracious Call obey,
And for protection to thy Saviour run?

22 The ſins, which now o'erwhelm thy ſoul with ſhame,
Are not than Saul's, or any other's, more;
Yet Saul receiv'd remiſſion for the ſame;
And ſo ſhalt thou——if thou wilt Chriſt adore.

23 Thy ſins do not above his mercies ſoar,
Nor are they ſuch as Chriſt can not efface,
Nor can the errors of thy life be more,
Than he can waſh away by his free grace.

24 Satan can ne'er contaminate thee ſo,
That Jeſus cannot his aſſiſtance lend,
Nor ſo pollute, tho' he his worſt ſhould do,
But Jeſus can thy wicked ways amend.

25 Chriſt, man's perverſeneſs can with eaſe ſubdue,
And to a lamb the wolf, a ſaint the fiend,
Convert——the veteran in vice, renew,
And cauſe God's foe, to be again his friend.

26 Chriſt only call'd Zaccheus from the tree,
And alter'd by the Call his nature quite:
So, at his pleaſure, he can alter thee,
And change thy colour ſoon from black to white.

27 Chriſt is a Deity of wond'rous might,
Who pardon's ev'ry contrite ſinner's vice,
Who our degenerate nature ſets to right,
Who ruins Satan's labour in a trice.

28 Omnipotent he is, who bought thy ſoul,
He can the breaches, Satan made, repair,
And from thy breaſt, with his corruptions foul,
Eject the pow'rful ſovereign of the air.

29 Though ſeven Devils revell'd in thy heart,
Nay, though a Legion that retreat poſſeſs'd,
Chriſt, with a word, can make them all depart,
Like flies before a tempeſt, from thy breaſt.

30 No creature has the power to deface
The work, by his divine Creator done:
Nor man, nor fiend, can rob thee of his grace;
If thou wilt put thy truſt in him alone.

31 There's not a ſoul, who does in Chriſt believe,
That to amend his life and errors paſt,
Does not ſufficient grace from him receive;
'Till he becomes another man at laſt.

32 No one for grace to Jeſus ever came,
No one for help to Jeſus ever cry'd,
Who did not ſpeedily receive the ſame,
And was not both with grace and help ſupply'd.

33 Come then, and earneſtly his favour crave,
Nor let thy weighty ſins retard thy ſoul:
Chriſt never came the ſinleſs folks to ſave,
But ſuch as are contaminate and foul.

34 Chriſt ne'er on purpoſe left the realms of joy,
But to preſerve the ſheep that went aſtray;
It is his bus'neſs and his chief employ,
To bring the ſtragglers back to the right way.

35 Come

35 Come therefore, come to him with th' utmoſt ſpeed;
He ſpurs, he goads thee on, to mend thy pace:
Believe in Chriſt——be that thy conſtant creed,
And he'll preſerve thee by his ſaving grace.

36 God give thee grace this ſummons to attend;
O may the gracious Call not prove in vain!
God give thee faith, thy morals to amend:
So thou from Chriſt ſhall grace and peace obtain!

Another Piece of ADVICE to Sinners to come to CHRIST.

1 COME all that are laden with vice, and with ſin,
Come to your Redeemer, who bids you all in,
Come all to be eas'd of your fears, and your crimes,
He'll give you all reſt, if you'll come but betimes.

2 Come all to your Keeper, Redeemer, and Chief,
Your King, Prieſt and Prophet, he'll bring you relief,
Your Doctor, your Paſtor, your Rock and your Tow'r,
Your Saviour, who conquer'd the dragon of yore!

3 Come all unto Chriſt, without any reſtraint,
Who kindly invites each to make his complaint:
Be it great, be it ſmall, do but ſhow him your grief,
And aſk his aſſiſtance, he'll give you relief.

4 He'll make you all free, and your ſorrows allay,
He'll lend you his aid, and your debts he will pay,
He'll lighten your burdens, your tears he will dry,
He'll heal all your wounds, and you never ſhall die.

5 He'll peace from your Judge and your Father obtain;
By means of his Blood, he your pardon will gain;
He'll bring you in favour with God, that's above,
And, long as you live, he'll preſerve you his love.

6 Your ſins, in his Blood, he will waſh all away,
His Spirit in each of your hearts he will lay,
He'll make you God's daughters and ſons, of mere love,
And co-heirs with him of his kingdom above.

7 He'll

7 He'll tread down the fiend, and his efforts defeat,
He'll rifle his arms, and his conqueſt complete,
His ſtrength he will blaſt, and his forts overthrow,
And make you ſubdue this inveterate foe.

8 Did you mortals but know, how tremendous your caſe,
How deſperate your ſtate, when depriv'd of God's [grace,
'Till to Jeſus you came (you'd not eat, nor yet reſt)
To better your ſtate, and to cheer your ſad breaſt!

9 What are we by nature, and kind--e'en the beſt---
But the children of wrath, if by Jeſus not bleſt,
But ſervants of ſin, and the ſlaves of the fiend,
And the victims of hell, and of death without end?

10 All, alas! by their ſins are defile'd, every ſoul!
Like Negroes we're black and like hogs we are foul,
To Chriſt we muſt haſten, to alter our grain,
And ſcour all our filth, e'er we whiteneſs can gain.

11 With our Maker, old Adam at odds did us ſet,
Entirely unable to pay our vaſt debt;
E'er we can be friends, we to Chriſt muſt repair,
Who, through grace and adoption will make each his heir.

12 The Foe in his net ev'ry mortal has caught,
Decoy'd by the fruit, thro' our Grandmother's fault;
The ſnare can't be broke, nor releas'd can we be,
'Till Chriſt by his might and his grace ſets us free.

13 The wolf holds our ſouls, like a ſheep, in his jaws,
Nor can we, nor dare we, get looſe from his paws:
Our Shepherd muſt reſcue us out of the ſcrape,
Or elſe not a ſoul from his fangs can eſcape.

14 The angel hangs over each houſe on the wing,
(So enormous our ſins!) prompt deſtruction to bring:
With the blood of the Lamb, we our lintels muſt ſmear,
That the fiend may paſs on, and our families ſpare.

15 All

15 All mortals are under the power of the Fiend,
In a dark dreary comfortleſs dungeon confin'd,
Chain'd down by their vices, 'till Jeſus ſhall come,
To reſcue them out of their horrible gloom.

16 From the pow'r of the Fiend, none can reſcue a man,
Or the bondage of ſin, let them do what they can,
'Till Chriſt by main force the Deſtroyer has bound,
And place'd us all, out of the ſlough, on dry ground.

17 By nature we lie, ev'ry man that has breath,
Without knowledge of God, in the ſhadow of death:
Chriſt Jeſus our hearts by his grace muſt illume,
E'er we can be drawn from that comfortleſs gloom.

18 All ſin is ſo odious, ſo fetid, ſo foul,
It ſpoils, it defiles, it infects ev'ry ſoul;
Nor can it's deep ſtains be diſcharge'd by'any means,
'Till Chriſt with his blood ſhall our filthineſs cleanſe.

19 Like a mountain of lead, on our necks, ſin depends,
It ſtrains all our ſinews, our backs down it bends,
Our ſouls, thro' the centre, to hell'twou'd depreſs,
Didn't we fly to Chriſt, for to make our loads leſs.

20 The Fiend, like a man in ſtrong panoply bold,
Of the hearts of each mortal has taken faſt hold,
Nor can the whole world thence the' invader expel,
'Till Chriſt comes, and hurls him down headlong to hell.

21 We all have been grievouſly ſtung by the foe,
Our ſores, without ceaſing, eternally flow,
Nor can any leach upon earth do us good,
'Till Chriſt comes, and cleanſes our wounds with his blood.

22 The foe, of our ornaments, has us bereft,
And of ev'ry virtue quite naked has left;
To Jeſus, our brother, then let us all go,
And He his own garments will over us throw.

23 We all have been dead in iniquity quite,
Nor have we the pow'r to do any thing right,
'Till

'Till Jesus, the giver of life, does arrive
To raise us from sin, and our spirits revive.

24 When the serpent has stung you with lust through and through,
To the brazen One come, and your malady show:
Look intent upon Christ, and you soon shall have ease,
The venom will drop, and the anguish will cease.

25 Show void of all dread, to your Saviour your sore;
For such a Physician was ne'er seen before!
Each wound and complaint, ev'ry sin and each wheal,
With his Heart's precious blood He will thoroughly heal.

26 No med'cine, no plaster, no physic, no salve,
No herbs, no emollients, you ever can have,
No nostrum, but Jesus's blood, can be found
To heal sin's wide-gaping, and anguishous wound.

27 Full many there are, who all tumours can cure,
With most of the ails, which poor mortals endure;
But there's no physician on earth can be found
But Jesus alone, that can cure sin's deep wound.

28 No angel above, though their number's so great,
Though with strength and honour so very replete,
Can save one poor soul, that from virtue has stray'd,
'Till our Saviour himself comes to give us his aid.

29 Tho' the saints of each sex were to join all their pow'r,
Since Adam was form'd, till the world be no more,
They cannot preserve, though so much they excel,
Without Jesu's aid, one poor mortal from Hell.

30 Though thou all the beasts in the forests that live,
And thy substance entire for an off'ring shou'dst give,
Whole rivers of oil, thy son, life, and blood——
Without Christ's assistance, they'd do thee no good.

31 Tho' the air's vast expanse, and the regions of day,
The earth, and the ocean, thou all shou'dst survey,
Thou no other person but Jesus could'st find,
Who is able to save; and what's more, well-inclin'd.

32 No Saviour but Jeſus endeavour to have;
As God, and as man, he's Almighty to ſave:
There is not a name, beſides his, under heaven,
Thro' which any help to our ſouls can be given.

33 No ſouls can be ſave'd in the days, that now laſt,
In thoſe yet to come, or in thoſe that are paſt,
But they that are kept by Chriſt Jeſus alone;
The reprobate crew ſhall be damn'd ev'ry one.

34 With the ſtrong arm of faith, thy Redeemer arreſt,
Lay hold of him firmly, if thou wou'dſt be bleſt,
Nor quit the cloſe gripe, 'till at laſt thou haſt gain'd
The grace to be ſave'd, and his favour obtain'd.

35 Truſt not to thy works, learning, wealth, or thy race,
Thy ſoul can't be reſcue'd, unleſs thou doſt place
In Chriſt thy belief; and if e'er thou ſhou'dſt truſt
Unto any beſides, thou art utterly loſt.

36 For all Adam's ſons, ſince the world firſt was fram'd
By ſin are polluted, and needs muſt be damn'd:
To death and to hell, let them do what they can,
If by Chriſt not preſerv'd, they muſt go ev'ry man.

37 Then all to your Saviour together repair,
To ſave your loſt ſouls from the pit of deſpair;
Whoe'er will come freely in heaven ſhall dwell:
But all, who refuſe, ſhall be tumbled to hell.

38 Let none be ſo ſtupid, ſo dull, and unwiſe,
As to turn from their Saviour and guide to the ſkies,
None from death can eſcape, or to heaven aſcend,
Not a man can be ſave'd, unleſs Chriſt be his friend.

39 Not Noah, Job, Abraha'm, not Daniel, nor Paul,
Not Mary, nor Anne, nor the beſt of them all,
Not the babe newly born, unleſs Chriſt be his friend,
Cou'd, by worth of his own, be preſerv'd from the fiend.

40 Not a man (ſuch a price our redemption did coſt!)
Shall be ſave'd, but thro' Chriſt: all the reſt muſt be loſt.

Nought

Nought leſs, for the ſins of mankind can atone
Than the blood and the death of our Saviour alone.

41 Of angels and ſaints, then, aſſiſtance to crave
Is in vain: neither Pope, Maſs, or Friar, can ſave,
Nor ought you can mention, whatever it be,
But the death of our Saviour: ſo ſinful are we!

42 Nought leſs for the ſins of mankind cou'd atone
Than their utter extinction; unleſs there were one
Whoſe death for the death of them all might ſuffice:
And who, but our Saviour, cou'd pay ſuch a price?

43 None therefore to God ſatisfaction can make,
But through Jeſus' death, and for Jeſus's ſake:
Who ſeeks not his aid, (let him e'er ſo well live)
He, for one of a thouſand no anſwer can give.

44 Some think, that by merits and works of their own,
By faſting and alms they for ſin can atone,
To heaven aſcend, and from hell-torments flee,
Without their Redeemer: ſo uſeleſs is He!——

45 But whilſt thus, in fancy, to heaven they ſoar,
They'll ſink into hell, like the Devil of yore:
And then they ſhall ſee, that no man can aſcend
To the ſkies of himſelf, without Chriſt for his friend.

46 The Lord is not bound any pity to ſhew;
For none is to man, nor ſhall ever be, due:
But all men are bound to adore him alone;
All to him are indebted, but he unto none.

47 No mortal by prayer and alms can appeaſe,
Or his Maker, by faſting and penitence pleaſe;
'Till man and his Maker, thro'Chriſt, have agreed,
Who muſt hallow and bleach in his blood ev'ry deed.

48 Chriſt Jeſus each ſinner muſt juſtly arrange,
And to his Creator's ſimilitude change,
His thoughts he muſt alter, his temper improve,
E'er he can inherit the kingdom above.

49 Chriſt

49 Chriſt, man with his Maker muſt bring into grace,
And with his own blood his offences efface,
With all his own virtues he muſt him inveſt,
And give him his Spirit, e'er he can be bleſt.

50 Chriſt muſt reſcue our ſouls from the pow'r of the Fiend,
Who in a dark dungeon ſtill keeps us confin'd,
Faſt bound, hand and foot, with ſin's cumberſome chain;
Or we in the Valley of Death muſt remain.

51 Chriſt, the fiend muſt diſarm, that poſſeſſes each mind,
And in gyves the incroaching invader muſt bind;
He thence muſt eject him, tho' loth to depart,
And garriſon keep his ownſelf in each heart.

52 Chriſt muſt make us the ſons of his heavenly Sire
(By adoption and grace, we that right may acquire)
And make us the heirs of the Godhead above.
E'er we, howe'er good, can to Eden remove.

53 Chriſt from each diſaſter poor mortals muſt draw,
From the toils of the Fiend, and Death's mercileſs jaw,
And make us partake of his favour and grace,
E'er we in the kingdom of God can have place.

54 No mortal to heaven can poſſibly ſoar
By his own conduct, his merits, or pow'r;
Nor can He from Death and the Devil e'er run,
Without Chriſt's aſſiſtance, or God's vengeance ſhun.

55 How can one God's anger and ſentence eſchew,
The curſe by the law, to iniquity due,
Death's keen pointed ſting, and the pow'r of the fiend,
By worth of his own—unleſs Chriſt be his friend?

56 We all muſt repent, with a heart moſt ſincere,
Believe with true faith, in our Saviour ſo dear,
By the pow'r of his ſpirit, our lives we muſt mend,
And be totally change'd, e'er the ſkies we aſcend.

57 Then

57 Then all to your Saviour together repair
With tears, a true faith, and a penitent air:
Whoe'er will come freely, in heaven ſhall dwell,
But they that refuſe ſhall be caſt into hell.

An EXHORTATION to worſhip our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

1 COME ſimple, come gentle, your ſing-ſong give o'er,
And let us for once be combine'd,
On this happy day, our dear Lord to adore,
And bear our Redeemer in mind.

2 When firſt our Creator the protoplaſts made,
In Eden the couple he place'd,
Where o'er the whole garden at pleaſure they ſtray'd
And pluck'd ev'ry fruit to their taſte.

3 The fiend, when their happy eſtate he perceiv'd,
How loving they walk'd o'er the plain,
Whilſt all that they wanted or wiſh'd, they receiv'd,
Without any labour, or pain——

4 To Eden ſoon came with the curſed deſign
Poor Eve, as the weaker, to hook,
And thus he began her obedience to mine,
But of Adam no notice then took.

5 Did you taſte but a bit of the fruit of the tree,
" Which now you're forbidden to eat,
Your eyes wou'd be ope'd, and like gods you wou'd be
It's pow'rs and effects are ſo great!"

6 The apple ſhe pluck'd, and a morſel ſhe bit,
Nor did Adam, to taſte it, refrain:
When, alas! (for us all, how unhappy was it?)
Their pleaſure was ſoon turn'd to pain.

7 Thus they, thro' their pride, both obnoxious became
To the pains to ſuch crimes juſtly due,
And we, their deſcendents, all merit the ſame,
So cloſe we their footſteps purſue.

8 When

8 When our righteous Judge ſaw that ſo hard was our fate
And that we, thro' mere weakneſs, were ſpent;
He gave us, in pity to our ſad eſtate,
Chriſt—to aid us where ever we went.

9 Our Saviour was born, as on this bleſſed morn,
And low in a manger was laid———
A morn, that in mind ſhou'd for ever be borne,
Which brought us ſo needful an aid!

10 Two natures in him, without mixture, are join'd,
(A truth, we ſhou'd always profeſs!)
The Godhead and manhood in him are combin'd,
As we by our creed do confeſs.

11 His Godhead is equal to that of his Sire,
As we from his pow'r may perceive;
His manhood does not ſo ſublimely aſpire,
As we from the ſcriptures believe.

12 Then was not God's love, all expreſſion above,
To us ſuch a Saviour who gave,
As like us was man (as the ſcriptures all prove)
In all things, if ſin you do ſave.

13 When ready to ſink, and juſt on the brink
Of the pit, where the damn'd ever mourn,
In unſpeakable pains, faſt bound in ſin's chains,
Without any hopes of return,

14 He us freely bail'd, and our covenants ſeal'd,
He only, his Sire cou'd appeaſe,
From woe he us brought, and our freedom he bought,
He health gave, which never ſhall ceaſe.

15 Not gold of the beſt, nor the wealth of the Eaſt,
The Deity's pardon cou'd buy:
But the Son he love'd beſt, the God-and-Man bleſt:
Let's all to this advocate fly.

16 By him God was pleas'd, and by him was appeas'd,
And, without him, no pleaſure cou'd take;
Thro' him, in each grief, he will grant us relief,
And hear each petition we make.

17 Himſelf, man to ſave, a pure victim he gave,
Left to Satan a prey we ſhou'd fall,
Whoſe head he made feel the full weight of his heel;
But ſave'd his own followers all.

18 Tho' our good works were more than the ſand on the ſhore,
And Arithmetic's pow'rs did exceed,
For want of true faith (as our article ſaith) Art. xiii.
There's the nature of ſin in each deed.

19 We comfort receive through faith, and believe,
That, through faith, we are ſave'd from our foes:
By grace, and thro' faith, as St. Paul himſelf ſaith,
'Tis that God for his friends has us choſe.

20 No victim he fought from man for each fault,
(Although he was treated ſo ill)
But a ſpirit contrite, and a heart pure and right:
To hear him, then come with good will!

21 By faith we ſhall have, whatever we crave,
Nor is there a thing that we want,
But we ſhall receive, if in Chriſt we believe;
Since he what he pleaſes, can grant.

22 Thro' faith in the Blood of our Saviour, thus good,
Our crimes ſhall be waſh'd quite away,
When we muſt give in an account of each ſin,
Before our Creator, one day.

23 Then put on your beſt, and be decently dreſt,
In clothes fit for bride-folks to wear,
E'er to heaven you go, where there is no woe,
When there you're oblig'd to appear.

24 Like ſaints be prepar'd, and be ſtill on your guard,
With oil in your lamps in good ſtore;
Left the bridegroom ſhou'd come unexpectedly home,
And ſuddenly knock at the door.

25 With alacrity ſtill, as you're bound, do God's will,
E'er the day of Salvation is o'er,
E'er a wide-ſpreading gloom ſhall the ſun overcome,
And you cannot work any more.

26 Then

26 Then watch night and day, and moſt earneſtly pray,
That God may be ſtill your defence:
For the time is now near, as the ſcriptures declare,
When we muſt depart all from hence.

27 Be in charity ſtill, 'tis your Maker's dread will,
And you ſhall a kingdom receive,
Where you ſhall have eaſe, mirth, pleaſure, and peace,
And joys, that no heart can conceive.

28 No ſickneſs ſhall there, nor yet ſorrow, appear,
No poverty, care, nor diſtreſs;
But the ſound of the lyre, with the heavenly quire,
And bliſs, which no tongue can expreſs.

29 I warn you then all, be you great, be you ſmall,
To pray from the ground of your heart,
That God, in pow'r great, and with mercies replete,
May bring you there, when you depart.

Another Invitation, or Exhortation to worſhip CHRIST JESUS.

1 COME all freſh and gay, let us keep Holiday,
With hymns let us Jeſus adore;
Let us him celebrate, both early and late,
Who ſave'd us from death by his pow'r.

2 Aloud let us ſing, 'till the whole world does ring,
And our notes to the heavens aſpire,
That the angels above with our ſongs we may move,
And teach them to join in the quire.

3 When nor men cou'd befriend, nor ſaints their aid lend,
Nor angels, nor ought that's below,
Any good cou'd have done, God ſent us his Son,
To ſave us from ſorrow and woe.

4 What ſire with a ſcore of children, or more,
The worſt unto death would expoſe,
Or conſent to the loſs of one on the croſs,
Or force him to fight for his foes?

5 Yet, with pity God mov'd, gave the Son whom he lov'd,
And eſteem'd far above all the reſt,
For mortals to die, ſuſpended on high,
Although we were rebels profeſt.

6 Our Father let's praiſe then, on theſe holidays,
With hearts full of ardor and love,
Who gave us his heir, diſtreſs and deſpair
Far out of our ſight to remove.

7 Next, let us applaud the Son of our God,
Who health to the univerſe gave,
Who quitted the ſky, and the glories on high,
His ſervants from ſorrow to ſave.

8 From heaven above, and God's boſom of love,
For our great advantage, he came—
He came, for our ſake, his manhood to take;
And ſo we his brethren became!

9 The meek harmleſs Lamb to this nether world came,
To a crib, from the regions above
And the heavenly hoſt—to ſave us, when loſt:
So great his compaſſion and love!

10 Our ever bleſs'd Lord, I will call him the Word,
Himſelf the great God, and God's heir,
Of Mary was born, as on this bleſſed morn,
To ſave us from woe and deſpair.

11 The Godhead on high, who fram'd earth, ſun, and ſky,
With the waters, that make up the main,
Our fleſh did aſſume, and an Infant become,
And then by baſe ſoldiers was ſlain.

12 Come then let us raiſe our voices, to praiſe
Chriſt Jeſus our Saviour and King;
With harp and with tongue, let us join all day long,
And hymns to his honour let's ſing.

13 All creatures that move, in the heavens above,
On earth, or in the' ocean below,
Let's freely invite in his praiſe to unite,
And our Saviour's great goodneſs to ſhow.

14 Like

14 Like Shadrach in fire, or the Baptiſt's old Sire,
Like Miriam and Moſes, let's praiſe
Our Saviour (who came from Hell's raging flame,
To ſave us) the reſt of our days.

15 Then ſtill bear in mind our Saviour ſo kind,
This ſeaſon devote to his praiſe,
In gladneſs and joy, let us always employ,
And grateful thankſgivings, thoſe days.

16 Heav'n bids us rejoice with heart and with voice,
At church, or where'er we reſort,
In the Giver of Peace, and of joys that ne'er ceaſe;
So with wiſdom we ſeaſon our ſport.

17 Then let us this day with hearts blithe and gay,
And faces that gliſten and ſhine,
In Jeſus rejoice, with ear-thrilling voice,
And ev'ry dull ſorrow reſign.

18 On this ſacred morn your houſes adorn,
Your boards ſpread with cheer of the beſt;
Of which, for Chriſt's ſake, let poor neighbours partake,
And baniſh all grief from the feaſt.

19 Quite elated appear, take *enough* of good cheer,
But *more*, like a peſtilence, ſhun:
True bliſs never think in meat, or in drink,
To find—but in Jeſus alone.

20 All the holidays long chant ſome heavenly ſong,
Mere ſing-ſong, or ſatire, ne'er mind;
But truſt in the Lord, and in his holy word,
From whom you ſure pardon ſhall find.

21 To taverns ne'er enter—to brothels ne'er venture—
To ſpend ſo your time, is a ſhame!
With nonſenſe and noiſe, you the fiend thus rejoice,
And foully diſhonour Chriſt's name.

22 Quit your cards in a trice, and your rattling of dice,
Your riots, which mankind debaſe——
Your oaths loud and foul, which muſt ſhock each good ſoul,
And Chriſt's ſolemn birth-day diſgrace.

23 In David's ſweet page, or the Goſpels, engage,
Inſtead of your cards and your dice:
More proper by far, thoſe holy books are,
Than them ſpotted panders to vice.

24 Exult then, and God your Redeemer applaud,
His glories with tranſport recite;
Your hands clap, and ſing to the praiſe of heav'n's king,
And take in the taſk true delight.

25 Let's laud to the ſkies the Spirit ſo wiſe,
Who ſhows from the goſpel's pure lore,
That pardon and peace, with joys that ne'er ceaſe,
Through Chriſt, are ſtill for us in ſtore.

26 To the Father above—to the Son of his love—
To the Spirit, that ſanctifies all——
Be now, and each hour, all glory and pow'r,
From each on this well-people'd ball.

An Exhortation to give God Thanks for our Redemption through Chriſt.

1 O Let's applaud with one accord,
And bleſs, from day to day, the Lord,
Who gave for us his only Son,
When we before were quite undone!

2 Fall on your knees, both morn and night,
Let adoration, pow'r, and might,
Be unto Him aſcribe'd alone,
Who gave for us his only Son.

3 How vaſt the debt, did we but know,
Which we to our Redeemer owe,
Nought wou'd we do, by night or day,
But, on our knees, unto him pray.

4 When we to ſuch a paſs were brought,
By Satan's artifice, that nought
Beſides cou'd ſave; God deign'd to give
His Son, loſt mortals to reprieve.

5 By

5 By Satan's puiſſance ſubdue'd,
We ſtill with groans our ſins had rue'd,
Had we not been by Jeſus bought,
Who our Redemption freely wrought.

6 There was no method to aſſuage
The God of juſtice in his rage,
But that his beſt belov'd ſhou'd deign
For our Redemption to be ſlain.

7 There was no poſſibility,
A ſingle ſoul from Hell to free,
Did not the Juſt-One for it's ſake,
An off'ring of his heart's blood make.

8 Chriſt gave his blood, of worth immenſe!
Unto his Sire a recompence
For us—his life He did beſtow,
To free us from our mortal foe.

9 We were, like birds, caught in the net,
Which Satan for our ſouls had ſet——
The net, wherein inclos'd we lay,
Chriſt broke——and we flew far away.

10 We were, like ſheep that go aſtray,
To wolves and rav'nous beaſts a prey,
When from Chriſt's fold we dare'd to go,
And follow'd our fallacious foe.

11 Chriſt is the ſhepherd, that, among
The ſavage crew and helliſh throng
To find us, ventur'd firſt to come,
And brought us on his ſhoulders home.

12 We are, like him, who on the way
To Jericho, was robb'd, and lay
O'erwhelm'd with wounds upon the ground,
Whilſt none to lift us up was found.

23 Chriſt's the Samaritan, ſo kind,
Who on the road our wounds did bind,
And to the inn benignly led,
Where we were comforted, and fed.

14 The ſerpent (paradiſe within)
Tranſpierc'd us with the dart of ſin,
But Chriſt the wound, made by its dart,
Heal'd with the blood, warm from his heart.

15 There was no med'cine to be found
To cure the fie'ry ſerpent's wound,
But that of braſs intent to eye:
There was no other remedy!

16 So nothing cou'd allay the ſmart
We felt, when pierc'd by ſin's keen dart,
Beſides Chriſt Jeſus crucify'd,
By the braſs ſerpent typify'd.

17 In ſuch a piteous caſe we ſtood,
As does the Pelican's young brood,
When by ſome pois'nous ſerpent gore'd,
E'er by their dam's own blood reſtore'd.

18 Chriſt ſaw us with his eye divine;
And, like the Pelican benign,
He gave the blood, warm from his heart,
To mitigate our wounds dire ſmart.

19 Let us conſider then our caſe,
The vaſt advantage, and the grace,
That came unto a world undone,
From Jeſus' ſufferings alone.

20 The ſon of ſin, the Devil's ſlave,
The child of wrath, and of the grave,
Each mortal was---and vermin's food---
'Till Chriſt redeem'd us with his blood.

21 What's man, without Chriſt's ſuccour, ſay!
But the Fiend's vaſſal and his prey,
Already doom'd by God to go
From Eden to the realms of woe!

22 There's not a man, upon the whole,
Who can from Death defend his ſoul,
'Till he can Jeſus' blood obtain
To cleanſe him from each ſinful ſtain.

23 Throughout

23 Throughout the world, there is not one
That can for his own ſins atone,
'Till the Lamb's blood he ſhall obtain,
To pay his price, and eaſe his pain.

24 Chriſt is the ſpotleſs Lamb, ordain'd
The crimes, wherewith the world is ſtain'd,
To take away—and to aſſuage,
With his heart's blood, his Father's rage.

25 Chriſt is the prieſt, who now on high
Reſides, and with inceſſant cry
A conſtant interceſſion makes,
And ſheds his heart's-blood for our ſakes.

26 Chriſt light to ev'ry mortal gives ——
Chriſt is the life of each that lives——
Chriſt is our comfort, and our guard —
Chriſt from the firſt, his aid prepar'd!

27 Without Chriſt's help, we're quite undone;
But we are ſave'd, through Chriſt alone:
Without Him, we can't God perceive;
But through Him, we with God ſhall live.

28 All to the diſmal realms of woe,
But they who truſt in Chriſt, ſhall go:
Without Him, none ſhall ſcale the ſky,
How much ſoe'er they toil and try.

29 Let us in Chriſt then learn to truſt,
The great Redeemer of the juſt,
And mind his precepts to obey,
If we in heaven e'er think to ſtay.

30 With his heart's-blood, the world Chriſt bought,
And from fierce flames our freedom wrought;
Yet thouſands in the world ſhall go,
For want of Faith, to Hell below.

31 Though Chriſt was ſlain, our ſouls to ſave—
Though a full price for us He gave——
Yet none ſalvation ſhall receive,
But who alone in Him believe.

32 We ſhall be ſaved, if we believe
In Chriſt ———if not———we ſhall not live:
He lives, who does on Chriſt rely———
Who does not truſt in Him ſhall die.

33 Not one, of any age, ſhall go
To the infernal realms below,
But he who ſhall refuſe to truſt
In the Redeemer of the juſt.

34 Heav'n's gate is open night and day,
(None ſuch from it are turn'd away)
To ev'ry Chriſtian, that's ſincere,
Of what degree, or rank ſoe'er.

35 No more they of their faults ſhall hear,
No more their vices ſhall appear,
Which thro' Chriſt's Blood are all forgiven,
And blotted from the rolls of heaven.

36 Chriſt waſh'd our ſins and filth away,
Chriſt will to bliſs our ſouls convey,
Chriſt bought thoſe ſouls, when loſt and gone,
And what he bought, ſhall be our own.

37 Let's ne'er forget, 'till turn'd to clay,
To praiſe our Saviour, night and day,
Who has our ſouls from ruin bought!
For us, what wonders has he wrought?

38 Let's to our Chief, our Saviour, ſhew
All praiſe, and ev'ry honour due,
All true reſpect, and worſhip fit—
Let heav'n and earth ſay——So be it!

ADVICE to thoſe who are deſirous of obtaining God's Favour, and Forgiveneſs of their Sins.

1 WHoe'er would have the ſins forgiven,
Whereby he has offended heaven,
He muſt with diligence purſue
Thoſe uſeful Precepts, that enſue.

Thou

2 Thou, firſt of all, muſt humbly own
Thy ſins, before the' Almighty's throne;
Nought from thy God ſhou'd be conceal'd:
Since all things are to Him unveil'd!

3 And then endeavour to obſerve,
What puniſhment thou doſt deſerve——
Eternal death! — it is no leſs;
Becauſe thou doſt God's laws tranſgreſs.

4 For ſurely thou canſt not but know
Thy vices merit endleſs woe;
Then meekly beg, for Jeſus' ſake,
That he wou'd mercy on thee take———

5 And know that nothing can atone
For ſin, before the Godhead's throne,
Beſides Chriſt's death, and precious blood,
And the obedience which he ſhow'd———

6 That Jeſus, (thou muſt too believe!)
For ſin did a full ranſom give,
When on the croſs He bore diſgrace,
For all the ſins of all our race———

7 And know too, that the God of heaven
Accepts the ſatisfaction given,
And for Chriſt's ſake, does ſtill remit
Thoſe ſins the faithful may commit———

8 Believe too, that He'll pardon thee
Thy errors and iniquity,
If thou, with contrite heart ſhalt make
Thy ſuit to God for Jeſus' ſake.

9 Conceal not then the ſins, but own,
To which thou'rt principally prone;
For 'tis a folly to deny
What's plain to God's all-ſeeing eye.

10 Freely condemn thyſelf, before
The Deity's tremendous pow'r!
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt on the day of doom,
To open ſhame and cenſure come.

11 Bewail each vile, and hateful ſin,
As ſoon as thou the ſame haſt ſeen—
And ſtrive againſt it, night and day,
'Till thou haſt caſt it quite away.

12 Make thou thy heart profoundly ſigh,
Make briny tears ſtream from each eye,
Make thy ſad ſpirit inly mourn,
And from it's vicious habits turn.

13 Then beg of God, that he'd impart
To thee a ſoft and tender heart,
And often grieve, when thou'rt alone,
For all the crimes, that thou haſt done.

14 Ne'er ceaſe to pray, and never reſt,
'Till God has granted thy requeſt——
Namely—a heart, that can relent,
Can grieve for ſin, and can repent———

15 And when thou a good while haſt griev'd
For the bad life, which thou haſt liv'd,
The promiſes divine hold faſt,
As long as e'er thy life ſhall laſt.

16 God promiſes to give relief,
And comfort thoſe that are in grief,
And to forgive all, does conſent,
Who from their very heart repent.

17 For all thy vicious courſes grieve,
And in thy Saviour, Chriſt, believe,
Forſake them, whilſt thou yet haſt breath,
And thou ſhalt never ſuffer death.

18 For God has promis'd to provide
A Helper, Comforter, and Guide,
(In his own Son) to all that mourn,
And from their ſins repentant turn.

19 His Word, beſides, the Lord does give,
That he will all thy faults forgive,
And cleanſe thee from thy deep-grain'd crimes;
If thou wilt but repent betimes.

20 And if a penitent thou'lt prove,
He'll grant to thee his grace and love———
Mild, gentle, merciful, he'll be,
And ever live at peace with thee.

21 He'll waſh thee in the cleanſing flood
Of his dear Son's moſt precious blood,
And ſcour away thy vices quite,
'Till he has made thee lily-white.

22 Hold faſt (and he will thee applaud)
The ſacred promiſes of God:
The heav'n and earth ſhall both decay,
E'er one of them ſhall paſs away.

23 Then, as a ſnake, thy ſins deteſt—
A ſnake, that rears it's bloated creſt,
And, hid ſome moſs-grown brake beneath,
Wou'd ſting thee by ſurprize to death:

24 Approach not near the place, where ſin
May by her wiles allure thee in——
Paſs by with ſpeed, her offers ſhun,
Nor headlong to temptation run.

25 If thou wilt ſtep too near the ground,
Where baſks the ſnake—thy heel 'twill wound—
Or if thou'lt come too near the fire,
'Twill burn, if thou wilt not retire.

26 Take therefore of thy ſelf good heed,
Nor near temptation's purlieus tread;
'Tis better make a good retreat,
Than meet with ſhame, and a defeat.

27 Do not unto thy ſins incline
Again, like dogs or filthy ſwine,
Which, though they lately were waſh'd clean,
Return unto the nauſeous ſcene.

28 Keep not bad company, whoſe lore
Will make thee ſin ſtill more and more:
It nought avails to God to pray,
'Till thou from ſuch haſt turn'd away:

29 But

29 But cleave unto the godly race,
And note their converſe, full of grace:
For each good man's a ready guide
To lead thee, where the juſt reſide.

30 Unto the Godhead humbly pray——
To turn thee from each wicked way,
And to direct thee, whilſt thou'rt here,
Truly to love him, and to fear.

31 Let not the fiend thy reaſon blind,
Nor move again, to ſin, thy mind;
But, through the Blood, which Jeſus ſhed,
Beneath thy feet the tempter tread.

32 Conſort not thou with drunkards vile,
Leſt they thy morals ſhou'd defile,
As the ſalt water of the tide
Corrupts the rills, that to it glide.

33 Quit then immediately thoſe friends,
Whoſe converſe, to debauch thee, tends:
Shun them, and their bad ways deteſt,
As thou wou'dſt pitch avoid, when dreſt.

Advice to believe in CHRIST, and an Exhibition or diſplay of the wonderful change that is wrought in the man that believes.

1 BELIEVE in Chriſt, for thy Protector cry,
God offers him to all, both far and nigh,
Receive the gracious offer, and don't fail;
Or elſe, thou ſhalt the loſs of him bewail.

2 The man, who Chriſt with heart ſincere receives,
And with a lively faith in him believes,
Chriſt will on him his ſaving grace beſtow,
To live like the bleſt ſaints, whilſt here below.

3 Chriſt ſhall to him his holy Spirit give,
That he, new-born, may a new creature live;
Chriſt ſhall quite change, and mould the man anew,
From a raſh rebel to a ſubject true.

4 He

4 He gives his grace, our gloomy minds to light——
He gives his Word, to make us walk aright——
To rule us, he his holy Spirit grants———
He gives himſelf, to make up all our wants———

5 So that no ſoul in Chriſt can well believe,
Who ſhall not grace and ſtrength from him receive,
To emulate the conduct of the juſt;
If right his faith, and confident his truſt.

6 The grace of God, and a ſupernal pow'r,
Faith plucks from heav'n--to make a man give o'er,
And thoroughly abhor, his evil ways,
And lead a life of virtue all his days.

7 Unleſs thy faith extorts this grace divine,
And makes the renovated creature ſhine,
It is in vain;—it anſwers to no end,
Unleſs it ſerves thy errors to amend.

8 A lively faith does grace from Chriſt attract,
And ſtrength to put thy theory in act:
All it's old ſins it utterly forſakes,
And of the' whole man a renovation makes.

9 Howe'er corrupt the nature that's in thee——
However weak thy intellects may be———
Believe in Chriſt, invoke his holy name,
And, when he pleaſes, he can change the ſame.

10 Although the Jailer was a ſinful ſoul———
Though Paul was, once, as ſinful, on the whole—
And though Manaſſes was ſtill worſe agen——
Yet they, thro' Chriſt, were made quite diff'rent men.

11 So can he make of thee, thou ſinful ſoul!
Although by nature reprobate and foul,
A perfect ſaint—if thou in him wilt place
Thy truſt—thereby to get his aid and grace.

12 Chriſt, that great perſecutor Paul, reform'd,
And to a glorious preacher ſoon tran-form'd;
The woman too, of bad report and fame,
From a mere raven, a white dove became.

13 Believe

13 Believe in Chriſt with heart ſincerely true,
And he'll thy mind and manners form anew———
Chriſtians he'll make out of a fiend-like race,
And of the foe of God, a child of grace.

14 Preſume not, then, that thy belief is right,
If Chriſt thy nature has not alter'd quite:
For Chriſt a total change of manners gives
To each, that faithfully in him believes.

15 Behold Zaccheus, Magdalene, and Paul!
You ſoon ſhall ſee that Chriſt will change them all:
Their morals all at once are ſtrictly juſt,
As ſoon as they in Jeſus place their truſt.

16 Tho', in the morning, Saul did all he cou'd,
Like a fierce wolf, to ſhed the Chriſtian's blood;
Yet, ſoon as he believ'd, this wolf became,
By noon that very day, a perfect lamb.

17 Before Zaccheus was a Chriſtian made,
To rob the needy, was his daily trade;
But, when he once believ'd, he gave the poor
The greateſt part of what he gain'd before.

18 Though Magdalene was once a reprobate,
And ſinn'd, e'er ſhe believ'd at any rate,
Yet afterwards a virtuous life ſhe led,
And was declared a ſaint, when ſhe was dead.

19 So ſhalt thou ev'ry vicious habit leave,
When thou ſhalt once unto thy Saviour cleave:
For, 'till there is this reformation wrought,
Thy faith can only a mere whim be thought.

20 Faith, unaccompany'd by works, is dead——
A formleſs faith—a trunk without a head——
A faith, that blinds— a falſe, fallacious faith——
A faith, that leads the ready way to death!

21 There is no fire, without attending heat—
There is no water—but it muſt be wet——
There's no good vine—but is with cluſters crown'd;
No lively faith, without it's fruits is found!

22 Shou'd

22 Shou'd any one affirm, that he believes,
And yet repents not—he himſelf deceives:
His faith is nought, but froth—or, at the moſt,
All his belief is but an idle boaſt.

23 There is no true believer can do leſs
Than mend his morals, and his luſts ſuppreſs;
Becauſe that Chriſt to all believers gives
His holy Spirit, to amend their lives.

24 Be not deceiv'd, thou ſinner moſt obſcene,
Where there is faith, there holy lives are ſeen:
For if thy faith is worthy to be known,
By it's good works let it be plainly ſhown.

25 If in thy faith there does no life appear,
If it no grace, in word and work, does bear,
'Tis but the name of faith upon the whole——
A faith, that never can preſerve thy ſoul!

Advice to avoid bad Company.

1 WHoever a religious life wou'd live,
Submiſſive to the will of his dread Sire,
He firſt of all moſt earneſtly muſt ſtrive
From all bad converſation to retire.

2 He muſt no more with debauchees conſort,
But quit them all without regret or pain;
As Moſes quitted the Egyptian court,
And Lot and Abraham the Chaldean plain.

3 As weeds are known to choke the riſing grain——
As vinegar the ſweeteſt milk will ſpoil——
As pitch, if touch'd, is apt thy clothes to ſtain——
So vicious converſe will thy morals ſoil.

4 Beware the ſerpent's ſting—or thou ſhalt ſmart—
And from the plague, leſt it ſhou'd kill thee, run—
And if Salvation thou haſt much at heart,
With equal care all wicked converſe ſhun.

5 From Sodom, like another Patriarch, fly——
Haſte from the idle and the vile away———
All ſaunt'rers quit—preſerve thy ſoul, and try
To leave the faithleſs folk without delay.

6 Whilſt Moſes ſtay'd amongſt the' Egyptian race,
Whilſt Abraham ſojourn'd with the Syrian crew,
The Lord ne'er deign'd to manifeſt his grace,
'Till they aloof from ſuch vile men withdrew.

7 The ſons of Satan, and their friendſhips, flee,
Soon as thou canſt, if thou art truly wiſe:
For there can never any concord be,
Between the ſons of hell, and of the ſkies.

8 The converſation therefore of the wiſe,
The good, and blameleſs, eagerly purſue:
For they will teach thee how to mount the ſkies,
To know thy God, and pay him rev'rence due.

9 Whilſt Saul the ſteps of Samuel purſue'd,
A ſaint he grew, who was a fiend before;
But when his vile acquaintance he renew'd,
The ſaint became a very fiend once more.

10 Follow a Prophet——he'll enlighten thee——
Follow a Rabbi——thou ſhalt walk by rule——
Follow a Saint——and thou a Saint ſhall be——
Follow a Fool——and thou'lt be ſtill a Fool.

11 Upon thy knees without ceſſation pray,
That God to thee his ſecret paths wou'd ſhow,
And turn thee from each croſs and dang'rous way,
Into the road, wherein he'd have thee go.

12 Until the Sire of Light ſhall clear thine eye———
Until thy Saviour ſhall thy ſoul renew———
The path of Life thou never canſt eſpy;
No more than blind-men can the ſun-ſhine view.

13 Take thou the' Almighty's lantern in thy hand,
That it may always light thee on the road:
None ſhall attain unto the promis'd land,
Unleſs illumine'd by the Word of God.

14 Whate'er

14 Whate'er is by the Word enjoin'd thee, do;
And from whatever it forbids, refrain,
And it will clearly teach thee how to go,
Where thou ſhalt favour, life, and mercy gain.

15 Take heed, take ſpecial heed I thee require,
That thou doſt not thy carnal will obey,
Nor live a ſlave unto thy heart's deſire;
But as the Goſpel's light ſhall point the way.

16 But, if thou art upon improvement bent,
Doſt grace, and virtue, and ſalvation chuſe—
Follow the way thy bleſſed Saviour went,
Nor the ſafe track, by him mark'd out, e'er loſe:

17 At firſt it is with difficulty paſt,
And by the carnal with reluctance trod;
But 'twill be ſmooth and eaſy at the laſt,
And lead thee ſoon and ſafely to thy God.

18 The road to ruin, at the firſt, is plain,
And by all trav'lers eaſy to be found;
But when the fartheſt end of it they gain,
There lies a gulph, moſt hideous and profound!

19 When virtue's path thou for a while haſt try'd,
Do all thou canſt to keep it ſtill in ſight,
Nor from it ever dare to turn aſide,
'Till it has brought thee to the realms of light.

20 It nought avails thy journey to begin,
If thou returneſt to thy ſins again;
No one the promis'd Crown ſhall ever win,
Who does not faithful, unto death, remain.

21 Judas and † Saul their courſe in haſte begun,
As Demas did, who choſe this preſent world;
Yet, as they fail'd, before the race was run,
They three were to th' infernal priſon hurl'd.

22 Follow thy Saviour, both in deed and word,
And tread the path, which he himſelf once trode,
Perform with zeal the mandates of the Lord,
And never deviate from the ſacred road.

† King Saul.

The LAMENTATION of a Sinner.

1 O God of Mercy, deign to hear
My plaint, and lend a gracious ear!
A ſinner, in a piteous caſe,
Implores thy pardon and thy grace.

2 Although, I fear I've anger'd thee,
My gracious Sire! to that degree,
That, ſtung by conſcience, to the ſkies
I dare not lift my downcaſt eyes:

3 But, like the Publican, I bow
My head, in penitence, full low,
And, though chief of the ſinful crew,
Moſt humbly for thy favour ſue—

4 And I preſume this ſuit to make,
Not for my own, but for Chriſt's ſake,
Who ſuffer'd, on the' accurſed tree,
Unutterable pain for me——

5 And if I can no pardon gain
By virtue of His woes and pain,
I muſt to hell directly go,
That region of eternal woe!

6 E'en from my infancy I've been
The child of wrath, and plunge'd in ſin;
And to thy law no heed I gave,
But liv'd to ev'ry vice a ſlave.

7 Thy name, O Lord, I oft blaſpheme'd,
And oft the ſcriptures madly blame'd,
I ne'er the glorious Goſpel prize'd,
But as an old wife's tale deſpiſe'd.

8 By the moſt precious Blood that ſtream'd
From Chriſt, whereby I was redeem'd,
By day and night I often ſwore,
Regardleſs of the pains he bore.

9 Thy,

9 Thy Sabbaths I profanely ſpent
In riot and vain merriment,
Or, which is worſe, in drunkenneſs,
And ev'ry blameable exceſs.

10 When other folks, of all degrees,
Were night and morning on their knees---
I, woe is me! in idle play,
In ſome by-corner, paſs'd the day.

11 Though ſweet, as honey, is thy word
To ev'ry pious ſoul, O Lord!
Yet, to my taſte, 'twas bitt'rer far
Than nauſeous draughts of wormwood are.

12 Lewdneſs and luſt I follow'd long,
Like one of that polluted throng,
Which in Gomorrah liv'd of yore,
'Till I was even at death's door.

13 I drank my glaſs, carouſe'd, and joke'd,
And all day long tobacco ſmoke'd,
As if for that alone I liv'd;
For which I now am ſadly griev'd.

14 My youth in vanity and pride,
And in a thouſand ſins beſide,
I totally contrive'd to ſpend,
Regardleſs of my latter end——

15 And now that ſolemn ſcene draws nigh,
Not one jot better yet am I,
Than (if I muſt avow the truth)
I was e'en in the heat of youth.

16 I've therefore often wonder'd, how
Thou ſo much lenity didſt ſhow,
And how her jaws the' earth did not ope,
To ſwallow me, like Dathan, up.

17 There's ſcarce a ſingle act of wrong,
Or crime, the liſt of crimes among,
Which I, alas! did not plunge in,
Immers'd up to the very chin.

18 Hadſt

18 Hadſt thou not been by nature kind,
And to compaſſion much inclin'd,
To Hell I had e'er this been thrown,
There in fierce flames to make my moan.

19 O Lord, I frankly own to thee,
That I have long deſerve'd to be
Deprive'd quite of the vital air:
So num'rous my tranſgreſſions are!

20 And waſt thou not, O God moſt high!
So wond'rous good and gracious, I
Had thought my load too great to bear,
And been, like Cain, urge'd to deſpair.

21 Yet hence I comfort do receive,
When nothing elſe can comfort give,
That greater is thy mercy, far,
Than all my foul offences are.

22 For though they be in number more
Than are the ſands upon the ſhore,
Yet is thy mercy much more wide,
Than is the earth-ſurrounding tide.

23 I, therefore, truſt that where ſin reign'd,
And over me a conqueſt gain'd,
E'en there thy free celeſtial grace,
Shall conquer all that's in me baſe.

24 O God, thou haſt moſt gracious been,
And pardon'd many a heinous ſin;
Then be not more ſevere to me,
Though ſinful to the laſt degree!

25 For when the Ninevites erſt quitted
The countleſs ſins they had committed,
Although their vices were ſo great,
Yet they with grace became replete.

26 Although Manaſſes was of yore
So vile—his like was not before ——
Yet he thy gracious pardon gain'd,
When from his vices he refrain'd.

27 The royal prophet David too,
Although his ſins were not a few,
Yet when he humbly cry'd to thee,
Was, by thy grace, from ſin ſet free.

28 And likewiſe Mary Magdalene,
Though long a moſt notorious quean,
Was, for the copious tears ſhe ſhed,
By thy all-gracious favour free'd.

29 And the young prodigal of old,
(When he had all his ſubſtance ſold)
Thro' grace obtain'd, thy will obey'd;
Tho' he ſo long the fool had play'd.

30 I therefore hopes have entertain'd,
Though I have thy diſpleaſure gain'd,
That I thy favour ſhall again,
For my Redeemer's ſake, obtain.

31 With earneſt, mournful, piteous cries,
With bleeding heart and ſtreaming eyes,
For Jeſus' ſake, both night and day,
I humbly for forgiveneſs pray.

32 Remember, Lord! and bear in mind,
That Jeſus, my Redeemer kind,
His heart's blood offer'd up for me,
As an atonement unto thee.

33 Remember too, that then He bore
Fierce pains for me, and anguiſh ſore,
Nay, death, and all the pangs ſevere,
Which I myſelf deſerv'd to bear.

34 Then, for His paſſion's ſake, forgive,
And to thy mercy me receive——
And for his Sweat and Suff'ring's ſake,
No other ſatisfaction take.

35 But freely now, whilſt yet I live,
Forgive my ſins, O God! forgive——
And head and heels, O plunge me, o'er,
In Chriſt's all-cleanſing precious gore!

36 Although my ſins are deeply grain'd,
As if they were with ſcarlet ſtain'd,
One drop of that, thoſe ſtains will clear,
And make them white as lawn appear.

37 I therefore place my confidence
In Chriſt's blood and benevolence;
In hopes that I, without annoy,
May be receiv'd to endleſs joy—

38 And led to Chriſt in paradiſe,
Above the earth and nether ſkies,
To have my ſhare of all the good,
Which He has purchaſe'd with His blood—

39 Into which ever-bliſsful place,
May God, of his abundant grace,
Conduct us all: there to adore
Him, for His mercy, evermore!

Godly Exhortations to a CHILD.

1 MY deareſt child, to me draw near,
Unto my precepts lend an ear,
And, all thy life, to them attend,
If thou wou'dſt unto God aſcend.

2 Thy God, whilſt thou haſt being, fear,
Ever his aweful name revere,
With all thy heart obey his will,
His goſpel hear, his laws fulfil.

3 Still let the word of God preſide,
Both as thy councillor and guide,
Let it thy conduct wholly ſway,
Whatever thou doſt do, or ſay.

4 Be it a lamp—thy path to light—
Thy tutor—to direct thee right,
To take thee from all ill away,
And lead thee to the ſource of day.

5 Do nothing, be it ſmall, or great,
According to thy own conceit:
For ſin thy nature has deprave'd,
'Till thou, thro' grace, again art ſave'd.

6 Strive then thy wayward will to rein,
Since virtue is to it a pain,
And, 'till by God's word, thou'rt ſet right,
It ſtill in evil takes delight.

7 Of ſin, however ſmall, take heed;
Beneath her robe a ſting is hid:
Short pleaſures bring a long regret,
Sin owes to Death a certain debt.

8 If Adam did endure ſo much,
Who only did one apple touch:
What puniſhment muſt they ſuſtain,
Who all their lives in ſin remain?

9 If thou, to err, doſt once begin,
Beware, leſt thou again ſhou'dſt ſin:
No price for the leaſt ſin is known,
Beſides the Blood of Chriſt alone.

10 Once free from ſin, pollution ſhun,
Nor dog-like, to thy vomit run,
Or like to hogs, which tho' waſh'd clean,
To their lov'd mire return agen.

11 If Moſes, from the promis'd land,
Was for a ſingle ſin reſtrain'd;
They ſure, who've ſinn'd a thouſand times,
Muſt forfeit heaven for their crimes.

12 Worſe than a ſerpent, pride deteſt;
Who ſoars too high, ſhall be depreſt:
Diſgrace attends the haughty ſtride,
And ſudden ſlips the foot of pride.

13 If for his pride th' archangel fell
From Heaven, to the' abyſs of Hell;
Where ſhall we, duſt and dirt, be toſt,
If we our ſelf-importance boaſt?

14 Never defile thy Neighbour's bed,
To ſuch crimes, fools alone are led :
For he that treads on glowing coals,
Muſt needs expect to burn his ſoles.

15 If Pharaoh, for that ſin did ſmart,
Who only luſted in his heart
For Abraham's wife—what grievous pain
Muſt they, who've done the deed, ſuſtain ?

16 Swear not by God's tremendous name,
All cauſeleſs oaths from Satan came :
The curſe of God, like ſmoke, will fill
The houſe, wherein men God revile.

17 If king Senacherib was ſlain,
Becauſe he took God's name in vain :
How can the Chriſtian 'ſcape from ill,
Who ſhall Chriſt, and his blood revile ?

18 Obſerve with awe, the Seventh day,
Attend the church--hear, watch and pray--
Thy God invoke—thy pot forſake---
Nor the fiend's feaſt, the Sabbath make.

19 For if our God the man did ſlay,
Who gather'd wood upon that day,
Their bones ſhall He not rather break,
Who ſpend it worſe than all the week ?

20 No portion of thy tithes detain,
Nor from thy offerings refrain ;
Thou robbeſt an avenging God,
If thou committeſt any fraud.

21 Who robs his God, ſhall feel his curſe ;
For he, who tithes by fraud or force
With-holds, does heaven's bleſſings ſtop,
And hinders the' earth to yield it's crop.

22 Think drunkenneſs thy greateſt foe ;
No drunkard ſhall to Heaven go :
Hell opes her jaws, and yawns amain,
The bloated brute to entertain.

23 If Eſau was reproach'd of old,
Who for a meſs his birthright ſold:
What keen reproaches ſhall he hear,
Who ſells his ſoul, and heave'n, for beer?

24 Nor churl, nor uſurer, e'er be;
Churls are the ſtewards of the free:
What fathers hoard thro' avarice,
Their laviſh heirs ſpend in a trice.

25 Sooner a camel, to and fro,
May through a ſmall-eye'd needle go,
Than miſers cruel, and unkind,
To heaven can an entrance find.

26 To grind the poor, be thou afraid;
Chriſt is a juſtice can't be ſway'd:
To rob them, whoſoever tries,
Flies in his Saviour's face and eyes.

27 Ahab, becauſe (altho' in vain)
He Naboth's vineyard ſought to gain,
Soon found his error to his coſt,
His children ſlain, his kingdom loſt!

28 If Dives fell to Satan's pow'r,
Who his own goods deny'd the poor;
Where ſhall the wealthy churls be thrown
Who ſtrip the poor, of all they own?

29 Take heed of theft, of fraud take heed;
No real gains can thence proceed:
Where-e'er they are, there's always loſs,
The curſe of God, and ev'ry croſs.

30 If none of Achan's race were left,
Who only hid a trivial theft;
W'o'nt God his wrath on them pour down,
Who rob the poor, of all they own?

31 Keep not (or thou ſhalt ſuffer for't)
Unequal weights, or meaſures ſhort:
For odious, in the' Almighty's ſight,
Is the falſe ſcale, and ſcanty weight.

32 Whate'er

32 Whate'er a man thro' fraud obtains,
Or by an unjuſt balance gains,
Into a ragged bag is place'd,
And, through the bottom, runs to waſte.

33 Touch not, whate'er thou doſt, a bribe;
'Twill eat thee up, with all thy tribe,
And will not leave a mite, among
Thy race, that did to thee belong.

34 The leproſy Gehazi caught,
Amongſt the clothes he ſo much ſought:
So bribes will, 'tis as plain a caſe!
Undo a man, and all his race.

35 Beware of lying, whilſt on earth;
The ſerpent gave to lying birth:
The truth, and nought but truth, ſtill tell;
Lies owe their origin to hell!

36 If Ananias quickly die'd,
Becauſe he to the Spirit lie'd,
And, with his wife, met a ſwift fate:
Still, whilſt we live, let's lying hate.

37 For his defects, no one miſcall
(God is the Maker of us all!)
Or fool, or blind, or hunch'd, or lame:
Who man reviles, reviles God's name.

38 If Chriſt will doom him to hell's pool,
Who only calls his brother, fool:
The man, who calls his parents names,
Muſt ſure be doom'd to fiercer flames!

39 Wou'dſt thou the Son of God be ſtile'd?
Ne'er ill for ill return, my child!
Aid, and aſſiſt thy greateſt foe,
Nor harm to any mortal do.

40 For, pray, what diff'rence canſt thou ſhew,
Betwixt the Chriſtian, and the Jew,
If 'tis allow'd thee to requite
Evil for evil, ſpite for ſpite?

41 No miſchief do, in hopes to find
Thy Judge compaſſionate and kind;
Or thou no favour ſhalt obtain,
But be conſign'd to endleſs pain.

42 If in the preſence of the Lord,
We muſt account for each vain word:
How ſhall we anſwer, O my ſoul!
For each bad deed, and bargain foul?

43 None of the goodly gifts abuſe,
Which God has given to thy uſe,
The day will come, when thou muſt give
Account, for all thou didſt receive.

44 If Chriſt caſt him to gloom profound,
Who hid his talent under ground:
Where ſhall each ſimple ſot be ſent,
Who principal, and all, has ſpent?

45 Be ſtill prepare'd—to-day!—to-night!—
Thy lamp well fill'd—thy garments white—
Come to thy Judge in trim array;
To-morrow next may be the day!

46 If Chriſt, the gate ſo quickly barr'd
'Gainſt thoſe, who were almoſt prepar'd;
How can they hope for entrance there,
Who ne'er, ſince they were born, took care?

47 Lay ev'ry idle ſport aſide,
And think what may thy ſoul betide:
We all from hence in haſte muſt go——
Or to the realms of bliſs, or woe.

48 If no one ſhall to heaven go,
Who ſtrives not, all he can, to do:
How ſhall the man, who wou'd go there,
Whilſt he's aſleep, or playing—fare?

49 None, e'er they've run, the prize obtain---
None, e'er they've ſerv'd, their wages gain--
None, heav'n can earn, e'er they fulfil,
Firſt here on earth, their Maker's will!

50 Chriſt, will on none the crown beſtow,
Who has not fought, and foil'd his foe;
Nor will He ever give to any,
Who have not labour'd here, a penny.

51 It nought avails to cry, Lord! Lord!
Heave'n is not got by one vague word:
But men muſt like true Chriſtians live,
E'er they to Heaven can arrive.

52 I therefore, ev'ry ſoul adviſe,
That wou'd aſcend the diſtant ſkies,
To live a life that's good and pure,
His own ſalvation to ſecure!

53 Shou'd any ask, Who wrote this ſong?
Say, 'Twas a ſwain, who much did long
(By ſuch advice as this) to keep
From Hell's abyſs his heedleſs ſheep.

ADVICE to a YOUTH.

1 DEAR child! thy letter came to me,
Replete with ſenſe and piety,
Which begs that my Advice I'd give,
How thou may'ſt as a Chriſtian live.

2 It is a ſign of grace to find
A lad ſo young, ſo well inclin'd
To know God's word——to learn the ſame——
The fleſh, and all it's luſts to tame.

3 Theſe good deſires to gratify,
Take this ſincere Advice from me,
And let it all thy ſteps attend
From childhood to thy latter end.

4 Remember, in the bloom of youth,
To ſerve the Lord thy God in Truth,
And thy Creator to adore,
E'er age ſhall have impair'd thy pow'r.

5 Begin

5 Begin, e'er thou doſt older grow,
Thy Saviour and thy God to know,
His Statutes keep, his Word deſire;
So ſhall thy age Reſpect acquire.

6 Thy veſſel, whilſt it yet is new,
In the pure wine of faith imbue:
So ſhall a ſweet perfume attend
Thy virtuous life unto it's end.

7 Deep in thy youthful boſom place
The ſeeds of ev'ry Chriſtian grace;
Leſt the fiend's tares therein ſhou'd breed,
As 'twas not ſown with virtue's ſeed.

8 Endeavour ſoon a bloom to ſhow;
As forward almonds early blow:
The tree, that flow'rs not in the ſpring,
Will never fruit in autumn bring.

9 God does from all his ſons demand
The earlieſt produce of the land,
But, with abhorrence and diſtaſte,
Rejects the ſecond, and the laſt.

10 To thy Creator therefore ſtrive
The firſt-fruits of thy ſtrength to give,
And ne'er thy time abſurdly ſpend
To pleaſure the infernal fiend.

11 Give not to him the wine's firſt run,
The dregs to Chriſt, when that is done,
Nor with thy ſtrength the tempter pleaſe,
Whilſt nought remains for God, but lees.

12 Curs'd is the fool, that gives the foe
The prime of all his life below,
And his Redeemer fain wou'd pleaſe
With feeble age, and wan diſeaſe.

13 Beware of ſin, whilſt yet a child;
Whoe'er admits it, is defil'd,
'Twill to a ſecond nature go,
And worſe and worſe thou'lt daily grow.

14 If thou art uſe'd, whilſt young, to vice,
And early doſt thy God deſpiſe;
When old, to leave it, will be quite
As hard, as 'tis to make black, white.

15 Give then, whilſt young, thy very ſoul
And body too, without controul,
To ſerve thy Maker, and to fight
Againſt the foe with all thy might.

16 Like Daniel, whilſt thou yet art young,
Avoid all liquors that are ſtrong:
To dainty food be not inclin'd,
But fix on God alone thy mind.

17 Like Samuel learn, whilſt but a boy,
To ſtand before thy God with joy,
And liſt to what thy gracious Lord
Shall tell thee in his written word.

18 Like young Joſiah tread aright,
Tho' thou ſhou'dſt be no more than ‡ eight,
Unto the law, attention give,
Fear God, and as his ſervant, live.

19 Like Timothy, the ſcriptures learn,
E'en from thy youth, and thou'lt diſcern
That they will make thee wondrous wiſe,
And to the height of virtue riſe.

20 Like Chriſt, to church each Sabbath go
With them, to whom thou life doſt owe,
And, when as yet ſcarce twelve years old,
Debates with learned Doctors hold.

21 Hear thou the law---the Goſpel hear——
And well in mind both of them bear——
Then ſtrive to live exceeding cloſe
Unto the rules, preſcribe'd by thoſe.

22 Thou doſt in a drear gloom reſide;
Take then God's Word thy feet to guide:
Without the Goſpel's Light none yet
Did ever into heaven get.

‡ Eight Years old.

23 Though

23 Though God above thou canſt not ſee,
Yet in his Word he talks with thee,
And ſhews thee, thence, his ſacred will,
Which he enjoins thee to fulfil.

24 Conſult the ſacred page, and ſee,
What is therein commanded thee,
And do, whate'er God wou'd have done;
What he forbids thee, let alone.

25 Take heed, by thee, that e'en the leaſt
Of God's commands be not tranſgreſs'd:
Death for the leaſt offence is due,
God's curſe, and endleſs woe enſue.

26 For ev'ry crime by mortals done,
Our righteous Judge inſiſts upon
The death of him, who did the deed——
Or Chriſt muſt ſuffer in his ſtead.

27 Where thou a thouſand times haſt ſwerv'd
From God, and death as oft deſerv'd——
Repent as oft, and ſin no more,
And pardon from thy God implore.

28 Confeſs thy ſins, both great and ſmall——
Unto thy God confeſs them all———
And thy paſt vanities bemoan,
And God will pardon ev'ry one.

29 Of all thy former ſins repent,
And of thy youth in error ſpent:
If tears thou doſt not for them ſhed,
They'll pull God's judgement on thy head.

30 Ephraim, 'till of his ſins aſhame'd, *Jer.* xxxi. 19, 20.
And David, 'till he ſore exclaim'd
Againſt them, cou'd no pardon gain:
Neither ſhalt thou, 'till then, obtain.

31 Until to-morrow ne'er delay,
Leſt Death ſhou'd drag thee hence away
This night, aſleep, unto thy doom,
When there's for penitence no room.

32 Myriads of heedleſs ſtriplings lie
In hell, who were reſolve'd to try
Repentance, when old age once came,
But ne'er found leiſure to reclaim.

33 Now, of thy ſins repent with ſorrow,
We know not who may live to-morrow:
A gift, when offer'd, don't diſdain,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt ne'er be aſk'd again:

34 And as thou doſt tranſgreſs each day,
Each evening for remiſſion pray:
Leſt, making water very faſt,
The unpump'd ſhip ſhou'd ſink at laſt.

35 When once thou'rt from pollution clean,
Let not thy feet be foul'd agen,
Nor to the mire run with the hog,
Nor to his vomit with the dog:

36 But ſtrive a different life to lead,
And in the paths of virtue tread,
And wiſely aim thy ſpan to ſpend
In holy fear, unto it's end.

37 Be it thy taſk, both night and day,
Upon thy knees, to God to pray;
Nor let one ſun thy head paſs o'er,
Wherein thou doſt not God adore:

38 And thy devotion to aſſiſt,
Whereby thou may'ſt the fleſh reſiſt,
The law of God take, for thy guide
His holy Spirit, for thy aid.

39 The Word of God is mighty ſtrong,
To bring thoſe back, that have gone wrong,
And ſenſe and wiſdom to impart
Unto the young and ſimple heart.

40 Whate'er the law enjoins thee, do——
Whate'er advice it gives, purſue:——
For if thou ſhalt the law fulfil,
Thou ſhalt ſurpaſs thy Teacher's ſkill.

41 Hold faſt, with all thy force, in it,
And to it's yoke thy neck ſubmit——
'Twill bring thee honour, grace, regard—
"In keeping it there's great reward."

42 If 'tis thy cuſtom, in thy prime,
To paſs, in pious ſort, thy time,
'Twill be thy pleaſure and thy joy,
Thy days thus ever to employ.

43 Honour thy father's God, and he
In kind return will honour thee:
But if thou ſhou'dſt his law neglect,
He with contempt will thee reject.

44 Reſpect him in thy younger years,
And he'll reſpect thy hoary hairs,
And bid the birds thy victuals bear,
E'er thou ſhou'dſt want them, thro' the air.

45 Thou never to this world was ſent,
Thy carnal ſenſes to content;
But to adore the Lord moſt high,
As angels do above the ſky.

46 When from thy bed thou firſt doſt riſe
Remember him, who rules the ſkies,
Nor from thy chamber ſtir abroad
'Till thou haſt firſt adore'd thy God.

47 However great thy taſk may be,
Thy buſineſs, or neceſſity,
To neither of them all attend,
E'er thou haſt made thy God thy friend.

48 No peace, no comfort, no ſucceſs,
Shall e'er be there, nor happineſs,
Where various toils and cares abound,
But no regard for God is found.

49 Though Daniel highly was employ'd,
And a great monarch's ſmiles enjoy'd,
Yet in his cloſet, thrice a day,
He fell upon his knees to pray.

50 When to thy buſineſs thou doſt fall,
Let it be great, let it be ſmall,
Entreat of God thy work to bleſs,
And crown thy labours with ſucceſs.

51 As God, of old, his bleſſings ſhed
On youthful Joſeph's favour'd head;
So will he proſper thee, and thine,
If thou'lt implore his aid divine.

52 Whate'er thou doſt, or good or ill,
Where-e'er thou art, He ſees thee ſtill;
God ev'ry act of thine doſt 'ſpy:
Sin not before his piercing eye!

53 To others, let each good be done,
Which thou wou'dſt to thyſelf have ſhown
To others, no worſe meaſure uſe,
Than thou thyſelf from them wou'dſt chuſe.

54 Do nothing, howſoever move'd,
That is not by thy God approve'd:
Do nought, for which thou ſhame muſt fear,
When forc'd in judgement to appear.

55 No God, beſides the true God, own,
Serve him with care, and him alone,
Invoke him, magnify him ſtill,
And he'll protect thee from each ill.

56 Ne'er take thy Maker's name in vain,
But from that fatal ſin refrain:
For he ſhall ne'er be guiltleſs thought,
Who is addicted to that fault.

57 In holineſs each Sabbath ſpend,
From the beginning to the end,
And do not the leaſt part allow
Of the Lord's day, to ſerve the foe.

58 Be, to thy parents, honour paid,
Give them reſpect, and ev'ry aid;
So ſhall thy days be here increas'd,
And thou be in thy children bleſs'd.

59 Take heed, leſt thou ſhou'dſt diſreſpect,
Or caſt them down—for all expect,
To ſee the daughter, or the ſon,
That diſobeys their will, undone.

60 Of foul adultery, beware———
To keep thy veſſel pure, take care———
And let not (for the wealth of Rome)
Chriſt's members a vile whore's become.

61 Be to thy lawful conſort true,
With no one elſe have ought to do,
Nor of the Spirit's temple dare
To make the fiend's unhallow'd lair.

62 For heaven's ſake, avoid exceſs,
And the vile ſin of drunkenneſs,
Which to a fiend does man tranſmute,
Or worſe, much worſe, than any brute.

63 Each fellow-creature ſtill, no leſs
Than thy ownſelf, love and careſs,
And let no harm by thee be done
In thought, word, deed, to any one.

64 To all the world be ſtrictly juſt,
And be ſincere in all thou doſt:
For no man's ſake be thou ſo mad
To do the thing which God forbad.

65 Still by the laws directions go,
In ev'ry thing thou haſt to do:
No work can ever perfect be,
That does not with the law agree.

66 Reflect, my dear, thou art not ſure
Thy life ſhall, through this day, endure:
As guiltleſs let it then be paſt,
As if it were to be thy laſt.

Advice to ſerve G O D.

1 ALL, who wou'd eaſe and happineſs obtain,
And wiſh in health and wealth and peace to live,
Muſt, whilſt they in this vale of tears remain,
To ſerve their God with all their ſpirit ſtrive.

2 Whoe'er beſides wou'd covet to eſcape
Loſſes, calamity, and urgent woe,
Danger, diſeaſe, adverſity, miſhap;
Let them to ſerve their God devoutly go.

3 Each man alive ſhou'd his Creator ſerve———
And ſerve him faithfully—with all his heart;
From his commandments he ſhou'd never ſwerve,
Nor ever from his ſacred will depart.

4 Of all the works we do—to ſerve the Lord,
Is the moſt needful, and by much the beſt———
It always does the ſureſt gains afford,
And brings in greater int'reſt than the reſt.

5 That's the ſole work, which was ordain'd for men,
E'er God firſt form'd them in their mother's womb--
That is the work, they muſt account for, when
They ſtand before him on the day of doom.

6 To hear the word—to keep the law aright——
The Goſpel-doctrine fully to believe———
To live according to it's glorious light——
Is all the ſervice God wou'd fain receive.

7 To do, whatever is by God enjoin'd——
Whatever he forbids thee, to eſchew——
His Word to ſtudy with an humble mind——
Is the true ſervice God wou'd have thee do.

8 Two ſorts of ſervices the Lord demands
From ev'ry one, that bears a Chriſtian name:
A right belief he claims at all their hands——
With morals free from all offence and blame.

9 With

9 With true devotion, we muſt ſerve the Lord,
Whether in public to his courts we come——
Or whether he be privately ador'd
By us, in a domeſtic way, at home.

10 When in the temple openly we pray,
We muſt with reverence perform our parts,
And join our brethren, on each ſabbath day,
With notes united, and united hearts:

11 But when at other times, throughout the week,
You pray with your own family at home,
Or hear his Word, or call upon him, ſeek
Some ſequeſt'red retreat, or private room.

12 God with a moral mind muſt be ador'd,
And with a truly Chriſtian awe obey'd:
Where'er you are, you ſtill muſt ſerve the Lord;
Whilſt life yet laſts, this homage muſt be paid.

13 With wary circumſpection we muſt tread,
According as his holy law directs———
Not as our own imaginations lead;
If we wou'd worſhip God, as he expects.

14 Our lives in virtuous actions we muſt ſpend,
And do whate'er is pleaſing in his ſight,
E'er we unto the dreary grave deſcend;
If we wou'd ſerve our heavenly Sire aright.

15 Who ſerves not God with all the zeal he can,
And with a faith, conſiſtent with his word——
Let him e'en do his beſt—yet ſtill that man
Can never by his actions pleaſe the Lord.

16 God from each Chriſtian all his heart expects,
And what demeanour he wou'd have, directs:
He muſt be ſerve'd with all the ſoul and mind,
And with the ſtrength of all his limbs combin'd.

17 Make an oblation of thyſelf entire
To God—thy body, as a victim meet——
Then offer up thy ſoul unto thy Sire,
To make the ſacrifice ſtill more complete.

18 Chriſt purchaſe'd (when he hung upon the tree)
Both ſoul and body with his precious gore;
And that's the reaſon he expects, that we
With both united ſhou'd his name adore.

19 Our gracious Father, and Almighty Lord,
No partial, half-face'd, worſhip will allow;
But muſt by all his ſervants be ador'd
With all their pow'rs of mind, and body too.

20 The Sire of mercy is a Spirit bleſs'd,
Therefore with ſpirit and with mind ſincere,
And inward truth, he ſtill muſt be addreſs'd,
And with a heart from all pollution clear.

21 In vain, are Pater-noſters hurry'd o'er——
In vain, the outward man his prayers ſays——
In vain, the lips their well-form'd accents pour,
Unleſs the inward heart in ſpirit prays.

22 In any one, whom we a Chriſtian call,
There's not (without, within,) a ſingle part,
But God expects, he ſhou'd devote it all
Unto his ſervice—e'en his very heart!

23 Although the Devil ſometimes is content
To take a portion of the heart or ſoul;
Yet Chriſt, our Saviour, never will conſent
To take a part, unleſs he has the whole.

24 Devote thy ſoul, his holy name to bleſs,
Let it exult, and joy in him alone———
Devote thy ſpirit, freely to confeſs,
What mighty things he for thy ſake has done.

25 Set thy affections on the things above,
And let thy thoughts ſtill in thoſe realms abide,
Where nought terreſtrial can divert thy love,
And thou muſt to eternity reſide.

26 Devote thy body and it's members all
To thy Creator's ſervice, and adore
With all united, whether great or ſmall,
And with due rites the everlaſting pow'r.

27 Devote

27 Devote thy heart, to worſhip and to love
The Lord---let it invariably adhere
Unto the great and glorious God above
With perfect truſt, and confidence ſincere.

28 Devote thy tongue, to praiſe his holy name
With all it's might, either by night or day,
And his unbounded goodneſs to proclaim:
In ev'ry place, whereto thou goeſt, pray.

29 Devote thine eyes to look upon him ſtill—
Let them, unweary'd, on the Lord attend,
And lift them up unto the ſacred hill,
Whence all thy comfort, all thy joys deſcend.

30 Devote with reverence thy ready ear,
His word, his will, and his commands to take—
And with attention unremitted hear
The promiſes, the ſacred pages make.

31 Devote thy hands, with commendable zeal,
To ev'ry work that's excellent and good—
And to thy needy neighbours freely deal
A ſhare, of what thy God on thee beſtow'd.

32 Devote thy knees, their Maker to adore,
And with unfeign'd reſpect before him bend—
Aſcribing, when thou doſt his aid implore,
To him all might, and glory without end.

33 Devote thy feet, his bleſſed paths to trace,
And walk with wary ſteps in his wiſe law;
Enter with reverence his holy place,
And come unto his courts with pious awe.

34 Devote thy ſoul—devote thy utmoſt might------
Devote thy body, and thy heart devote--------
And all that is within thee, day and night,
To praiſe the Deity with cheerful note.

35 Honour and glory, never-failing wealth,
Peace, and proſperity of ev'ry kind,
Juſt exaltation, length of days, and health,
All men, who ſerve their God aright, ſhall find.

36 If

36 If thou, to worſhip God, ſhall never ceaſe,
Come, what will come, and go, where thou wilt go,
Yet ſhalt thou live in plenty, and in peace,
In ſpite of all that's done by ev'ry foe.

37 Whate'er thou doſt, in country, or in town,
The Lord himſelf will all thy labours bleſs,
And, if thou payeſt him due homage, crown
All thou haſt on earth with great ſucceſs.

38 Full ſhall thy houſe be—fertile ev'ry field——
Grief and misfortune thou ſhalt never know——
And much increaſe thy flocks and vines ſhall yield;
If thou to God ſhalt due ſubmiſſion ſhow.

39 God gave thee Reaſon, and with wond'rous pow'r
In his own likeneſs form'd with plaſtic hand:
Thou'rt therefore bound his wiſdom to adore,
Who ſo ſurprizingly thy members plann'd!

40 Chriſt bought thee with his blood from Satan's pow'r,
It was not gold, which thy ſalvation wrought:
Thou therefore muſt with zeal the Lord adore,
Becauſe thou at ſo great a price wert bought.

41 God ſatisfy'd thy craving ſoul with bread,
From thy formation to the preſent hour:
Thou'rt therefore bound, becauſe thou thus wert fed,
Thy benefactor ever to adore.

42 Thou, at the Font, didſt promiſe to obey,
And ſerve with readineſs and truth, the Lord:
If then thou from the Chriſtian faith ſhou'dſt ſtray,
Thou'rt perjur'd, having broke thy plighted word.

43 God, ev'ry creature in the earth and ſeas
Created for thy uſe—thou'rt therefore bound
To worſhip him upon thy bended knees,
From whom ſo many favours thou haſt found.

44 God cauſe'd the viſible creation here
A prompt obedience unto man to ſhow;
That man, in turn, as ready might appear
To worſhip God, whilſt he reſides below.

45 He

45 He, that forgets to pay this bounden debt,
In whatever ſtation he is place'd below,
Does the moſt neceſſary work forget,
Which God appointed him, on earth, to do.

46 Heav'n, water, earth, and the angelic train,
Birds, fiſhes, beaſts of ev'ry kind, agree,
With ev'ry reptile crawling on the plain,
To praiſe their Maker—each in it's degree.

47 Among the creatures, whether tame or wild,
Gentle or ravenous, there is not one,
That does not praiſe to it's Creator yield,
Mankind excepted, and the fiend alone.

48 It is a ſhame—it is a foul reproach,
To ſee each creature, howſoe'er deſpiſe'd,
With pure ſincerity it's God approach,
Whilſt He's by man himſelf ſo little prize'd!

49 O how ſhall man lift up his guilty head,
When Chriſt declares—" I never worſe was ſerv'd
By any, than by man, for whom I ſhed
My precious blood, and by my death preſerv'd!"

50 The obligation of each Chriſtian's more,
And ſtronger is by far, on him, the tie,
With proper faith his Maker to adore,
Than on ought elſe God form'd beneath the ſky.

51 Unto the gloomy realms of endleſs woe,
None but the very worſt of human-kind
Shall ever with the wily tempter go,
Who ſerv'd not God with an obedient mind.

52 Leſt thou, with Satan in the realms beneath,
Shou'dſt broil in ſulphur, and in quenchleſs flame,
Neglect not, 'till the fearful hour of death,
To ſerve thy God, and glorify his name.

53 Enoch, becauſe he truly ſerv'd the Lord,
Never deſcended to the pit beneath——
But, in the fleſh, to joys celeſtial ſoar'd,
Before he ſaw the dreary form of Death.

54 Noah, the' advantage of religion found,
When, in the ark, he and his houſe were kept
From danger ſafe—whilſt all the world was drown'd,
[illegible] deluge ſwept.

55 Abraham, with honour and with wealth was bleſs'd--
The favour of his God——and with a ſon——
And all the lands the Canaanites poſſeſs'd——
Becauſe he ſerv'd the Lord, and him alone.

56 Iſaac, becauſe he worſhipp'd God of old,
Each eve'ning, as he muſe'd along the field,
Was bleſs'd with corn, above an hundred fold:
Such vaſt return did his devotion yeild!

57 Joſeph, becauſe the Deity he prais'd,
And wou'd not an adulte'rous wife embrace,
Was from a dark and diſmal dungeon rais'd,
And made chief ruler over Egypt's race.

58 Joſhua too, that chieftain bold and great!
Becauſe he cleav'd unto the Lord his God,
Did ev'ry army, he e'er fought with, beat——
And ev'ry land ſubdue, whereon he trod.

59 Of old, Elijah by the ravens care
Was in the deſert wond'rouſly preſerv'd—
Then in a fie'ry chariot through the air
To heaven rap't——becauſe his God he ſerv'd.

60 The three young captives, by their gracious Sire,
Were from the glowing furnace ſave'd of yore,
And walk'd unhurt, amidſt the raging fire——
Becauſe their God they in remembrance bore.

61 Daniel, who thrice a day his Maker ſerv'd,
Retiring to his room God's name to bleſs,
Was from the lions' den unharm'd preſerv'd,
And wonderfully ſave'd, in his diſtreſs.

62 Who, to the only God, due homage paid,
That did not retribution full receive?
Who e'er his glory and his pow'r diſplay'd,
To whom he did not wealth and honour give?

63 No one his temple door e'er enter'd yet,
To whom fit ſatisfaction was not made;
No prieſt, the fire e'er on his altar li't,
That was not for the ſervice amply paid.

64 No one a cup of water e'er did give
Unto the poor, for his Redeemer's ſake,
Who ſhalt not for't an hundred-fold receive,
And of the glories of his reign partake.

65 Chriſt is the beſt of Maſters, to obey,
And therefore ſhou'd the greateſt reve'rence claim—
Chriſt does the moſt, and ſureſt wages pay
To all that faithfully invoke his name.

66 He is a Maſter, full of grace and might——
A Maſter, glorious, and immenſely great——
A maſter, that with mitres can requite
And ſceptres, all that on his altars wait!——

67 A Maſter, by whoſe help they ſhall be place'd
On thrones above—where peace and joys abound----
Where they ſhall be with endleſs glories grace'd,
And with felicity eternal crown'd!———

68 A Maſter, that will to each ſervant give
A glorious kingdom, and a golden crown,
With ſuch great things as heart can ne'er conceive,
And ſuch as never, here below, were known.

69 Who wou'd not, then, ſo kind a Lord regard,
And fall, upon his knees before him, down;
That gives each vot'ry ſuch a vaſt reward,
So rich a kingdom, and ſo bright a crown!

70 Who wou'd not both the fleſh and world deſpiſe?
Who wou'd not Satan and his arts oppoſe,
That does reflect, how vaſtly great the prize,
Which God to all his ſervants does propoſe?

71 Although no ſervant, for his labour done,
In ſtrictneſs, ever yet, reward deſerv'd,
Yet God has promis'd—of his grace alone——
A throne to each that has ſincerely ſerv'd.

72 A ſlave to Satan, and a ſlave to ſin,
A ſlave to death, and to the dreary grave,
Is ev'ry ſoul, that has in ſervice been,
If he be not unto the Lord a ſlave.

73 When death ſhall come, that irritated pow'r!
To ſummon ev'ry ſervant to the grave———
Which will fare beſt, in that tremendous hour,
The ſlave unto the fleſh, or Jeſus' ſlave?

74 When all the world, and all it's wealthy ſtore,
Shall in conſuming flames paſs quite away———
Which will fare beſt, in that all dreaded hour,
Who to the world, or Chriſt, their homage pay?

75 When all God's Children ſhall the ſkies aſcend,
And all the ſlaves of ſin be thruſt below;
What bitterneſs of ſoul muſt thoſe attend,
Who to their Lord did no obedience ſhow?

76 Better a ſingle hour entirely lent
Unto the ſervice of our bleſſed Lord,
Than a whole age in this world's ſervice ſpent,
Which does no profit, or return afford.

77 In this world's ſervice, we can nothing ſave,
But trouble, ſorrow, diſcontent, and ſhame———
And muſt through life be cheated to the grave,
Leaving it naked, as we to it came.

78 How much ſoe'er we ſtrive, the fleſh to pleaſe,
We ſhall at laſt receive no greater gains
From carnal pleaſures, indolence, and eaſe,
Than a ſhort life, and everlaſting pains.

79 Whenever we have any ſin obey'd,
Though we ſhou'd ſerve it to our lateſt breath;
No other wages ſhall to us be paid,
For our long ſlavery, but ſhame and death.

80 By ſerving Satan, thou canſt get no land,
Though he might kingdoms, to ſeduce thee, ſhow;
For he has not a foot at his command,
Beſides the bottomleſs abyſs of woe:

81 But from Chriſt's ſervice, we ſhall ſurely gain
A glorious kingdom for our place of reſt———
Where, through his favour, we ſhall ever reign
In endleſs joys and honour, with the bleſt.

82 Then let our ardor, whilſt we live, appear,
And let us cheerfully, to ſerve him, go:
For He's the very beſt of Maſters here,
And that's the very beſt of works below———

83 And let us ſtrive to fight with ev'ry foe,
That fights with us, and ſtops us whilſt we run
Our heav'nly race———or hinders us to do
The work, that's moſt expedient to be done.

84 O let us all, like workmen truly-wiſe,
Juſt, faithful, vigilant, and ſtrictly-fair,
(Whilſt yet the time of grace before us lies)
With readineſs to ſerve the Lord repair!

85 For if we ſerve him not on earth, whilſt yet
It is the time of grace—whilſt yet 'tis day———
We ſhall be headlong hurl'd into the pit,
Our homage to the devil, there, to pay.

86 Then, as in hell each wretched ſinner lies,
The folly he ſhall there too late repent,
That he ſo madly did his God deſpiſe,
Whilſt ſo much time in ſin he idly ſpent.

87 There ſhall he ſhed full many a bitter tear,
And cry aloud, through mere exceſs of pain;
But ſhou'd he cry his eyes out, he ſhall ne'er
From Satan's clutches make eſcape again.

88 O, let us then, this very now, begin
To ſerve the Lord—whilſt it to-day is call'd———
And bid a laſt adieu to ev'ry ſin,
By which we hitherto have been enthrall'd!

89 So ſhall we (when our buſi'neſs here is o'er,
And at the time we want aſſiſtance moſt)
Adore for ever the Almighty pow'r
In heav'n above, among the' angelic hoſt:

90 To which bleſt place, O my Creator dread!
For Jeſus Chriſt's ſake, our Redeemer dear,
Do thou thy faithful ſervants ſafely lead,
That we may, with thy Saints, adore thee there.

Concerning PRAYER, and it's proper Requiſites.

1 PUT off thy ſhoes, e'er thou thy God doſt greet,
Thy aſs, before thou ſacrificeſt, bind———
Waſh, e'er the altar thou come'ſt near, thy feet,
And weigh, what thou requeſteſt, well in mind.

2 Repent, e'er thou doſt God by pray'r implore,
And thy devotions, let thy deeds attend——
Be thankful always, when thy pray'rs are o'er;
So ſhall thy prayers up to heav'n aſcend.

3 Satan will try to tempt thee, ev'ry day,
The fleſh wou'd fain deceive thee, ev'ry hour,
The world, and it's delights, thy fall aſſay:
Seek thou, by pray'r, their efforts to o'erpow'r.

4 Prayer is good, in ev'ry land and clime——
Prayer is good, for men in ev'ry ſphere——
Prayer is good, at ev'ry hour and time——
Prayer is good, on all accounts whate'er.

5 Pray'r is, a ſacrifice to God moſt due——
A ſure ſupport, to guide the weak along——
A whip, to ſcourge the fiend and all his crew---
A ſanctuary, from ev'ry ill and wrong!

6 Nay, conſtant prayer is a golden key,
Thy doors to open at the dawn of light——
A bolt, to ſhut them at the cloſe of day——
A fort, to guard from harm, both day and night.

7 Prayer, has ſoothe'd the moſt obdurate breaſt------
Prayer, has angels with ſucceſs aſſail'd------
Prayer, the fierceſt fiends has diſpoſſeſs'd------
Prayer, has over God himſelf prevail'd !------

8 Then, with thy pray'r, let heav'n and earth reſound--
Like incenſe, it perfumes the' etherial plains----
On earth, it gives the fiend his deepeſt wound------
And brings to thee thyſelf the greateſt gains.

9 With faith--with rev'rence--with a ſoul ſtrung high--
With ardent zeal, and minds that never ſtray---
With knowledge---with a ſtrong, inceſſant cry-----
With cloſe attention---'tis that men ſhou'd pray.

10 Lift up thine eyes, thy knees devoutly bend,
Rouſe up thy ſpirit, and thy boſom ſmite---
Open thy lips, thy hands abroad extend,
Pray with true fervor, and with all thy might.

11 Thou ne'er muſt call on gods of gold, or ſtone,
On ſaint or ſainteſs, thy requeſt to grant;
But on the Lord, thro' Jeſus Chriſt alone,
If thou wou'dſt have, whatever thou doſt want.

12 No one, but God, can our condition know,
No one, but God, can give us any aid,
No one, but God, can hear our pray'rs, below---
To God alone then ſhou'd our pray'rs be made.

13 God bids us call on him with fervent pray'r---
God promiſes, if we'll but aſk, to give---
God hears each wiſh, and ev'ry good deſire----
God can from trouble ev'ry ſoul relieve.

14 Not Abrah'am, nor St. James, can e'er pretend
The' internal feelings of our hearts to gueſs———
No one, but God alone, can comprehend
Our wants, our woes, our ſorrows, and diſtreſs.

15 To give to thouſands whatſoe'er they ſeek,
Only belongs unto the King of kings———
Although in various languages they ſpeak,
And aſk at once a thouſand diff'rent things.

16 The Virgin talks no Engliſh, I ſuppoſe,
Neither does Martha, Iriſh underſtand,
No Welſh, as I preſume, St. Clement knows,
How can they then our mediators ſtand?

17 Abraham can ne'er our circumſtances know,
Neither can John afford us any aid,
Peter, in heav'n, can't hear us here below:
To God alone then ſhou'd our pray'rs be ſaid.

18 The Saints, of ev'ry ſex and rank, revere,
But thou may'ſt only God himſelf adore:
Give them the honour they deſerve—but ne'er,
On whatſoe'er pretence, their help implore.

19 There ne'er was Patriarch, or Apoſtle yet—
There ne'er was Prophet, as I've ever heard,
(For who cou'd ſuch a circumſtance forget?)
That e'er to any Saint his ſuit preferr'd.

20 There's not a promiſe in the Goſpel made,
That we ſhall, any thing we beg, obtain;
Unleſs, for it, we ſhall with zeal have pray'd,
And that, for Jeſus' ſake, the ſame we gain.

21 Chriſt, is the only Mediator known,
Chriſt, is our only Advocate above,
And there is none, but Jeſus Chriſt alone,
That can, for man, the dread Creator move.

22 Whate'er requeſts we ſhall to God addreſs,
They muſt be all preferr'd, for Jeſus' ſake,
Who ſits on God's right hand in perfect bliſs,
There to receive whatever pray'rs we make.

23 Let ſome to Cathe'rine, or St. David fly,
To Clement, Martha, Martin—any one:
But, for my part, I never will apply
To any—but to Jeſus Chriſt alone.

24 Seek then with earneſtneſs, whene'er you pray——
Seek the direction of the Holy Ghoſt:
For none can, with effect, their prayers ſay,
Unleſs they can of his ſure guidance boaſt.

25 Without the Spirit ſome may have eſſay'd
To talk with God, and ſtrove their pray'rs to ſay;
But no man can, without the Spirit's aid,
Converſe with God, or with attention pray.

26 Unleſs the conſcience and the heart are join'd,
The tongue-born prayer God will never prize;
But that, which flows from an affected mind,
Will always prove a pleaſing ſacrifice.

27 Seek God, both with thy mouth, and with thy heart;
For either of the two will not ſuffice;
But let thy ſpirit with thy mouth take part,
And then 'twill prove a harmony moſt nice.

28 The pray'r, that iſſues wholly from the heart,
Is better much than thoſe that only ſpring
From the bare lips, where t'other bears no part:
For ſuch a prayer is an odious thing.

29 Moſes more pleaſingly his God addreſs'd,
Upon his journey, tho' he nothing ſaid, *Ex.*xiv.15.
Than erſt the Jews, when they their wants expreſs'd,
And with the lips, without the Spirit, pray'd.

30 Whate'er thou aſkeſt, ask with faith ſincere;
Take no denial——ask with fervent mind——
And what thou askeſt, thou ſhalt have--ne'er fear:
Seek but with earneſtneſs, thou'lt ſurely find.

31 The little birds their clamour never ceaſe,
Until their dams with food their noiſe have ſtill'd:
So man himſelf ſhou'd never hold his peace,
'Till God has ev'ry want and wiſh fulfill'd.

32 How earneſt ſome will beg ('tis ſtrange to ſay!)
For pence, or food their hunger to remove;
And yet how ſluggiſhly the ſame will pray
For mercy, and the glorious joys above?

33 God is, to all that ſeek him, mighty kind———
To all, that ask, he's ready ſtill to grant—
To grant to all, with an ungrudging mind-----
Largely to grant, whatever they may want.

34 As a fond mother ſtill inclines her ears,
When in the cradle her love'd infant cries:
So God his creatures' ſupplications hears,
Removes their preſſures, and their wants ſupplies.

35 For how can God but hear each Chriſtian's pray'r,
Since for the' elect his holy Spirit pleads,
And, on the throne of his eternal Sire,
For them their Saviour ever intercedes?

36 If thou ſhalt ask for ought, in Jeſus' name,
Thou either, what thou askeſt, ſhalt obtain,
(So thou doſt earneſtly entreat the ſame)
Or, what is more expedient, thou ſhalt gain.

37 Shou'd God to grant thee thy deſire delay,
Shou'd he not anſwer thy petition ſoon,
'Tis that thou may'ſt with greater ardor pray,
Or beg a larger, and a better boon.

38 Seek, firſt, the glory of thy gracious Sire---
Seek, next, celeſtial happineſs to gain---
God's kingdom and his righteouſneſs deſire---
And all thy wants beſides thou ſhalt obtain.

39 Ask thou not ought, as long as thou doſt live,
That is repugnant to God's holy Word:
If thou ſhou'dſt ask, what he's not pleas'd to give,
Thy prayer will but irritate the Lord.

40 To covet earthly things, is very wrong,
When one may gain the wealth of Paradiſe---
Or for ſome dirty acres here to long;
But all the joys of heaven to deſpiſe.

41 As 'tis the nature of the ſwiniſh kind,
To tear the turf, and nuzzle in the mire:
So man by nature is to earth inclin'd,
And does not to celeſtial bliſs aſpire.

42 Seek thou, whate'er the ſcripture does permit---
Seek thou, whate'er's allow'd thee by the Lord;
But ſeek it in the manner that's moſt fit,
And moſt concordant with his written Word.

43 Whene'er to God thou prayeſt, be ſincere,
And uſe no other language than thy own:
Better a word or two, whoſe ſenſe is clear,
Than thouſands mumbled in a tongue unknown.

44 He

44 He mocks his God, and does himſelf deceive,
Whoe'er attempts to ask, he knows not what,
And thinks to have, e'en what he can't conceive,
By mere lip-labour, and unmeaning chat.

45 Ne'er let thy mouth thy lagging mind outſtrip,
But tell thy heart to ponder well the whole:
God ne'er regards the prayer of the lip,
Without the full concurrence of the ſoul.

46 God, ev'ry thought and boſom ſecret knows,
God, is himſelf the Sire and ſource of light,
God, chuſes pray'r, as from the heart it flows;
But empty words are nothing in his ſight.

47 Caſt ev'ry ſin-polluted thought aſide,
Whilſt thou to God thy prayer doſt prefer;
And let each worldly care, behind, be tie'd,
Whilſt thou doſt with the Lord of hoſts confer.

48 Abra'ham let not his aſs approach the ſcene,
Where he did erſt his ſacrifice prepare:
Permit not thou a thought, that is unclean,
To come---where thou doſt offer up thy pray'r.

49 Like Abra'ham, thou muſt drive away, whate'er
Lights on thy ‖ ſacrifice---and boldly fight ‖ *Gen.* xv. 11
With ev'ry thing that hinders thee to rear
The walls of Sion to their proper height.

50 The greater earneſtneſs that Satan ſhows
To turn thy thoughts aſide, when thou doſt pray:
The more do thou his fly attacks oppoſe,
And fight againſt him, 'till he flees away.

51 As the fierce lion flees, and quits his prey,
Soon as the crowing of a cock he hears:
So does the fell deſtroyer skud away,
Whene'er our faith-fraught prayers pierce his ears.

52 The buffalo cannot that place come near,
Where young pigs ſqueak, or little chickens cry:
Neither can Satan on the ſpot appear,
Whence holy prayers are preferr'd on high.

53 Did not the wily fiend obſerve with pain,
That prayer leſſen'd his extenſive ſway,
And ſeem'd moſt likely to ſubvert his reign,
He ne'er wou'd hinder any one to pray.

54 If thou haſt thy ſalvation, then, at heart,
Thy Maker's glory, and thy own great need
Of pardon—ne'er let Satan make thee ſtart
From hearing ſermons—or thy pray'rs impede.

55 Whene'er thou prayeſt unto God—ſtill mind
For ev'ry order in the church to pray———
Nor let thy prayers ever be confin'd
To thy ownſelf—like thoſe the Pagans ſay:

56 For none of them are of her holy race,
Who pray not for her welfare and ſucceſs,
But miſcreant baſtards, infamous, and baſe,
And enemies to Sion's happineſs.

57 If Abra'ham kindly for Gomorrah pray'd,
And for the other cities of the plain:
Shou'd not we Chriſtians beg our Maker's aid,
And choiceſt bleſſings for his choſen train?

58 Chriſt tells us all at any time to pray, *Luke* xviii. 1.
And ne'er the beneficial taſk give o'er:
St. Paul, to Timothy does likewiſe ſay, *Eph.* ii. 8.
That in all places we ſhou'd God adore.

59 Thrice ev'ry day, for the Almighty's aid,
The pious Daniel never fail'd to pray———
The royal Prophet, ſtill more pious, made
His ſupplications ſeven times a day.

60 Our bleſſed Saviour paſs'd the live-long night
In prayer—though nor ſin, nor guilt he knew,
And ſpent each day, as long as it was light,
In preaching to a dull and thankleſs crew.

61 Prayer is ever of the greateſt weight,
In ev'ry place—at any time, or hour;
So that the heart is in a proper ſtate,
To beg a favour from the' Almighty pow'r.

62 Upon

62 Upon the boiſtrous ſea, or mountain's brow,
At our own home, or any where abroad,
Pray'r is a duty, which we always owe
(Where-e'er we are) unto the' eternal God.

63 We all ſhou'd pray, like Peter in his room,
Or elſe, like David, when a-bed he lay,
Or elſe, like Daniel, in the dungeon's gloom:
In ev'ry circumſtance we ſtill ſhou'd pray.

64 The ſacred fire upon the' altar li't,
Never with-held from man it's radiance bright——
To manifeſt that thou ſhou'dſt ne'er permit
Thy zeal for pray'r to be extinguiſh'd quite.

65 Man is the temple, the Almighty loves———
Man's heart the altar, gives him moſt delight——
Pray'r is the ſacrifice, he moſt approves———
Give him that ſacrifice, both morn and night.

66 Let not thy temple want this ſacrifice
At early morn, or at the noon-tide hour,
And don't forget at night, if thou art wiſe,
To give due praiſe unto the' eternal Pow'r:

67 So ſhall thy God familiar be with thee,
So ſhalt thou ever his aſſiſtance have,
So ſhalt thou ever in his favour be,
And thy dear ſoul from all it's dangers ſave.

68 There's nothing in the world that ſhou'd impede
Good Chriſtians, their Creator to addreſs,
And do the work they have to do beſide;
Whatever trade, or calling they profeſs.

69 A man may do his uſu'al work, and yet
With unremitted zeal and ardor pray;
For mental pray'r will ne'er retard the feet,
Nor any labour of the hands delay.

70 Moſes, the while he travell'd o'er the plain,
Joſhua, whilſt amid the mortal fray,
Chriſt, on the road, and Paul upon the main,
Cou'd mind their bus'neſs—and find time to pray.

71 Although excuſes often are allow'd,
In many a weighty and perplex'd affair;
Yet no excuſe ſufficient can be ſhow'd
To ſcreen, or palliate the neglect of pray'r.

72 Thou may'ſt abſent thyſelf from church, when ill,
And pardon for thy abſence may'ſt implore:
But, whatſoever thy complaint is, ſtill
Thou'rt bound to pray--until thou art no more.

73 Thou may'ſt from act of charity forbear,
When alms ſufficient are not in thy pow'r:
But yet thou never muſt refrain from pray'r,
However deſtitute, however poor.

74 In ev'ry ſtate, at ev'ry time and place,
Prayer is ſeaſonable and uſeful ſtill;
Let nothing hinder thee, in any caſe,
With proper zeal this duty to fulfil.

75 Whether in deep diſtreſs, or high in wealth,
In ev'ry ſtate of life, wherein we are,
Or in diſeaſes, or in perfect health,
A Chriſtian may addreſs his God with pray'r.

76 No locks, no bolts, nor any human pow'r,
Nor all the world, can ſtop the rapid flight
Of pray'r---or hinder it, at any hour,
From poſting to the' immortal Sire of light.

77 Pluck from it's roots the quiv'ring tongue of man,
Cut off his feet, or chain them---from his heart
He ne'ertheleſs, ſpite of all hindrance, can
His fervent pray'rs to his Creator, dart.

78 Whether on feaſt or faſt, by night or day,
At morn or eve, or any time you will,
Prayer to heav'n can wing it's airy way———
Come when it will---it ſhall be welcome ſtill.

79 Eſther, tho' queen, was not allow'd to ſee
(But at ſome certain ſeaſons of the year)
Her royal lord---but prayer 's always free
To go to God, without reſtraint or fear.

80 Get up, like Daniel, with the dawning light,
And make thy ſuit to God, at any hour,
Or riſe, like David, in the dead of night:
For always ready is the' Almighty pow'r.

81 Tho' God to no man living does allow
The honour, with his Saviour to confer----
Yet ev'ry Chriſtian's pray'r to heav'n may go,
And, at all ſeaſons, gain admittance, there.

82 Through ſtorms and ſhow'rs, thro' ocean and the ſky,
Through ev'ry fix'd or wand'ring ſtar above,
Prayer to God himſelf ſhall mount on high,
And with the rapid flight of lightning move.

83 Not heav'n or earth, or any human pow'r,
Authority, or angel from the ſky,
Can hinder pray'r, at any time or hour,
From holding conference with Chriſt on high.

84 It needs not aſk St. Peter for his key,
But may through all the angels paſs alone,
Without one obſtacle to block it's way,
Boldly unto our bleſſed Saviour's throne.

85 Prayer will force the Deity, to hear
Her plaints---and Chriſt, her doleful cauſe to plead--
Prayer will make the Spirit interfere,
With ſighs and groans for her to intercede.

86 The Giver of each gift that's good, will ne'er
Turn back the pray'r that's faithfully addreſs'd,
But Chriſt will bleſs each heart that is ſincere,
Nor quit him, 'till he's of each wiſh poſſeſs'd.

87 If prayer ſhall not, what it aſks, receive,
It ſome what, better yet than that, ſhall gain---
For Chriſt an ardent pray'r will never leave
To go for nought, or be preferr'd in vain.

88 What do we owe unto the gracious Pow'r,
Who, to our praye'rs, does the permiſſion grant
To come unto his preſence, any hour,
And to obtain from him whate'er we want?

89 Praye'r

89 Pray'r is an arm which reaches very far———
E'en from the earth unto the etherial ſky ———
To her God's treaſures never have a bar,
But thence ſhe takes, what may her wants ſupply.

90 Prayer, of old, a mighty giant ſlew— 1 Sam. xvii. 45.
Prayer, the lion's mouth ſhut up of yore——
Prayer, the gates of iron open threw———
Prayer, can ſave a man, at any hour.

91 Prayer, lock'd up the heavens long from rain———
Prayer, the ocean turn'd to ſolid land———
Prayer, rais'd up the dead to life again———
There's nothing can the force of Prayer withſtand!

92 What thanks ſhou'd we, then, to the Godhead pay,
Who to our Prayers a free admiſſion grants,
Whene'er we pleaſe, without the leaſt delay,
And ſatisfies with bounty all our wants?

93 All due reſpect and rev'rence and renown,
Be to the Donor of each bleſſing given,
To him be honour, pow'r, and homage, ſhown,
Who kindly hears us from the higheſt heaven!

ADVICE, before PRAYER.

BEFORE thou doſt attempt to pray,
Of all thy vices paſt repent,
And waſh the hateful filth away,
That God may to thy pray'r aſſent.

2 God will no vile offenders hear,
Nor thoſe who ſinners are profeſs'd—
But they muſt quit their vices, e'er
The Lord will liſt to their requeſt.

3 If ſtain'd with malice, rage, or pride,
Or murder, thou ſhou'dſt there repair,
Where God in glory does reſide,
He will reject thy ſinful pray'r.

4 The

4 The curſe of Moab they ſhall gain,
Who pray with a polluted ſoul:
They ask, but they ſhall not obtain,
Becauſe their hands are ſtain'd and foul.

5 Whoever calls upon his God
Muſt lay all filthineſs aſide,
And waſh his hands quite clean from blood,
Or elſe his ſuit will be deny'd.

6 God 's gracious to each penitent,
Whoſe reformation is ſincere:
Then of thy wicked ways repent,
And God will thy petition hear.

7 If thou wilt leave thy vices quite,
Although they were in crimſon dreſt,
Yet Chriſt ſhall make them lily-white,
And lend an ear to thy requeſt.

8 Whene'er to pray'r thou art inclin'd,
Be to each idle thought averſe,
And leave all worldly views behind,
Whilſt with thy God thou doſt converſe.

9 'Tis bad, to ſee ſome fardel foul
Brought on one's back to God's own dome,
But worſe to ſee a world-ſtain'd ſoul
Into God's aweful preſence come.

10 And when thou prayeſt, pray for all
True Chriſtians, not excepting one;
Nor, like a ſelfiſh heathen, call
On God, to bleſs thyſelf alone.

11 Firſt, pray for kings, that they may grace
Obtain, to rule their people well,
In the true faith, in wealth and peace,
And may in righteouſneſs excel.

12 Then for the clergy beg his grace,
Clearly thoſe myſteries to teach,
Which in the goſpel they may trace,
And fluently it's truths to preach.

13 For

13 For ev'ry magiſtrate implore
His aid, the vicious to reſtrain———
And that the Lord may grant him pow'r,
Juſtice and virtue to maintain.

14 Then beg a bleſſing from thy God
On all that in the arts delight,
That they may ſcatter all abroad
True faith, morality, and light.

15 For all the Commons of the land
Then pray unto the Lord above,
That each may in his calling ſtand,
Replete with loyalty and light.

16 Pray, laſtly, for the poor and low,
And all, who in oppreſſion live,
That God to them may pity ſhow,
And to each ſuffe'rer comfort give.

A WARNING, or ADMONITION, to every Man, to think on GOD in the Morning, and to return him Thanks for preſerving him the preceding Night from all Evil.

1 WHEN firſt thou wakeſt, each ſucceeding day,
Lift up to God above thy grateful eyes,
And due reſpect to him be ſure to pay,
Ee'r other thoughts within thy boſom riſe.

2 'Twas He, that kept the prowling foe,
And watch'd thee carefully 'till break of day,
And ſuffer'd not his eyes repoſe to know,
Leſt in thy ſleep thou ſhou'dſt become his prey.

3 For did not God and his celeſtial train,
Around his ſervants keep a conſtant guard,
They all had by the foe, e'er this, been ſlain,
And ſwallow'd up, aſleep and unprepar'd.

4 By

4 By far more dange'rous is that mortal's ſtate,
Who lies a-bed without his Saviour's aid,
Than that which did of old on Daniel wait,
When he all night was with the lions laid.

5 The ſcriptures tell us, that --by night and day----
The Devil roams to ſeek the fall of man,
Juſt as a lion roves in ſearch of prey,
And tears and mangles ev'ry beaſt he can.

6 Who can forbid the lion to devour?
Who, but the ſhepherd Chriſt, his flock can keep,
That without ſlumb'ring guards us ev'ry hour,
And from the guileful fiend protects his ſheep?

7 Think, then, how much thou art in duty bound
To thank thy God, who has preſerv'd thee ſtill
From Satan's machinations, ſafe and ſound,
And from the preſſure of each other ill?

8 As God's demands, on thee, are vaſtly large,
Let thy returns of praiſe be likewiſe great:
The grateful offe'ring on thy knees diſcharge,
And, night and morn, the' incumbent taſk repeat.

9 Think thou, how Satan ſlily might have ſtole,
And ſilently deſtroy'd thee, in thy ſleep,
And into judgement haul'd thy heedleſs ſoul,
If Chriſt his watch around thee did not keep.

10 Think, that the foe thy children might have ſlain---
Thy riches, as his legal prey convey'd-----
Thy houſes burn'd, and martyr'd thee with pain,
Had Chriſt not lent thee his Almighty aid.

11 Think, that perhaps he might have touch'd thy brain,
And that thou ever hadſt diſtracted rave'd,
And neither reſt, nor quiet known again,
Waſt thou, by Chriſt, not from his malice ſave'd.

12 Thy gratitude, on all occaſions, ſhow
To thy true Shepherd, for his friendly aid,
Who thee ſo ſafely guarded from the foe,
That thou need'ſt not be of his force afraid.

13 Suppoſe

13 Suppoſe a Jew, the moſt abhorr'd of men,
Shou'd guard thee ſleeping in the' inclement air,
'Mongſt rave'nous beaſts, or near a lion's den:
Wou'dſt thou not thank him kindly for his care?

14 And yet, though Chriſt protects thee ev'ry hour,
Whilſt thou amongſt fierce lions ſleepeſt faſt,
Which are at all times ready to devour----
Thou ne'ertheleſs art thankleſs to the laſt.

15 Open thine eyes--thy Saviour's goodneſs ſee——
Take warning—and his loving-kindneſs own——
Return him thanks upon thy bended knee,
For all the mercies he, to thee, has ſhown:

16 So ſhall he always keep thee ſafe from ill,
And under his extended pinions ſcreen——
And ſo with eaſe ſhall he preſerve thee ſtill
From ev'ry harm and peril unforeſeen.

17 Take heed, thy heart does not indulge a thought,
Take heed, leſt thou on ought ſhou'dſt fix thine eyes,
Take heed, that with thy lips thou ſpeakeſt nought,
'Till thou haſt paid thy morning ſacrifice.

18 To God, the prime ideas of thy heart,
To God, the prime of thy expreſſions give,
To God, the firſt-fruits of thy ſoul impart;
The ſecond and the laſt he'll not receive.

19 Juſt at the dawn, before the riſing ſun,
The mounting lark his Maker's praiſes ſings:
So man, e'er he has ought beſides begun,
Shou'd chant the praiſes of the King of kings.

20 The little red-breaſt, e'er he wets his bill,
To his Creator chirps his morning pray'r,
Who kept him the preceding night from ill,
Though cold his lodging, and tho' coarſe his fare.

21 But many a man will from his bed ariſe,
More heedleſs than the ſongſters of the air,
Or ſwine, that grunting leave their odious ſtyes,
Nor thank him for his providential care.

22 O, 'tis

22 O, 'tis a ſhame the ſons of men ſhou'd e'er
Appear leſs grateful than the feather'd quire,
Who, ev'ry night and morn, their voices rear
To thank and laud their everlaſting Sire!

A Morning THANKSGIVING when we firſt awake.

1 O God, my ſafe-guard and defence,
My fort, in ev'ry exigence,
Receive my thanks—thou, who didſt keep
Me ſafe, laſt night, whilſt I did ſleep!

2 A watch, around my head, each night
Thou placeſt, when I'm conquer'd quite
By ſleep, and o'er me ſpread'ſt thy wing,
When I've forgot each earthly thing.

3 Thou giveſt me ſweet eaſe and reſt,
And ev'ry night with them I'm bleſt,
Whereby this feeble frame, O Lord!
Is daily to it's ſtrength reſtor'd.

4 My gracious God does never cloſe,
Or wink his eyes, when I repoſe,
But whilſt I ſleep, within his arms,
Secure he keeps me from all harms.

5 O, what a favour this!—that thou
The King of kings, ſhoud'ſt ſtoop ſo low,
As duſt and aſhes to regard,
And unto man to be a guard!

6 The tithe can ne'er be paid by me
Of all the thanks I owe to thee,
Good God, the truth I freely own,
Was it but for this gift alone!

7 All glory, pow'r, thankſgiving too,
All praiſe, reſpect, and honour due,
Let us unto the Godhead pay
For his protection, night and day.

Thanks to Chriſt for Protection and Reſt.

1 MY Shepherd, who my ſoul didſt keep
Laſt night, whilſt I was faſt aſleep,
From the grim wolf, beneath thy wing——
Thy praiſes, from my heart, I'll ſing!

2 Cloſe to thy breaſt, thou didſt me place,
And in thine arms didſt me embrace,
Thou eaſe and reſt to me didſt give,
And I will thank thee, whilſt I live!

3 Thou hind'red'ſt Satan, to deſtroy——
Thou hind'red'ſt villains, to annoy——
From fires and ſtorms thou didſt me keep,
And ſuff'red'ſt nought to break my ſleep.

4 Thy name, O Chriſt! be ever bleſt,
Who doſt protect me, whilſt I reſt——
All glory be aſcribe'd to thee,
Who ſuch refreſhment giveſt me.

An ADMONITION to a MAN, when he dreſſes his Body, to pray for Clothes and Armour, for the Soul.

1 WHEN, in the morn, to dreſs thou doſt begin,
Pray thou that God wou'd lend to thee his arms,
That, like a Chriſtian, thou may'ſt fight therein,
And boldly brave each enemy's alarms.

2 In vain doſt thou, from the inclement air,
Thy body guard, and from the tempeſt keen,
If thou doſt not a proper garb prepare
Thy ſoul from ſin's deſtructive rage to ſcreen.

3 Seek, then, to ſave thee from each greedy foe,
And ſin's aſſaults, the panoply of God——
Seek it, to ſhield thee from each preſſing woe,
And from the world, the fleſh, and Satan's fraud.

4 For

4 For we, without it, are defenceleſs quite,
To ev'ry enemy an eaſy prey——
And 'tis impoſſible for human might,
Unarm'd with it, to conquer in the fray.

A PRAYER, whilſt thou art dreſſing, to beg the Armour of God, to defend thee from the aſſaults of Sin.

1 ARM me with all thy panoply divine,
Thou Lord of hoſts! thou God of matchleſs might!
That I may, like a Chriſtian hero, ſhine,
And overcome my enemies in fight!

2 From head to heel, let not a ſingle part
Remain expoſe'd, leſt I receive a wound,
(For great and dange'rous is the tempter's art)
In that ſole ſpot, where there's no armour found.

3 Let not the world, with all it's bawbles vile——
Let not the fleſh, with ev'ry looſe deſire——
Let not the devil, by ſome curſed wile,
Cauſe me to ſin againſt my gracious Sire.

4 Give me, O Lord! ſufficient force and might,
That I may all my enemies o'ercome,
And under thy victorious banner fight,
'Till thou, in glorious peace, ſhalt lead me home.

Another, on the ſame Subject.

1 THOU Rock of my ſalvation, lend thy aid!
Arm me in all thy panoply complete,
And leave no ſingle member unarray'd,
Leſt the foul fiend thy warrior ſhou'd defeat!

2 Upon my head let Hope's gay helm be place'd——
My breaſt with Equity's bright corſelet grace—
The belt of Penitence gird round my waiſt—
And, on my feet, the Goſpel's ſandals lace.

3 Give me, thy word, for a two-edged ſword—
The ſhield of faith, to ward off ev'ry dart,
That Satan throws—and conſtant pray'r, O Lord!
To force the fell invader from my heart.

4 Give me aſſiſtance bravely to engage
With all the enemies that hem me in,
With ev'ry carnal luſt, and Satan's rage,
The world's deceits, and ev'ry deadly ſin—

5 Give me aſſiſtance to attack them all,
To break their ranks, and conquer them in fight—
That on my knees I may right humbly fall
To worſhip thee, like a true ſon of light:

6 So ſhall I march undaunted, ev'ry day,
Beneath thy ſtandard, through the field of death,
And give thee praiſe, without the leaſt diſmay,
O Lord, my God! whilſt I have any breath.

An Admonition to a Perſon, whilſt he waſhes himſelf.

1 WHene'er, to waſh thyſelf, thou doſt begin,
With earneſtneſs to thy Creator pray,
That he'll be pleas'd to cleanſe thy ſoul from ſin,
And waſh thy errors, in Chriſt's blood, away.

2 To free thy fleſh from outward filth—a flood,
Nay, e'en a ſea of water, wou'd be vain,
Unleſs thy conſcience in thy Saviour's blood
Be cleans'd from vice and ev'ry inward ſtain.

3 It nought avails thee, that thy face is clean,
If thy corrupted mind be void of grace:
God takes no pleaſure in the man, I ween,
Whoſe heart is not as ſpotleſs as his face.

A ſhort PRAYER, on the ſame Occaſion.

1 O Waſh me in the Blood, the Jews erſt ſpilt!
O waſh me, Chriſt! from ev'ry conſcious guilt!
O waſh my mind from ev'ry thought obſcene!
O waſh me, from all foul pollutions, clean!

2 O waſh my head and feet, and ev'ry part,
As thou didſt waſh the Twelve, and cleanſe my heart!
Then wipe away my filth—and, to complete
Thy work—beſtow on me the Paraclete!

3 Waſh me in penitential tears, my King!
Waſh me in Grace's and in Peace's ſpring!
Than lilies whiter, waſh me in thy gore,
That I, in purity, may thee adore!——

A Morning PRAYER, to be uſe'd after a Perſon is up, waſh'd, and dreſs'd.

1 O God of mercy, ſoft-eye'd Pity's Sire!
For Jeſus ſake, my num'rous faults paſs o'er;
Which more Arithmetic, I own, require
To count, than all the ſands upon the ſhore.

2 There's not a law in all the ſacred code,
That I, woe's me! have not at times tranſgreſs'd—
Nor haſt thou any gift on me beſtow'd,
Which I have not to vicious ends addreſs'd.

3 Bad are my thoughts, but worſe my deeds by far—
Foul is my tongue, and infinite my fraud———
My temper's hot, but very cold my pray'r:
Pardon me all, I've done amiſs, O God!———

4 Pardon me all the crimes that I have done,
E'en from my childhood to the preſent hour———
Nor let the vengeance on my head come down,
Which I've deſerv'd from thy Almighty pow'r:

5 But give me grace and ſtrength for ever more
To worſhip thee, with ſanctity of heart:
Aid me, thy wond'rous goodneſs to adore
In perfect honeſty, and void of art.

6 Remove each obſtacle, that's in the way,
And interferes betwixt my God, and me——
And give me pow'r, my due devoirs to pay,
Still unfatigue'd, O Lord, my God! to thee!

7 From my vain heart each filthy vice eraze,
Each habit I've been ill-accuſtom'd to-----
And, whilſt I'm yet alive, the vacant place
With ev'ry grace and virtue ſtock anew.

8 Teach me, to keep inviolate thy law-------
Teach me, to love it from my very ſoul-----
My rule of life thence let me ever draw,
And always live according to that rule.

9 Direct me, by thy ſacred Spirit, ſtill
To regulate each act, each word, each thought,
According to the dictates of thy will,
And thoſe commandments thou to us haſt taught.

10 My paſſions, and my appetites reſtrain,
That I henceforth no wicked act may do;
But may, o'er ſin, a perfect conqueſt gain,
And that invete'rate enemy ſubdue.

11 Help me, O Lord, with thy celeſtial might,
The world, the fleſh, the devil, to oppoſe----
The victor's crown I then may claim of right,
When I have conquer'd thoſe united foes.

12 Thy ſervant, Lord! beneath thy wings defend,
And ſcreen me there from ev'ry rude alarm;
Neither permit, by any means, the fiend
To do my ſoul, or body, any harm.

13 Keep me, O Lord! from ev'ry ſlip, and all
The trouble, ſhame, misfortune, loſs, and ill,
Diſeaſe, or hurt, that may to me befal;
So it be pleaſing to thy holy will.

14 Enable

14 Enable me, by thy bleſt Spirit's aid,
In Chriſtian works to ſpend the preſent day,
And, whilſt I in this vale of tears am ſtay'd,
My bounden ſervice conſtantly to pay.

15 O, may this day, whereon I hail thee now,
Be as diſcreetly and devoutly paſt,
As if I, for a certainty, did know,
That it *wou'd* be—what it *may* be—my laſt!

16 Let me not, Lord! the moral change delay,
From morn to morn, unto my latter end;
But, whilſt it hitherto is call'd to day,
Let me begin my manners to amend.

17 Let not the fleſh, with daring inſolence,
Cauſe thee to doom my precious ſoul to woe---
Nor for ſome few precarious joys of ſenſe,
Condemn it to eternal pains below.

18 Let not this world's delights and fleeting toys,
Which vaniſh, like a morning miſt, away,
Cauſe me to loſe the rights and real joys
Of that bright world, which never ſhall decay.

19 Whilſt yet 'tis day, whilſt yet the ſun is ſtrong,
Cauſe me to ſtrive and work with all my might,
In thoſe concerns that to my peace belong;
Leſt unawares I ſhou'd be caught by night.

20 Let me, O Chriſt! be always ready dreſt,
(My lamp well trimm'd, and full of oil and light)
And watch thy coming to the wedding-feaſt,
Whilſt heaven's gate lies open to my ſight.

21 When moſt ſecure, when moſt in health I bloom,
Let me not wholly unprepare'd be caught,
But make me think ſtill of the day of doom,
When all my faults muſt to account be brought.

22 Make me reflect, whene'er I am alone,
On that exact account, which all that live,
Muſt for each petty fault which they have done,
Nay, e'en for ev'ry idle ſtory, give.

23 Wipe, from thy well-kept regiſter, away
All my iniquities recorded there,
And caſt not in my teeth, on that dread day,
The keen reproaches I deſerve to hear.

24 Forgive me, now, the debt I ought to pay,
The countleſs ſums which by thy book I owe,
And with the blood of Chriſt blot quite away
The utmoſt farthing that to thee is due:

25 And when thou haſt forgiven all that ſum,
Enable me to finiſh my career;
That my bleſt ſoul to Paradiſe may come,
And with my Saviour reſt for ever there:

26 When I, with all the' angelic choir divine,
And heav'nly hoſts, ſhall undiſmay'd appear,
And with extreme delight to praiſe him join,
In endleſs joy, and happineſs ſincere.

A Warning to guard, whilſt it is yet Day, againſt the Aſſaults of the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil----and to put on, and to make uſe of, the Armour of God againſt them.

1 AS ſoon as thou art wake'd from thy repoſe,
Reflect---that thou haſt three invete'rate foes,
And each of them for thy deſtruction waits,
If thou doſt not avoid his fraudful baits:

2 And yet, alas! the weakeſt of the three,
Is, e'en a thouſand times, too ſtrong for thee,
Unleſs thou weapons canſt from Chriſt obtain,
And borrow'd might---the victory to gain.

3 Then of thy Saviour earneſtly entreat,
That he wou'd furniſh thee with arms complete,
And fill thee with true fortitude of mind,
To rout thoſe enemies of humankind.

4 Upon

4 Upon thy head the Chriſtian's helmet bear,
The ſtrongeſt hopes of heaven thou canſt wear,
Through which the pow'rful ſove'reign of the air
Can never hurt, or force thee to deſpair.

5 Place thou the ſhield of Juſtice at thy breaſt,
Aſſur'd the Devil cannot e'er moleſt,
Or with his dread artille'ry injure thoſe,
Who with this ſhield his fierce attacks oppoſe.

6 With Righteouſneſs thy girded loins ſurround,
Nor deign to uſe Hypocriſy unſound:
For there's no neater, and no ſtronger wear,
Than a true heart join'd to a mind ſincere.

7 Thy feet with ſandals from the Goſpel grace,
Be patient in each circumſtance and place:
Through many ſuff'rings and through many woes,
The Chriſtian to his Sove'reign's palace goes.

8 Take Faith's ſtrong ſhield, the arrows to repel——
The deadly ſhafts, ſhot by the prince of hell:
A lively faith in Chriſt will always cool
The fie'ry darts thrown from the flaming pool.

9 Take thou the ſcripture's keen, two-edged ſword---
Take thou the mighty falchion of the Word———
For that's the trenchant blade, which at a blow
Can cut and cleave our fierce infernal foe.

10 About thee always keep the arms of God,
Though they be many, and oft' deem'd a load;
Leſt thou, without them ſhou'dſt perchance be found,
And from the fiend receive a fatal wound———

11 And of th' all-glorious Trinity entreat
That this alliance thou may'ſt ſtill defeat,
And that he'd grace and ſtrength to thee afford,
In thy profeſſion, well to ſerve the Lord.

12 Shou'd Satan ever find us off our guard,
And without armour, his aſſaults to ward,
We may be ſure he'll roughly-handle thoſe
Who ſhall, unarm'd, his deadly force oppoſe.

13 For if this helmet's, on the head, not place'd——
The corſelet, on the breaſt---and round the waiſt,
The belt---or if our feet are ever found
Unſhod---the fiend our ſouls will ſurely wound.

14 Be therefore, like a ſoldier, ſtill in arms,
Be ſtrictly-watchful againſt all alarms,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt by the guileful foe be foil'd,
And of eternal happineſs deſpoil'd.

15 Whene'er thou goeſt from thy room, beware,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt fall into ſome latent ſnare;
For Satan ever ſeeks, to hook thee in,
And tempt thee to commit ſome mortal ſin.

16 Great is his rage, but greater his deceit-----
Greater his fraud than force, however great----
He, like a lion, prowls about each hour,
For ever ſeeking whom he may devour.

17 The ſerpent's cunning, and the dragon's ire,
The lion's ſtrength, the glaring tiger's fire,
The wolf's voraciouſneſs, the fox's fraud,
Belong to Satan, when he roams abroad.

18 No ſleep, nor reſt he knows, by day or night,
E'er ſince he fell from the empyrean height,
But always ſeeks, with all his might, to ſlay
Each heedleſs ſoul, he meets with in his way.

19 Therefore of all his ſtratagems, take care,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt fall unweeting to the ſnare:
With ceaſeleſs praye'rs Chriſt's matchleſs aid entreat;
And Chriſt will help thee, Satan to defeat.

A Prayer againſt the Temptations, and Aſſaults of the Devil.

1 O Thou, that keepeſt hell's abyſs cloſe-barr'd,
And o'er it's gates haſt ſet a conſtant guard,
That Satan haſt enchain'd, and death o'erthrown,
Hear my complaint from thy celeſtial throne!

2 That

2 That bloody dragon, that malicious foe,
Whom thou didſt bind, and glorioufly o'erthrow,
Still plots my ruin---if thou wilt not deign
To grant thy help, his malice to reſtrain.

3 Both night and day, he roams with ſleepleſs eyes,
And, like a lion, to deſtroy me tries;
For ever prompt and ready to devour,
Didſt thou not ſhield me from his deadly pow'r!

4 Each night that comes, and each returning day,
He ſpreads his dang'rous toils a-croſs my way,
And into them I tumble unawares,
If thou doſt not preſerve me from his ſnares.

5 There's no forbidden fruit, of pleaſing hue,
But he preſents it daily to my view———
There is no ſin, but he wou'd tempt me to,
That I may make my gracious God, my foe.

6 There's no good act, on which my ſoul's intent,
Which the fell fiend attempts not to prevent——
And oft, too oft! his curs'd attempt ſucceeds,
And puts a ſtop to my beſt minded deeds.

7 I cannot eat a bit of bread in peace,
I cannot take a wink of ſleep at eaſe,
I cannot drink, or any work begin,
But he aſſays to turn it all to ſin.

8 I cannot e'en a ſingle ſentence ſay,
I cannot even bend my knees to pray,
But Satan all his efforts ſtill applies,
To make me ſin—e'en at my pray'rs he tries:

9 Nay, O my Saviour! when I'm moſt inclin'd
To worſhip thee, with all my heart and mind,
Then moſt he aims my purpoſe to prevent,
By all the various wiles he can invent!

10 And ſhou'dſt thou let him looſe, without controul
And due reſtraint, to over-pow'r my ſoul,
Worſe then, I'm well-convince'd, wou'd be my caſe
Than that of Job, and all his former race.

11 Obſerve,

11 Obſerve, O Lord! his bloody minded hate,
His roar ſuppreſs, his daring pride abate,
Fetter his feet, and bruiſe his baneful head,
Shorten his chain---let not his poiſon ſpread.

12 Thou haſt, O Chriſt! the dreadful dragon bound,
Thou both his thighs didſt with thy chain ſurround,
Thou didſt deſpoil him of his boaſted arms,
Thou haſt preſerv'd our ſouls from all alarms.

13 Let us in thy bright panoply be dreſt,
Infuſe thy mighty Spirit in each breaſt,
Teach thou our hands to war, with ſkill and might,
And let us not be vanquiſh'd in the fight.

14 Let not the ſerpent, our frail ſouls beguile,
Let not the dragon, thy weak ſervants foil,
Let not the lion, thy elect undo,
Let not the fiend, thy faithful ſons ſubdue.

15 Lo! we are weak, and he is form'd for war;
But thou, O Chriſt! art ſtronger yet by far:
On us, ſome portion of thy might beſtow,
And then, tho' weak, we ſhall o'ercome the foe.

16 Wiſe is the ſerpent, we, alas! but dull,
The dragon too, is of devices full:
If therefore thou ſhalt not thine aid afford,
The fiend will ſteal thy ranſom'd flock, O Lord!

17 Make us all wiſe, to ſee each wily ſnare,
Wary, that we may of his nets beware,
Strong, to reſiſt the efforts, he may uſe,
And cautious—all his offers to refuſe.

18 With favour on thy ſervants, Lord! look down,
Aſſiſt thy brethren to obtain the crown,
And all, who fight beneath thy banner, aid,
To bear their croſs, and cruſh the ſerpent's head.

ADVICE, to guard againſt the Temptations of the Devil.

1 SHOU'D Satan promiſe thee, or houſe or land,
If thou wou'dſt kneel and worſhip at his feet:
Tell him, he has not at his own command
A foot of ground, beſides the' infernal pit.

2 Shou'd Satan ever tempt thy hands to touch
Thy neighbour's wife, and to defile his bed:
Tell him that vengeance ever waits on ſuch,
And hovers dreadful o'er each guilty head.

3 Shou'd Satan tempt thee o'er thy bowl to ſtay,
'Till drunkenneſs has overwhelm'd thy ſoul:
Tell him that drunkards at the latter day,
Shall in fierce floods of fire and ſulphur roll.

4 Shou'd Satan prompt thy tongue to ſwear and curſe,
And make thy Saviour's blood and wounds it's theme,
Tell him there can be no tranſgreſſion worſe,
Than thy Redeemer's ſuffe'rings to blaſpheme.

5 Shou'd Satan ever tempt thee to oppreſs
The Orphan—ſay, 'tis ſcarce a greater ſin
To pull out Chriſt's own eyes—than to diſtreſs
The helpleſs Orphan, that has loſt his kin.

6 Shou'd Satan prompt thee, to make uſe of fraud,
Or make thee play the perjur'd liar's part———
Tell him, the righteous Judge, the' eternal God,
Has fix'd an hatred of them in thy heart.

7 Shou'd Satan tempt thee, in the gloom of night,
The ſecret works of darkneſs to tranſact———
Tell him, that God, who is the ſource of light,
With his all-ſeeing eyes ſurveys each fact.

8 Whene'er he tempts thee foully to belie,
Or ridicule a brother, maim'd or lame———
He fain wou'd then perſuade thee to defie
The living Lord, and curſe thy Maker's name.

9 Whene'er

9 Whene'er he prompts thee to repeat or make
A lie—to ſlay thy precious ſoul he aims
With ſhameleſs front, or plunge it in the lake,
That ever rages with ſulphureous flames.

10 Whene'er he ſeeks to drive thee to deſpair,
He thinks to force thee to the realms below,
Where bloody Cain, and Saul, and Judas are,
Though thou the trueſt penitence ſhou'dſt ſhow.

11 Whenever Satan by his efforts tries
To turn thy footſteps from the temple-door———
He ſlily ſeeks to keep thee from the ſkies;
Becauſe at church thou didſt not Chriſt adore.

12 Tho' he attempts to make thee turn away,
Whilſt God's own Miniſters the Goſpel preach,
He only aims to barricade the way,
Leſt thou ſhou'd chance the tree of life to reach.

13 If in the church he tries to make thee nod,
(Where Chriſtians ſhou'd, to pray'r alone, reſort)
He only ſtrives to make thee mock thy God,
In his own temple, and his holy court.

14 Beware of ſleeping, then, when thou ſhou'dſt pray:
Worſe than a Devil is the man, that dares
To mock his God, upon a Sabbath day,
And on his knees, with hypocritic airs.

15 Shou'd Satan ever tempt thee to delay,
At the communion-table to appear;
Thy ſeal of pardon he'd fain ſteal away,
By hindring thee to pay thy homage there.

16 If from thy heart, the Goſpel of the Lord
Which thou haſt heard, he ſtudies to efface——
He tries to rob thee of the pow'rful word,
By which alone thou canſt improve in grace.

17 If he can once prevail on thee to bear
A Chriſtian name, yet no religion have———
He'll make the ſervant of the Lord appear
The Devil's drudge, and moſt devoted ſlave.

18 If

18 If he a fruitleſs faith wou'd have thee boaſt,
On which no works concomitant attend———
Thou'lt find it, dead—and find it, to thy coſt,
A faith, that cannot ſave thee, in the end.

19 Shou'd he from penitence thy ſoul reſtrain,
'Till death, and make thee each good work poſtpone:
He hinders thee God's mercy to obtain,
Until perhaps the time of mercy's gone.

20 Satan will leave no ſort of ſcheme untry'd,
By means whereof he may expect ſucceſs,
No ſtone unturn'd, no meaſure unapply'd——
'Till, if he can, he brings thee to tranſgreſs.

21 The tempter roves about, both night and day——
By night and day, then of his wiles beware:
For there's no place, wherein he will not lay
His toils, our heedleſs footſteps to enſnare.

22 At church, in thy own grounds, at home, abroad,
Intent on work, or unreſerv'd at play,
At table, in thy bed, or on the road,
Satan, where-e'er thou art, wou'd there betray.

23 Be therefore, like a warrior, ſtill prepar'd,
And never fail thy panoply to wear,
And on thy actions keep a conſtant guard——
Leſt Satan ſhou'd thy ſoul in pieces tear.

24 Woe unto him, who was in Childhood wild,
In youth, a ſpendthrift, and a churl, in age!
Since he, thereby, has Satan's will fulfill'd,
Throughout his life, in ev'ry diffe'rent ſtage.

25 Take heed, my ſoul—of Satan's wiles beware:
He always aims all ages to trepan———
In all thy paths he'll lay a latent ſnare,
To catch thy careleſs feet, whene'er he can.

26 He'll ſtrive to make thee paſs thy youthful days,
Ever in fruitleſs, vain purſuits employ'd,
In dancing, riot, and ſuch idle ways——
Ways of all virtue and all merit void.

27 In manhood, he will try to take thee in,
With women and with wine thy time to waſte,
And thy pure veſſel to defile with ſin,
With foul concupiſcence, and deeds unchaſte.

28 When age comes on, he'll labour to divert
Thy thoughts from God, and penitence ſincere,
And ev'ry purpoſe of thy ſoul pervert
To muck-worm avarice and worldly care.

29 Endeavour then, whatever ſtage thou'rt in,
From Satan's ſnares to extricate thy mind,
Who'll ſeek thy utter ruin by the ſin,
To which he finds thy nature moſt inclin'd.

ADVICE to pray earneſtly, and on all Occaſions, ſuppoſed to be addreſs'd to his own Son.

1 FORGET not, on my bleſſing, thrice a-day,
Thy bounden ſacrifice of praiſe to bring,
And on thy bended knees devoutly pray
Before thy God, thy Saviour, and thy King.

2 Before thy room thou quitteſt, with the light——
Before thou dineſt, at the noon of day——
Before thou ſuppeſt, at the' approach of night——
On theſe three times, do not neglect to pray.

3 Lift up thy hands to pray for thy ſucceſs,
E'er they are put to any uſe beſide,
And beg of God thy ev'ry work to bleſs,
Before thou haſt thyſelf to work apply'd.

4 Thou may'ſt ſome ſhort ejaculation ſay,
Even when, on thy taſk, thou'rt moſt intent,
And ſhou'dſt with never-ceaſing ardor pray;
Though God has given thee thy heart's content.

5 Though thou with heavy labour art oppreſs'd,
And greatly hurry'd on a market-day——
Yet even then, it is by all confeſs'd,
'Twill do thee much more good, than harm, to pray.

6 Though

6 Though David did in martial ſkill excel,
And troubles more than any mortal bore——
Yet, ſeven times a-day, he always fell
Upon his knees, the Godhead to adore.

7 Whilſt with the kings of Canaan war he wage'd,
Joſhua pray'd—yet fought with all his might;
His heart was in devotion then engage'd,
E'en whilſt his hands were buſy in the fight.

8 Their praye'rs ne'er ſtopp'd whatever they began,
Nor put their undertaking to a ſtand;
But rather forwarded each happy plan,
And ſanctify'd whate'er they took in hand.

9 Accuſtom thou thy ſelf to pray with zeal,
In ev'ry work thou doſt—and thou ſhalt ſee
That pray'r can do more good than tongue can tell,
And be a happy furtherance to thee.

10 The Huſbandman and Hind may full as well,
E'en whilſt at plough, to their Creator pray,
As to their cattle ſome dull jargon tell,
Or ſilly ſingſong, all the live-long day.

11 E'en Travellers may Pſalms devoutly ſing,
Or pray in ſpirit, as they ride, or walk,
As well as they may make the welkin ring
With their looſe ballads, or their noiſy talk.

12 Nay, Shoe-makers and Tailors may enjoy
Some time to pray, whilſt they their trades purſue:
For whilſt their hands they at their craft employ,
Their minds may be employ'd in prayer too.

13 Old women, whilſt they turn the ſpinning wheel,
May each perform her taſk without delay,
And maidens twirl about the rattling reel,
And yet find time enough beſides to pray.

14 Though thou ſhou'dſt be, with Moſes on the hill—
Or elſe, with Iſaac, walking o'er thy ground——
Or in the temple with St. John—yet ſtill,
Where-e'er thou art, to pray thou'rt always bound.

15 Before

15 Before thou goeſt from thy houſe, entreat
Thy gracious God, to give thee good ſucceſs,
And all thy labours, whether ſmall or great,
With his accuſtom'd providence to bleſs.

16 'Tis God, that makes our undertakings ſpeed,
'Tis God, that ev'ry bleſſing to us gives,
When he is worſhipp'd, all our works ſucceed,
But when neglected, then a curſe arrives.

17 His ſpirit beg, to guide thee on thy way,
His grace too beg, to aid each faint effort,
His bleſſing beg, on all thou doſt eſſay,
And he himſelf will be thy ſtrong ſupport.

18 Let ev'ry act with Jeſus be begun------
His help implore, to bring it to an end----
To him aſcribe the glory, when 'tis done:
So ſhall ſucceſs on ev'ry act attend.

19 As God made Joſeph's ev'ry work ſucceed,
And all that faithful Daniel did of yore;
So will he forward, for thee, ev'ry deed,
If thou ſincerely wilt his name adore.

20 For if thou doſt not pray aright to God,
Like Jonah, thou a baſeleſs booth ſhalt make-----
Or elſe, like Peter, thou ſhalt ſpread abroad
Thy nets---and yet a ſingle fiſh not take.

21 Thou, night and day, in trouble and in pain
Shalt fret and fume, and like a Miſer moil---
Yet all thy labour ſhall be quite in vain,
And thou nought better, after all thy toil.

22 In vain it is, to riſe up with the light,
In vain it is, to eat the bread of care,
In vain, to watch the tedious winter-night,
If we without God's holy bleſſing are.

23 In vain it is new palaces to raiſe,
In vain it is, to garriſon the fort,
In vain it is, to toil throughout our days,
If God does not our weak attempts ſupport.

24 Leſt

24 Leſt all thy labours, then, ſhou'd fruitleſs prove,
Pray thou with fervor, if thou wou'dſt ſucceed——
Pray unto God to bleſs thee from above:
So ſhall he fully proſper ev'ry deed.

ADVICE, to the FARMER.

1 E'ER thou thy hands upon the plough doſt lay,
Firſt lift them up, and to thy Maker pray,
Thou and thy hinds—that he thy work may bleſs,
And crown thy labours with the wiſh'd ſucceſs.

2 In vain it is, a large domain to plow,
In vain it is, to harrow what you ſow,
If God with-hold his bleſſing from the grain,
The ſeed will rot beneath the furrow'd plain.

3 'Tis God that ſows—'tis God that makes the field
It's full increaſe in time of harveſt yield:
An hundred fold, or more, is ſometimes given
To thoſe, who place their confidence in heaven.

4 Whoe'er wou'd from the earth it's ſtrength obtain,
And reap large crops of valuable grain,
Let him with fervent pray'r his God addreſs,
And he ſhall meet with the deſire'd ſucceſs.

5 A ſingle harrow, by the help of pray'r,
A greater produce ſhall return by far
Than can be got by teams, perhaps a ſcore,
Where none by pray'r invoke the' Almighty Pow'r.

6 Iſaac, by prayer's efficacious aid,
Was, in his corn, an hundred fold repay'd;
Whilſt others, who neglected pray'r, ſcarce found
Bare ſix-for-one from their beſt-culture'd ground.

7 The Lord, thy God, O huſbandman! adore——
With all thy heart his needful help implore,
That he the labours of thy hands may bleſs,
And, to thy full content, thy ſtore increaſe.

The FARMER's Prayer.

1 O Thou! by whom the univerſe was made,
Mankind's ſupport, and never failing aid,
Who bidd'ſt the earth her various products bear,
Who watereſt the ſoft'ned ſoil with rain,
Who giveſt vegetation to the grain,
Unto a peaſant's ardent pray'r give ear!

2 I now intend, with care, my land to dreſs,
And in it's fertile womb to ſow my grain;
Which, if, O God! thou deigneſt not to bleſs,
I never ſhall receive, or ſee, again.

3 In vain it is to plant, in vain it is to ſow,
In vain to harrow well the levell'd plain,
If thou wilt not command the ſeed to grow,
And ſhed thy bleſſing on the bury'd grain.

4 For not a ſingle corn will ruſh to birth
Of all that I've intruſted to the earth,
If thou doſt not enjoin the blade to ſpring,
And the young ſhoot to full perfection bring.

5 I therefore beg thy bleſſing on my lands,
O Lord! and on the labour of my hands,
That I thereby, may as a Chriſtian, live,
And my ſupport, and maintenance receive!

6 Open the windows of the ſkies, and pour
Thy bleſſings on them in a genial ſhow'r;
My corn with earth's prolific fatneſs feed,
And give increaſe to all my cover'd ſeed!

7 Let not the ſkies, like braſs in fuſion, glow,
Nor the' earth, with heat, as hard as iron grow,
Let not our paſtures and our meads of hay,
For our ſupine neglect of Thee, decay!

8 But give us in good time and meaſure meet,
A tempe'rate ſeaſon, and ſufficient heat,
Give us the former and the latter rains,
Give peace and plenty to the Britiſh ſwains.

9 The

9 The locuſt and the cankerworm reſtrain,
The dew, that blights and tarniſhes the grain,
The drought, the nipping winds, the lightning's glare,
Which to the growing corn pernicious are.

10 O, let the year be with thy goodneſs crown'd,
Let it with all thy choiceſt gifts abound,
Let bleating flocks each fertile valley fill,
And lowing herds adorn each riſing hill!

11 Give to the ſons of men their daily bread,
Give graſs to the mute beaſts, that crop the mead,
Give wine and oil, to thoſe that till the field,
And let thy heritage abundance yield.

12 Give us a harveſt with profuſion crown'd,
Let ev'ry field and yard with corn abound,
Let herbs each garden, fruit each orchard fill,
Let rocks their honey, kine their milk diſtill.

13 Proſper our handy-work, thou gracious God!
And further our endeavours with ſucceſs:
So, on our knees, ſhall we thy name applaud,
And night and morn our benefactor bleſs.

ADVICE, to the Traveller.

1 E'ER thou thy foot ſhalt in the ſtirrup place,
Beſeech thy God to bleſs thee with his grace,
And keep thee ſafe, 'till thy return again,
Whene'er thou travelleſt o'er hill or plain.

2 God's angel ſeek, thy footſteps to direct,
His wing from ev'ry danger to protect,
Upon thy journey for his bleſſing ſue,
And he will proſper all thou haſt to do.

3 As God an angel with Tobias ſent
For his attendant, whereſoe'er he went:
So ſhall he ſpeedy ſuccour ſend to all,
Who ſhall on him, e'en now, for ſuccour call.

4 From the beſt Patriarch's ſervant learn to pray,
And call on God, whilſt thou art on thy way,
That he the purpoſe of thy ſoul may ſpeed:
So ſhalt thou to thy utmoſt wiſh ſucceed.

5 But if thou ſhou'dſt not, on thy bended knee,
Entreat the Son of God to ſpeed thee home:
Thou ſhalt oppreſſion on thy journey ſee,
And bootleſs back, without thy errand come.

6 To thoſe, that muſt a diſtant journey take,
Better is praye'r than wine, the thirſt to ſlake,
Better than forts, to ward the light'ning's glance,
Better than ought, to guard againſt miſchance.

7 Better is praye'r, to ſave thee from thy foe,
When on a dange'rous journey thou doſt go,
Than ſword or piſtol, or the fleeteſt horſe,
Than num'rous troops, or any human force.

8 The Deity with ceaſeleſs praye'r adore,
And on thy journey his ſtrong aid implore;
So ſhall he ſend his angels to fulfil
Thy heart's beſt wiſhes, and preſerve thee ſtill.

The Traveller's Prayer.

1 THou guardian of the weak, thou poor man's friend!
Hear from thy glorious throne, Almighty God!
That doſt thine aid to fearful trav'lers lend,
The ſuit of one that journeys on the road!

2 I am oblig'd I know not where to go,
Nor know I whether I ſhall ever come,
Since 'tis a country I'm a ſtranger to,
If thou doſt not my journey proſper, home.

3 Lord, it is Thou, who governeſt this ball,
And all that is therein thou doſt direct;
So that no miſchief ever can befal
The men thou favoureſt, thy own elect!

4 I therefore

4 I therefore humbly make it my requeſt
That thou in mercy wou'dſt my life ſuſtain,
Where-e'er I go, and with thy favour bleſt,
Bring me in joy and ſafety back again.

5 To lead the way, diſpatch an angel down,
My ſolace, and protection to become,
That he my bus'neſs with ſucceſs may crown,
And back again in health conduct me home.

6 Thy downy wings do thou expand abroad,
Beneath their ample awning ſhade me ſtill,
Suffer not any foe, upon the road,
To do my ſoul or body any ill.

7 Send thou thy ſervant Raphael to direct
My ſteps, as he did with Tobias go,
The youth from ev'ry danger to protect,
To guide his feet, and ſave him from the foe.

8 Be thou before me, like a cloud, by day,
Like a bright blaze, by night, my God and King,
To light, and bring me ſafely on my way,
As thou didſt Iſrael erſt from Canaan bring.

9 The eaſtern ſages thou didſt erſt protect,
And ſent'ſt a ſtar thoſe ſtrangers to attend,
As thou didſt their's, do thou my ſteps direct,
'Till thou haſt brought me to my journey's end.

10 As young Tobias thou didſt ſave of yore,
Both from the river-monſter, and the fiend,
So ſave me, Lord! by thy Almighty Pow'r,
From all the perils, which may me attend.

11 Preſerve me, Lord! from Satan's ſweeping net,
And his vile friends, who my beſt ſchemes ſtill croſs,
Permit them not, by whom I'm thus beſet,
To do me hurt, or bring me ſhame and loſs.

12 Let not loud thunder, or the light'ning's glare,
Let not the ſtorm or tempeſt do me harm,
Let not the wily fiend my ſoul enſnare,
Nor any violence my heart alarm.

13 Preſerve me from the ſnares by robbers ſpread,
O'erflowing rivers, villains that beguile,
A life corrupt, and an adult'rous bed,
The dangers of the road, and comrades vile.

14 Rouze then my fainting heart within my breaſt,
Make thou my path, by thy kind furthe'rance, plain;
Strengthen my fellow-trav'lers and my beaſt,
And bring us, to our wiſhes, back again.

15 Succeſs to all we undertake, impart,
And expedite the buſineſs and deſign
Of ev'ry one that has an honeſt heart,
That all, to bleſs thy holy name, may join.

16 Preſerve us, Lord! from harm and ill ſucceſs,
Miſchance, miſcarriage, miſery, miſhap,
Damage, diſeaſe, diſaſter, and diſtreſs,
Loſs of the road, or any dang'rous ſcrape.

17 Conduct us back again in health, O God!
Our dear relations and our friends among;
That we thy name may, for thy aid, applaud,
And ſing thy praiſes in ſome ſacred ſong:

ADVICE to a SOLDIER.

1 SOLDIER, before thou marcheſt out to fight,
To ſerve the Crown, and in thy country's right,
Pray to the Lord, and he'll to thee impart
Strength, martial skill, and a courageous heart.

2 'Tis God, that gives the loyal ſoldier might,
'Tis God, that gives him knowledge how to fight,
'Tis by God's aid, his expert fingers know
To toſs the Pike, or bend the ſtubborn bow.

3 The God of armies is a warrior ſtrong,
A ſafe retreat from injury and wrong;
From him alone comes conqueſt and ſucceſs:
Implore his aid, and He thy arms will bleſs.

4 Prayer

4 Prayer is better and more uſeful far,
To ev'ry Soldier in the time of war,
Than any armour to fence off a blow,
Or than a Sword is, to offend the foe.

5 The hands of Moſes, lifted up on high,
To ſupplicate aſſiſtance from the sky,
More than the ſword of Joſhua deſtroy'd,
And all the troops that gallant chief employ'd.

6 Jonathan's prayer greater numbers ſlew,
Among the Philiſtine diſheartned crew,
Than were by Saul and all his army ſlain,
In various conflicts on the' enſanguin'd plain.

7 More prevalent was David's praye'r by far,
The' enormous giant to o'ercome in war,
Than thoſe ſmooth ſtones which from his ſcrip he took,
Though thro' his forehead one of them he ſtrook.

8 Elijah, though no weapons he employ'd,
Beſides his praye'rs, two captains erſt deſtroy'd
With both the companies they brought along.
What then, on Earth, than Prayer is more ſtrong?

9 The Praye'r of Judith of more uſe was found
Than thoſe ſtrong walls, which did the town ſurround,
To ſave Bethulia's war-devoted tow'rs
From Holofernes' deſolating pow'rs.

10 Before thou entereſt the mortal fray,
Lift up thy hands immediately to pray,
As valiant Joſhua was wont to do,
So ſhalt thou meet ſucceſs againſt the foe.

11 Thy hands for battle prudently prepare,
And earneſtly incline thy mind to pray'r,
And thou ſhalt find that Prayer can do more
Than both thy hands againſt an adverſe pow'r.

The SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

1 THOU God of might, who doſt o'er hoſts preſide,
Who doſt alone the doubtful battle guide,
Who doſt alone the joyful victo'ry gain,
O hear my prayer in this dread campaign!

2 Here in the crown's, our king and country's right,
We, for our lands, our goods, and nation, fight
With a perfidious and invete'rate foe,
That always ſeeks this kingdom's overthrow.

3 Confound, O Lord! each miſchievous intent,
Each plot and ſtratagem our foes invent,
Their ſtrength diminiſh, and their pride abate,
Aſſuage their malice, blunt their keen-edge'd hate.

4 Be thou, O Lord! thy feeble ſervants friend,
That we may manfully the crown defend;
And give us ſtrength, however weak and few,
Thoſe pow'rful foes to conquer and ſubdue.

5 Do thou, O God! our fainting hearts revive,
Do thou, our enemies before us drive,
With terror and diſmay their boſoms fill,
With ſhame and foul defeat purſue them ſtill.

6 Though we be but a ſmall and feeble band,
Compar'd to thoſe who in their army ſtand;
Yet are we furniſh'd with ſufficient might,
If thou, O Lord, wilt for thy ſervants fight.

7 I know, O Lord! thy power is not leſs
In few than many—thou canſt grant ſucceſs
E'en to the weakeſt—and doſt oft delight
Againſt the ſtrongeſt to exert thy might.

8 Thy ſervant Gideon thou didſt erſt employ,
The Midianites vaſt army to deſtroy,
Though but three hundred form'd his ſlender band,
And they, like locuſts, cumber'd all the land.

9 Jonathan

9 Jonathan and his armour-bearer, erſt,
Unnumber'd foes ſucceſsfully diſpers'd:
When thou their ſouls didſt with amazement fill,
Who cou'd reſiſt, or countermand thy will!

10 Thou gaveſt Shamgar ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Six hundred with a goad he ſlew of yore,
And Samſon, with unequall'd ſtrength endue'd,
A thouſand with an aſs's jaw ſubdue'd.

11 A woman's artleſs hand thou didſt employ,
Jabin's head-captain Siſera, to deſtroy:
The ſtars themſelves, arrange'd in juſt array,
For Iſrael fought, that memorable day!

12 So, if for us it be thy will to fight,
Thou canſt ſupply us with ſufficient might,
Our foes to conquer on the' embattled plain;
Though we be but a ſmall and feeble train.

13 If thou, O Lord! appeareſt on our ſide.
The heaven's, the earth, the ocean's furious tide,
The ſun and moon, and ev'ry wind that blows,
Will join with us to war againſt our foes.

14 If thou to favour us art well inclin'd,
Nor Turk, nor Pope, nor Spaniard, need we mind:
Nay, though againſt us hell itſelf ſhou'd puſh,
We need not value hell itſelf a ruſh.

15 Thou haſt thyſelf, O Lord! a warrior ſhow'd,
Thou only art with ſkill and ſtrength endow'd,
Thou art the Giver of the laurel-wreath,
Thou art our Shield againſt the pow'r of death.

16 'Tis thou, that ſtoppeſt war's rage, ev'ry where,
'Tis thou, that ſnappeſt-ſhort the pointed ſpear,
'Tis thou, that tie'ſt the war-horſe to his ſtall,
'Tis thou, that art the conqueror of all!

17 Do thou give comfort to each drooping heart,
Do thou unto our ſinews ſtrength impart,
Do thou to us true martial ſkill afford,
That we may fight the battles of the Lord.

18 Like

18 Like Joſhua, make thou our leaders ſtrong,
That they like him, may chaſe the hoſtile throng,
Their ſchemes and ſtratagems do thou attend,
That they may bring them to a proſpe'rous end.

19 Strength, brave'ry, knowledge, puiſance, impart
To all our ſoldier's, and a lion's heart:
Might, will, and diligence on each beſtow,
That he may fearleſsly confront his foe.

20 Around us let thy angels ſentry keep,
And from our foes protect us, whilſt we ſleep:
A choſen troop of thy chief warriors ſend,
From war's fierce rage thy ſervants to defend.

21 Do thou, O Lord! o'er all our hoſt preſide,
And with thy wiſdom all our actions guide:
May all of us thy ſacred law fulfil,
And nothing do repugnant to thy will.

22 Let us unto the King pay homage due,
Let's to our fellow-citizens be true,
Let us obedient to our leaders prove,
And in our quarters live in peace and love.

23 Make each of us contented with his pay,
Let us not take our neighbour's goods away,
Let none of us oppreſs, or high or low,
But aweful reve'rence to thy dictates ſhow.

24 Let us in no diſorders e'er engage,
Nor any of our company enrage,
Nor with our leaders mutinouſly ſtrive,
Nor in vile courſes and debauche'ry live.

25 Let us no wife or maiden e'er oppreſs,
Let us not any tender heart diſtreſs;
Leſt thou thy wrath againſt ſuch deeds ſhou'dſt ſhow,
And yield us up a prey unto the foe.

26 Make us all live, whilſt by the foe beſet,
As if we all were in thy temple met,
And make us call upon thee, ev'ry hour,
To aid, and keep us by thy mighty pow'r.

27 As

27 As we are daily at the gates of death,
Near the ſpear's point and gun's deſtroying breath,
Let us each moment in thy fear abide,
And caſt our vile enormities aſide.

28 Since none, O Lord! the hour or minute know,
When they to thee a juſt account muſt ſhow,
O, may our lives be righteous and ſincere,
Before we at thy judgement ſeat appear!

29 Prepare us, Lord! that we to thee may come,
And make us ready to receive our doom,
Let us not live in ſin a ſingle hour,
Leſt unawares it ſhou'd our ſouls o'erpow'r.

30 Permit us not in evil to proceed,
Or the commiſſion of a ſingle deed,
Which at thy dread tribunal muſt be known,
When we with ſhame appear before thy throne.

31 Save us, O Lord! who call upon thy name,
But overwhelm our enemies with ſhame:
Our gracious Sove'reign and his Kingdoms bleſs,
And crown our arms with conqueſt and ſucceſs!

ADVICE to the Dealer, or Drover.

1 IF thou'rt a Dealer, honeſt be each act,
And fairly pay for what to thee is ſold;
Be to thy promiſe and thy word exact:
Credit is better oft than hoards of gold.

2 Of the neceſſitous no vantage take,
And be not ſtudious of exceſſive gain,
With rogues no bargain or agreement make;
Nothing will thrive that comes from ſuch a train.

3 Buy not too much on tick, for all will ſell,
To ſuch a purchaſer, extremely dear,
And ſuch a trade will ſoon that wretch compel
To quit the kingdom, or to diſappear.

4 Take

4 Take heed that thou doſt not thy chapmen cheat,
God will a ſentence paſs on all deceit:
And tho' thou ſhou'dſt beyond the ſeas retreat,
Sure vengeance will on thy tranſgreſſion wait.

5 They ne'er (the ſcripture on that head is plain)
Shall roaſt the prey, who ſtudy to deceive:
For fraud to no one yet brought real gain,
It paſſes off, like water through a ſieve.

6 Of drunkenneſs beware, whate'er thou doſt;
For drunkenneſs will make the wealthieſt poor,
And when a trader's oft in liquor loſt,
In wine and ale he ſoon will ſpend his ſtore.

7 Take care of thy dear ſoul, to juſtice cleave,
And do the poor no wrong, for conſcience' ſake:
For if a bankrupt thou the land ſhou'dſt leave,
Vengeance divine thy footſteps will o'ertake.

ADVICE to a young Man, before he goes a Courting.

1 WHEN firſt thou goe'ſt to court a maid,
If thou'dſt ſucceed, implore God's aid,
And take his Spirit for thy guide,
Or thou'lt ne'er get a worthy bride.

2 A wife with modeſty endow'd
And grace, is the beſt gift of God,
A gift, that none ſhall e'er obtain,
But they that in his fear remain.

3 Then beg of God, this gift to have,
And his divine aſſiſtance crave:
So ſhalt thou meet with good ſucceſs,
And all will favour thy addreſs.

4 Yet, e'er thou weddeſt, as is fit,
Unto thy parent's will ſubmit,
Aſk their conſent upon the knee:
So ſhall thy nuptials happy be!

5 God

5 God unto them wou'd have thee bow,
Beg their advice, their pleaſure know,
E'er thou preſume'ſt a wife to take:
So no improper match they make.

6 Yet he'd not have them force thy mind
To marry, where thou'rt not inclin'd,
One, whom thy heart cou'd never love,
And ne'er cou'd thy affections move.

7 If full of Grace, if good in kind,
In body perfect, and in mind,
The maiden be——if bleſs'd with ſenſe,
With Virtue, Wiſdom, Competence,——
Follow where nature leads the way,
And the divine command obey.

8 Thy parents muſt the choice approve,
Or they'll reſiſt the Lord above,
And in thy boſom light a fire,
To tempt inordinate deſire.

9 Yet, if thou canſt, ne'er fret thy ſire,
But him, in all he ſhall require,
With filial duty ſeek to pleaſe,
And he'll thy wiſhes grant with eaſe.

10 A Proteſtant, of blameleſs life,
And truly pious, be thy wife:
Scarce e'er agreed the ſpouſe and dame,
Whoſe principles were not the ſame!

11 Seek thou a maid, of honeſt kin,
Oft conſtitution ſways to ſin,——
And, if God does not guard her well,
Young miſs will fall, where madam fell.

12 Clean, neat and lovely let her be,
From aukwardneſs and ſlutte'ry free:
Cold, taſteleſs, joyleſs, faint, the love,
(That's on a ſlattern plac'd) will prove.

13 Let her, whom thou'rt reſolv'd to court,
Be of good life and good report——

Her

Her temper mild——her words be few:
Worſe than a ſcorpion is a ſhrew!

14 Let her be knowing, virtuous, wiſe,
And thou'lt above thine equals riſe,
She'll fill thy houſe, thy fame advance,
And make thy heart with pleaſure dance.

15 Courteous and clever, let her be,
And full of grace and charity:
Spare is his board, and hard his bed,
Who to unthriftineſs is wed.

16 Let her be pleaſing to behold;
Neither too young, nor yet too old:
The old and cold will ſtarve thy love,
The young thy jealouſy may move.

17 Like Sarah let her pleaſe her ſpouſe,
And liké Rebecca rule her houſe,
Like Rachel let the maid be fair,
And wiſe, like her, who Lemu'el bare.

18 Meek, mild, and gentle, let her be,
For manners, tempe'rance, piety,
Remark'd——obliging, nurture'd well:
Three kingdoms wealth ſhe'll then excel.

19 Of worthleſs, vain, coquets beware,
And of the ſlawny trapes, take care,
Nor to the dow'r-proud flirt incline:
She'll prove a plague to thee and thine.

20 Shun one too fair, too warm, too free,
Or ſhe'll a boſom-ſerpent be:
For 'tis a chance that any find,
In a fame'd Toaſt, a modeſt mind.

21 Seek not the damſel to eſpouſe,
Though rich, that cannot rule her houſe:
Like ſmoke, miſts, floods, that fleet away,
Her wealth will leſſen ev'ry day.

22 Shou'd two be plac'd before thy eyes,
One, merely rich——the other, wiſe——

Let

Let thou the worthleſs fortune go,
And vig'rouſly the wiſe-one woo.

23 The wiſe-one will increaſe her ſtore,
And daily raiſe her friends to pow'r,
'Till when her hand no reſpite knows,
Her ſleepleſs eyes ſeek no repoſe.

24 The fool's the downfal of her race,
The wiſe-one e'en may cities raiſe,
The fool will make her huſband ſigh,
The wiſe will lift up her's on high.

25 The fool the ſtouteſt heart will vex,
And the moſt wealthy ſpouſe perplex;
She'll, to a little, much reduce,
'Till ſhe has ſhame'd her friends and houſe:

26 She's a dead weight, a boſom-pain,
A ceaſeleſs drop, a ſhameful ſtain,
A ſnake that ſtings, a yoke that galls:
Woe worth the Wight to whom ſhe falls!

27 May heave'n direct thee to the beſt,
And be thou in a Conſort bleſt,
With each good quality endow'd,
Belove'd by man, approve'd by God!.

The Praiſe and Commendation of a Good Woman.

1 AS a wiſe child excells the ſcept'red fool,
Who of conceit and ſelfiſhneſs is full—
As a good name exceeds the beſt perfume,
And richeſt Balms, that from the *Indies* come—

2 As Prudence and Diſcretion, wealth ſurpaſs,
As ſtrength and courage are outdone by grace,
As a good man is of more worth by far
Than riches: (tho' nought can with God compare!)

3 So much the wiſe and pious maid, poſſeſs'd
Of a bare competence, is more careſs'd

Than

Than the dull Ideot, born to an eſtate,
And lineally-deſcended from the Great.

4 A virtuous, cheerful, and obliging wife
Is better far, than all the pomp of life,
Better than houſes, tenements and lands,
Than pearls and precious ſtones, and golden ſands.

5 She is a ſhip with coſtly wares well-ſtow'd,
A pearl, with virtues infinite endow'd,
A gem, beyond all value and compare:
Happy the man, who has her to his ſhare!

6 She is a pillar, with rich gildings grace'd,
And on a pedeſtal of ſilver place'd,
She is a turret of defence, to ſave
A weak and ſickly huſband from the grave,
She is a gorgeous crown, a glorious prize,
And ev'ry grace, in her, concent'red lies!

Advice and Warning to the ADULTERER.

1 HEAR my advice, Adulterer obſcene!
And often in thy mind theſe precepts roll,
E'er thou doſt haſte with appetite unclean,
And headlong paſſion to deſtroy thy ſoul.

2 Think what a ſhameful bargain thou haſt made,
E'er thou thy precious ſoul away doſt throw:
Sum up the gains and loſſes of thy trade,
And ponder well, where thou at laſt muſt go.

3 Thou goeſt to a ſtew or brothel vile,
To pleaſe the body and the ſoul deceive,
To anger God, his temple to defile,
To part with Chriſt, and to the Devil cleave.

4 Thou goeſt, like a Fool, to ſell thy ſoul,
(Thy ſoul, for which thy Saviour deign'd to die!)
The grace of God, and all the joys above,
Only that thou may'ſt with a Strumpet lie.

5 O, Do

5 O, do not deal ſo hardly with thy ſoul,
Give it not to be tor'n by fiends in hell,
Only that thou in thoſe baſe joys may'ſt roll,
On which all carnal minds with tranſport dwell!

6 O, do not ſell the' ecſtatic joys above,
The' angelic converſe, and the realms of light,
The Godhead's favour, and thy Saviour's love,
For the looſe pleaſures of a guilty night.

7 Conſider, pauſe, thy roving hands reſtrain;
That contract is a contract full of woe;
Don't for a tranſient pleaſure, daſh'd with pain,
The realms above and all their bliſs forego.

8 Bite off thy tongue, pluck out thy wanton eyes,
Avert thy face, and offer nothing rude,
Take heed, leſt Satan conquer thee by lies—
And dare not do an act ſo vile and lewd.

9 Obſerve, how Satan leads thee by a thread
Into the ſtews, where ſin-ſtain'd harlots dwell,
(As to the ſlaughter-houſe an ox is led)
And plunges by that crime thy ſoul to hell.

10 Hear thou the' Apoſtles, and the Prophets hear,
Hear what in ſcripture 's ev'ry-where enjoin'd,
" Of this deteſtable offence beware, Eph.v.5,6;
" Leſt thou to hell's abyſs ſhou'dſt be conſign'd."

11 Wilt thou be torture'd in the' infernal flame?
Wilt thou in ever-burning ſulphur fry?
Only that thou may'ſt clothe thyſelf with ſhame,
And in the' embraces of a harlot lie?

12 Wilt thou remain in the drear gloom of hell?
Wilt thou be' impriſon'd in that dark abyſs?
Wilt thou with Satan's ſinful children dwell,
Only that thou ſome common punk may'ſt kiſs?

13 Wilt thou thy Saviour and the' angelic train
Give up, with all the raptu'rous bliſs above,
And nothing by the ſilly bargain gain,
But a vile Strumpet's proſtituted love?

14 For ſhame return, the low purſuit give o'er,
And home, with penitence, thyſelf betake;
Part not with heaven to obtain a whore:
Eſau wou'd not ſo bad a bargain make!

15 Be therefore well-adviſe'd, the Godhead fear,
Regard thy ſoul, as long as thou doſt live,
Of ſuch attachments cautiouſly beware,
Nor to a punk thy Saviour's members give.

16 But conſecrate thy body unto God;
For a pure body is the Godhead's fane,
Chriſt's member, and the Trinity's abode:
Preſume not thou that temple to prophane.

17 There's not a fouler fiend can haunt thy breaſt
Than vile adultery, and looſe deſire:
'Twas that, which did deſtroy both man and beaſt,
By water once, and will again by fire.

18 Adultery, that crime ſo baſe and vile,
Provokes our God, to pleaſe the fiend and fleſh,
The Spirit grieves, his temple does defile,
And crucifies the Lord of Life afreſh:

19 It damns the ſoul, whilſt it the body rots,
It ſoils the nuptial robe, and credit blaſts,
Poſterity with endleſs ſhame it blots,
The largeſt fortunes and eſtates it waſtes!

20 With baſe-born brats it does the land o'erwhelm,
(The wiſe have, oft before, obſerv'd the ſame)
With wrongful heirs it does oe'r-run the realm,
And crowds the church with women void of ſhame.

21 The pleaſures, the debauch'd and lewd enjoy,
To beggary and want directly lead,
And, like an overwhelming flame, deſtroy
The wealth of thoſe, that ſtain the marriage-bed.

22 Whatever ſin, beſides, the' offender does,
It ſlays but one tranſgreſſor at a time:
But fornication two at once undoes,
Whenever any do commit the crime.

23 Although

23 Although no other ſin can break the band
Of thoſe, that are by matrimony join'd;
Yet foul adulte'ry lets no marriage ſtand,
But by pollution does it's ties unbind.

24 Worſe than a thief, worſe than a murde'rer ſtill,
Worſe is the' adulterer, than all the reſt,
Who, by one act, two precious ſouls does kill,
Even his miſtreſs's, whom he careſs'd.

25 The hungry robber often ſteals thro' need,
Only a wretched being to ſupport:
But each adulte'rer does a needleſs deed,
And ſtudies to deſtroy his ſoul in ſport.

26 The Phariſees, who gave not their aſſent,
That they ſhou'd ſuffer for the' unſeemly fault,
Who did revile their elders, did conſent
To ſlay the woman in adulte'ry caught.

27 The law of God enjoin'd, in words expreſs, Lev.xx.
To ſtone the man and woman both, outright, 10.
Who ſhou'd this poſitive command tranſgreſs:
So hateful is adulte'ry in his ſight!

28 It is ſo hateful to the Pow'r divine
And all his angels, that he won't permit
The brethren with adulterers to dine, 1Cor.v.11.
And thoſe who ſuch impurities commit.

29 It is a crime ſo foul, ſo full of ſhame!
That holy writ will by no means allow
The Saints, ſo much as this vile ſin to name, Eph.v.3.
Much leſs that act of wickedneſs to do.

30 Our Saviour in the Goſpel bids us try
To curb the eye from ſo unchaſte a ſin:
For often, through the window of the eye,
The ſoul-corrupting miſchief enters in.

31 E'er thou ſhou'dſt luſt for ſome enchanting dame,
Pluck from it's ſocket thy laſcivious eye:
For he, that can't reſtrain his luſtful flame,
Shall in hell-fire to endleſs ages fry.

32 This vice, tho' yet 'tis but conceiv'd in thought,
Is in the ſight of God ſo very foul,
That though it ſhou'd not be to Practice brought,
The Theory indulge'd will damn the ſoul.

ADVICE to the DRUNKARD.

1 IF thou'rt a drunkard, fond of ale and wine;
And ſmokeſt vile mundungus without end,
Cry out with ſpeed, unto the' Pow'r divine,
To give thee grace, to conquer the foul fiend.

2 If thou haſt falle'n into Exceſs's well,
Quickly implore aſſiſtance from above:
For neither angel, man, or imp of hell,
Can thence, without it, the drench'd brute remove.

3 The drunken fiend will never quit his home,
(No more than Satan the dumb child of old)
'Till Chriſt ſhall with his holy Spirit come,
By faſts and pray'rs to force him from his hold.

4 Pray, that thou always mayeſt ſtrength obtain,
The monſtrous ſin of drunk'neſs to prevent;
From all exceſs, throughout thy life, refrain,
And never go, where drunken folks frequent.

5 From the ſot's pray'er no good can e'er enſue,
Unleſs he faſts, and guards againſt exceſs:
For praye'r and faſting only can ſubdue
The fiend, that takes delight in drunkenneſs.

6 Though thou ſhou'dſt pray againſt that odious ſin,
If thou doſt not the dire temptation ſhun;
Thy praye'r to thee will not be worth a pin,
Becauſe thou didſt not from the tavern run.

7 The teeth of drunkenneſs ne'er loſe their hold,
But, like a lion's, ſtrongly ſeize their prey,
'Till Chriſt ſhall come, that Lion truly bold!
To bruiſe his head, and ſnatch thy ſoul away.

8 The

8 The horſe, that in a boggy ſlough has ſunk,
Without much help, can never leave the pit:
So neither can the man, that's ever drunk,
Without Chriſt's aid, his ſwiniſh habit quit.

9 Compel not any one to drink too-much,
But let each drink, according to his mind:
If ſome drink deep, do thou not herd with ſuch,
Nor ever drink more than thou art inclin'd.

10 Reſpect thy betters, when they are in place,
But ſtill reſpect thyſelf, by drinking nought:
If thou by bumpers think'ſt to do them grace,
By gracing them, thou'lt to diſgrace be brought.

11 'Tis a ſad health, a health replete with ill,
To drink what neither gives thee health, nor joy:
I ne'er ſhall pledge the health (come, what come will)
That ſhall in any ſhape my own deſtroy.

12 Some ſneer at me, becauſe I ſober keep,
And ſeldom ſeem to ſmile at any one;
Whilſt many' a briny tear I kindly weep,
To ſee them all by ſottiſhneſs undone.

13 The ſot, that ſneer'd not many ſeaſons ſince,
Becauſe my money in my purſe I kept,
Has ſince (becauſe I wou'd not lend my pence)
Full many' a tear in ſullen ſilence wept.

14 For Jeſus' ſake from drunkenneſs defend
Thyſelf, it is the very worſt of crimes,
It turns a man into a perfect fiend,
Worſe than the brutes themſelves a hundred times.

15 Flee from the tavern, from exceſs refrain,
Seek not the champion, Liquor, to ſubdue,
For none e'er cou'd, o'er it, a conqueſt gain,
But they that timely from it's ſtrength with-drew.

16 The famous Alexander erſt ſubdue'd,
Where-e'er he march'd, the countries all around;
But Liquor with ſuperior might endue'd,
O'ercame with eaſe that conqueror renown'd.

17 'Tis better run away, than brave the field——
'Tis better flee, than fight a rabble rout——
'Tis better far, than ſtrive with drink, to yield;
Or thou'lt be foil'd, if thou wilt ſee it out.

18 An hundred times thou did'ſt thy valour try,
But ev'ry trial was as oft in vain:
And if thou doſt not from the victor fly,
Thou certainly ſhalt catch a fall again.

19 Many, o'er liquor, wou'd a conqueſt boaſt,
And vaunt that they can full as firmly tread;
Yet all, that ever try'd, the vict'ry loſt,
But they, that early from the conflict fled.

20 Approach the fire, thy ſhins its heat ſhall feel——
Approach thou pitch, it will thy garments ſtain——
Approach a ſerpent, it will ſting thy heel——
Approach ſtrong liquor, it will turn thy brain.

21 Flee from a ſerpent, leſt it ſting thy heel——
Flee from the plague, leſt it ſtrike thee dead——
Flee from the fire, leſt thou it's force ſhou'dſt feel—
Flee from ſtrong liquor, leſt it turn thy head.

22 Of all the ſlaves, wherewith this world is ſtor'd,
The worſt is he, who is his belly's ſlave:
For, whilſt he lives, he'll ſeek no other Lord,
Oe'r him ſupreme authority to have.

23 The drunkard to the tavern goes, poſſeſs'd
Of ſenſe, of ſtrength, and all his pow'rs of mind:
He enters in a man, goes out a beaſt,
Spues like a dog, and grunts like any fiend.

24 The drunkard, God and all his gifts will leave,
With his poſſeſſions he'll play faſt and looſe,
To the firſt harlot he can find, he'll cleave,
His memo'ry, money; nay, himſelf, he'll loſe.

25 None ſcarce got drunk but vagabonds of yore,
And the moſt vile among the canting ſort:
But there's no room now vacant for the poor;
So thick their Betters to the inns reſort!

26 'Tis

26 'Tis bad to ſee a judge diſguis'd with beer,
Or find a juſtice ſprawling in the ſtreet——
Tis bad, to ſee a reeling, ſtamme'ring peer——
But 'tis far worſe, a drunken prieſt to meet.

27 'Twere a good law, all drunkards to aſſign,
Like tender infants, to a guardian's care:
Since they, no more than infants, when in wine,
Can rule themſelves, or mind the leaſt affair.

28 The ſot, no reaſon has, himſelf to guide,
Nor is of inſtinct, for his uſe, poſſeſs'd:
For want of either, o'er him to preſide,
He's much worſe off than any other beaſt:

29 He is, alas! ſo very great a fool,
He can't direct himſelf with any ſkill,
Nor ſuffer others his concerns to rule;
Though he himſelf directs them e'er ſo ill.

30 Woe be to him that riſes with the light
To drink, and ſtill carouſes on, untire'd,
Continuing his jollity, 'till night,
And 'till he's by the long potation fire'd.

31 The flaming pit and Satan open wide
Their jaws, to ſwallow up all drunken men,
E'er they can lay their beſtial load aſide—
Or can find time to ſoberize agen.

32 Woe be thoſe, that in their drink are ſtrong,
And able to contain the greateſt load!
Nor roots, nor branches ſhall be left them long,
But they ſhall wholly be deſtroy'd by God.

33 Woe be to him, who, only to diſcloſe
His neighbour's weakneſs, puts about the bowl!
The Lord, incens'd, will rank him with his foes,
Becauſe he tries to ſlay his neighbour's ſoul.

34 From drunkenneſs retire betimes away,
Or thou'lt be bury'd in it's nauſeous ſlough:
When on a quickſand thou doſt uſe delay,
Thou'rt ſwallow'd up, whilſt thou'rt about to go.

35 All other ſinners ſtrive their faults to hide,
Beſides the leaden-headed ſot alone:
But he muſt fooliſhly diſplay full wide
Each odious ſin and crime that he has done.

36 Adam endeavour'd wiſely to conceal,
With fig-tree leaves his error and diſgrace,
But Noah, in his liquor, did reveal
What Nature hid, before his children's face.

37 Our Saviour tells all Chriſtians to beware,
Leſt they with ſots and Epicures ſhou'd eat,
And bids them ſhun them with an equal care,
As they wou'd from the plague itſelf retreat.

38 As ſmoke will make the' half-ſtifled bees depart,
However loath, from their beloved hive:
So drunkenneſs will from the human heart,
Each grace divine, and ev'ry virtue drive.

39 The king of Babylon, as Daniel ſays,
Was to a beaſt transform'd for ſeven years:
But, longer far than that, the drunkard ſtays
Diſguis'd, and all his life a hog appears.

40 The drunkard's wages are—a ſhort'ned life——
An empty lodging——an uneaſy bed——
A ſtomach foul——companions fond of ſtrife——
A tatter'd doublet——and an aching head——

41 His ſire's inheritance, the ſwiniſh ſot
Sells, even all he has, as cheap as dirt:
His Stock and Crop muſt alſo go to pot:
Nay, to buy liquor, he will ſell his ſhirt.

42 Bacchus is ſtill the drunkard's real god;
His church—a tavern, or a naſty inn;
His landlady—the prieſteſs of the' abode;
His pot and pipe—his very next of kin.

43 Be ſober, whilſt thou art as yet but young,
Let not thy belly ever rob thy back,
Let not thy waſteful youth thy old age wrong,
And make thee common neceſſaries lack.

44 The law of God will have him ſtone'd outright,
Who ſpends in criminal exceſs his time, *Deut.*xxi.
That the fell vice may be unrooted quite,
And others be deterr'd from ſuch a crime.

45 Chriſt unawares will to the drunkard come,
To puniſh him for his unſeemly crime,
And him to hell's infernal dungeon doom,
To gnaſh his teeth beyond the end of time.

46 May God then give to ev'ry Chriſtian grace,
To drink no more than nature does ſuffice——
Leſt he himſelf ſhou'd through exceſs debaſe,
And damn both ſoul and body by this vice.

A SONG concerning the Devil and the Drunkard.

1 FRom the fraudulent fiend, that ſtill without end
Moſt mortals trepans and beguiles,
Who wou'd hook us all in, to do ev'ry ſin——
God ſhield us, I pray, from his wiles!

2 As our ſhadows appear, when the weather is clear,
And follow where-ever we go:
Like a thief, ſo he ſteals, hanging cloſe at our heels,
And trying to bring us to woe.

3 May God keep us all, from Satan's ſad thrall,
(I pray from the depth of my ſoul!)
And Chriſtians ſecure, from vices impure,
And hell and the tempter controul.

4 Intempe'rance in drink, is the chief, as I think,
Of his wiles:——for it is from this vice,
Theft, gluttony, ſtrife, and uncleanneſs of life,
With ſwearing and curſing, take riſe.

5 Where ſots moſt abound, his trumpet he'll ſound—
"Come hither, my lads, to your beer,
We'll drink and we'll whore, throw the houſe out of door,
And I my own ſelf will be there."

6 Like

6 Like a ſoldier, each ſot, ſoon repairs to the ſpot,
Where by Satan he's ſummon'd to meet,
And ſwills off his bowl, not minding his ſoul,
Whilſt the poor are diſtreſs'd in each ſtreet.

7 Quite cool they begin, as the morn comes cool in,
'Till the ſun at mid-day gives it's heat:
There's a fluſh in each cheek, and they liſp as they ſpeak,
They faulter and fail in their feet.

8 When they've drank each his quart, and are ready to part,
" Come, landlady, fetch us ſome more,
He cries, " Fill each pot, with the beſt thou haſt got,
" We were not half jovial before.

9 " Come, bring us, with ſpeed, a pound of the weed
" From India brought over the main,
" With pipes long and white, a hot poker, or light;
" Nor let them be call'd for again.

10 " A raſher next bring, ſalt herring, or ling,
" 'Twill give to our liquor a taſte:
" Let's drink then away, 'till we're jolly and gay,
" And the barrel has run out it's laſt!"

11 The noiſe now grows great, and each flincher is beat
That won't puſh the fuddle about.
" Come, lads! let us drink, (he ſtill roars) and ne'er think,
" But ſee all our liquor quite out."

12 Some ſpue it again——ſome keep it with pain,
Whilſt others juſt ſip, and no more:
Some, Engliſh----ſome, Welſh----ſome, their French out will belch,
Whilſt others in Erſe loudly roar.

13 Some ſwagger and ſwear, like madmen ſome tear,
Whilſt the fiend ſpurs them on with a ſneer——
" Have at him, my boy!---thy good weapon employ,
" For who would ſuch injuries bear?"

14 They're beat black and blue, perhaps murders enſue,
Unhappy's the place where he goes,
The quarrelſome fiend, and the traite'rous friend,
The monſter, that cauſes our woes!

15 There's

15 There's none without fault. All with errors are fraught.
The beſt is not free from his vice:
But all are inclin'd unto ſins of ſome kind,
And follow the' old Fox's advice.

16 O God, our beſt friend, give us grace to amend,
And keep Adam's ſons from backſliding!
Forgive us each ſin, and lead us all in
To the kingdom, where thou art reſiding.

ADVICE, concerning the Government of our THOUGHTS.

1 THE mind of ev'ry man, alas!
Is naturally vile and baſe,
And thinks on nought, but what is bad,
'Till it the ſecond birth has had.

2 There's no one can command his mind
To good, however well inclin'd,
'Till God has give'n him grace and light,
To guide his mental pow'rs aright.

3 Pray therefore hard, that He wou'd deign
To change thy purpoſes again,
And all thy reſolutions quite,
'Till they be fix'd upon the right.

4 So God his Spirit ſhall impart,
To turn the' intentions of thy heart,
And all the counſels of thy breaſt,
That thou may'ſt think on what is beſt.

5 Permit no ill to harbour there,
Leſt it ſhou'd with it ruin bear:
For evil Thoughts ſtill go before,
To tell that Satan's at the door.

6 Place thou thy thoughts, and fix thy love,
Upon the things that are above,
(Where thy dear Saviour's even now!)
And not upon the traſh below.

7 Let

7 Let themes celeſtial crowd thy mind,
Nought earthly there a place ſhou'd find:
Think on the place where thou muſt dwell
Forever—think on heave'n, and hell!

8 Reflect, what Chriſt above the ſkies
Has bought for thee, his Blood, the price!
"A crown of joy, the peace of God,
"An endleſs life, a bleſt abode!"

9 Reflect, that thou art ev'ry hour
In ſight of the Almighty Pow'r,
Who thy whole conduct can eſpy
With the bare glancing of his Eye.

10 Reflect, that thy blood-thirſty foe,
Roams, like a lion, to and fro,
And prowls around thee ev'ry hour,
Thy ſoul and body to devour.

11 Submit each thought, each work, each word,
To the direction of the Lord,
Leſt either ſhou'd thy ſoul oppreſs,
And on the day of doom diſtreſs.

12 O, think how thy dread Judge ſhall come
Upon the clouds, to ſeal thy doom!
Prepare to meet him then, above,
As a young bride to meet her love.

13 Remember thou, that ev'ry thought
Muſt on that aweful day be brought
To ſtrict account, before the Lord,
As well as ev'ry work and word.

14 Reflect, that each of us muſt go
In turn, to his clay-cell below,
Of one coarſe ſhrowd alone poſſeſs'd,
Though here with ample fortunes bleſs'd.

15 Reflect, that death, with matchleſs force,
Rides, Jehu-like, on his pale horſe:
Nor old, nor young, can 'ſcape his dart,
Which rives impartially each heart.

16 Reflect,

16 Reflect, how, like a thief, death treads,
And hovers daily o'er our heads:
No trump proclaims him on the way,
'Till unawares he gripes his prey.

17 Reflect, that life is like a dream,
Or like a bubble on the ſtream,
Or glaſs, or china, by one ſtroke,
Too eaſily in pieces broke!

18 Think, how it ſwiftly paſſes by,
As ſhips, thro' the' yielding billows, fly!
O think, how oft man's time is done,
Before he dream'd one half was gone!

19 Think, how this world lets all men go
Quite naked to the grave below,
And underneath their feet breaks ſhort,
Like ice, when moſt they want ſupport!

20 Reflect, that ne'er ſo great a ſum,
Nor houſe nor lands, ſhall ever come
For any man's offence to pay,
Upon the Lord's tremendous day!

21 Think, when death comes, that we muſt quit
This world, and all that is in it;
And be to Chriſt's tribunal brought,
To anſwer there for ev'ry fault!

22 Think, how the riches thou hadſt here,
And ev'ry office thou didſt bear,
Shall quickly new poſſeſſors have,
E'er thou'rt ſcarce ſtiff'ned in thy grave!

23 O think, how ſin, on that dread day,
Will on thy wounded conſcience prey,
When all thy foul tranſgreſſions paſt
Shall in thy teeth be fully caſt!

24 Think, how thou ſhalt be force'd to give
A ſtrict account, how thou didſt live,
And anſwer make before the Lord
For ev'ry idle work and word!

25 Think,

25 Think, how the mighty then ſhall fear,
(Who ne'er did God or man revere)
And beg the Rocks, with piteous cry,
To fall upon them from on high.

26 Think, how the righteous ſhall enjoy
Eternal bliſs! their ſole employ,
Their great Creator's praiſe to tell;
Whilſt all the wicked broil in hell!

27 Think, how the wicked toſs and turn,
As in infernal flames they burn,
And as the buſy worms, each hour,
With fateleſs teeth their fleſh devour!

28 O think on this! and thou'lt deſpiſe
The world, and all it's vanities,
And on God's word, thro' faith, depend,
With that bleſt world, that ne'er ſhall end.

29 The mind of man ſtill runs upon,
The good or evil it has done:
And if it be not fed with good,
'Twill cram itſelf on filthy food!

30 Like mill-ſtones, is the human mind,
It will itſelf to powder grind,
Unleſs, as griſt, ſome virtue's thrown
To it, to ſpend itſelf upon.

31 The taſk aſſign'd to thee, perform,
When God gave thee a human form,
And ſerve him, whereſoe'er thou art,
Whilſt yet there's time, with all thy heart!

32 O think, that e'en a ſingle day,
Whereon thou didſt the Lord obey,
Is better than an age at laſt,
In any other ſervice paſt!

33 O think, e'er thou doſt ſin commit,
How thou muſt anſwer ſoon for it,
And if thou, on that aweful day,
Canſt run from endleſs death away!

34 Habi-

34 Habituate thy mind to good,
Nor let it feed on chaffy food,
It eaſily may be reſtrain'd,
If it betimes be tightly rein'd.

35 'Tis eaſy to put out a fire,
E'er to the roof it's flames aſpire:
As eaſy 'tis bad thoughts to quell,
If you will them in time repel.

36 Then baniſh ev'ry evil thought
At firſt, e'er it becomes a fault;
Leſt Satan, full of craft and fraud,
Bad thoughts ſhou'd turn to deeds as bad.

37 Whilſt young, the brood of Babel quell,
Tread on the ſerpent in the ſhell.
Cut out the cancer, e'er it ſpread,
Quaſh bad thoughts, e'er they run a-head.

38 Let but one ſpark thy thatch attain,
The flames will o'er thy houſe ſoon reign:
Let one bad thought poſſeſs thy ſoul,
'Twill ſoon corrupt, and ſpoil the whole.

39 Let no bad thought lodge in thy breaſt,
As ſoon therein let Satan reſt:
For, if thou giv'ſt it lodging there,
The foot-man ſhews his lord is near.

40 To keep God's law, uſe all thy wit,
And live ſincerely up to it;
Ne'er from thy mind his favours caſt,
But bleſs him for whate'er thou haſt.

41 No wicked ſtratagem employ,
Thy fellow-creature to deſtroy;
Murder is ſuch a bloody deed,
Of it, throughout thy life, take heed.

42 Do not thy neighbour's wife deſire,
Nor at her ſparkling eyes take fire:
Let not thy mind upon her run,
The thought is ſin—the danger ſhun!

43 Let

43 Let not a thought thy mind poſſeſs,
How thou the orphan may'ſt oppreſs:
Before the' Almighty ſuch a thought
Is a foul wrong, and grievous fault.

44 Nor houſe, nor lands, nor gold, nor gain,
Attempt by cheating to obtain:
Such covetous deſires are quite
A fraud in the Almighty's ſight.

45 Confine thy thoughts, nor let them go,
In ſearch of trifles, to and fro,
Or ought that muſt to reck'ning come,
On the tremendous day of doom.

46 From evil thoughts thy mind command,
As thou wou'dſt keep from theft thy hand:
For ev'ry wicked work and thought,
+ Muſt to a ſtrict account be brought!

ADVICE, how to govern our Thoughts, according to God's will.

1 LET all thy words a Chriſtian import bear,
Let them, with grace, at all times ſeaſon'd be,
That they may knowledge give to all that hear,
And edify their ſouls in ſome degree.

2 Both life and death upon thy lips are hung;
Guard thou them well from ſlanders vile and foul:
Let no ſuch language e'er defile thy tongue;
Keep well thy lips, and thou ſhalt keep thy ſoul.

3 In thy expreſſions, imitate the Lord,
And ſpeak, as he was always wont, the truth:
For no deceit, or no unſeemly word,
Proceeded ever from his hallow'd mouth.

4 Be ſlow to ſpeak, but always ſwift to hear,
Thy ears are twain, but ſingle is thy tongue:
Loquaciouſneſs does nought but error bear:
But none were hurt by being ſilent long.

5 Before

+ I think this a valuable Poem and inwardly instructive, in a very extensive Manner. J C

5 Before thou ſpeakeſt, think a little ſpace—
Think what the Lord himſelf wou'd have thee ſay,
Then utter freely what is fraught with grace,
And tends to make, e'en Pagans, Chriſt obey.

6 Let no foul language from thy heart ariſe,
No fooliſh jeſts, no drollery obſcene,
No taunts, no vaunts, no menaces, no lies:
Let decency in all thy ſpeech be ſeen.

7 From ſlander, and from calumny refrain;
So ſhalt thou ſave thy precious ſoul alive:
But if thou doſt not thy looſe tongue reſtrain,
Thou ſhalt correction for thy words receive.

8 Uſe thou the language of the holy land,
Of God, and of his Word, oft mention make:
For by thy language men will underſtand
From what rich mine thou didſt thy treaſure take.

9 Let not tremendous oaths thy mouth defile,
Nor by the fleſh and blood of Jeſus ſwear;
Thou trampleſt on thy Saviour's gore, the while
Thou doſt proceed in ſuch a vile career.

10 Ne'er of the Goſpel any mention make,
Without due fear, reſpect, and rev'rence meet:
Whoe'er in vain God's holy name does take,
Shall be found guilty at his judgement ſeat.

11 Never ſpeak more than what is requiſite;
But when thou ſpeakeſt, ſpeak not what is wrong:
For if thou doſt not ſpeak the thing that's right,
'Tis better far that thou ſhou'dſt hold thy tongue.

12 Take heed thou art not of a double tongue;
For God abhors all thoſe, that falſehoods tell:
Lies from the father of all fiction ſprung,
And ev'ry liar is the child of hell.

13 The truth with all thy faculties maintain;
God, and good men do in the truth delight:
But liars never ſhall belief obtain,
Although they ſwear, and chance to ſwear aright.

14 Ne'er let it be thy cuſtom to traduce
Thy abſent neighbour with an evil word:
For ſlande'rous accuſations and abuſe,
Cut deep—nay, deeper than a two-edge'd ſword.

15 Bear not a tongue, that's bitter and perverſe,
'Tis worſe than ſhafts ſhot from a giant's bow,
Than poiſon from an adder's tongue 'tis worſe,
Worſe than the flames that in hell's dungeon glow.

16 If thou'dſt be happy, mind this uſeful rule,
" Call not another by opprobrious names:"
For he, that calls his fellow-creature, fool,
Deſerves to feel Gehenna's fierceſt flames.

17 Utter not thou, as much as thou doſt hear,
And ne'er, as much as thou doſt know, reveal,
But when thou'rt call'd to ſpeak the truth, be clear;
Oft, 'till thou'rt call'd, 'tis beſt the truth conceal.

18 Be cautious ever, whom thou doſt commend,
Be courteous, when thou wou'dſt thy manners ſhow,
Be mild, whene'er thou doſt reprove thy friend,
Be libe'ral, when thou doſt thine alms beſtow.

A Prayer, concerning the Government of our Words and Lips, &c.

1 OPEN my ſilent lips, O Lord! full wide,
To chant the goodneſs of my gracious God;
My loit'ring tongue unto thy praiſes guide,
That I may boldly publiſh them abroad.

2 With thy encomiums fill my mouth, O God!
That I thy name with all my might may bleſs,
And 'mongſt the countleſs multitude applaud
The Sire of mercies for each good ſucceſs.

3 Frame thou my words aright, my tongue reſtrain,
Direct thou all the' ideas of my heart,
Cloſe thou my lips, and open them again,
That I may nought beſide thy will impart.

4 Guard

4 Guard thou the portals of my mouth, O Lord!
That I may no indecent language uſe,
No bounce, no boaſt, nor any ſilly word,
No falſe report, nor any foul abuſe.

5 Let ev'ry meditation of my ſoul,
Let ev'ry deed, be innocent and right,
Let ev'ry word be harmleſs, on the whole,
O Lord! and truly-pleaſing in thy ſight!

ADVICE, to have One's Converſation and Demeanour always according to the Rules of the Goſpel.

1 BE thy demeanour of the Chriſtian ſort,
Be it obliging, affable, and right,
In ev'ry place to which thou may'ſt reſort,
As is becoming in a child of light.

2 Be, like a ſtar, that blazes forth by night,
Be, like a candle, that illumes the room,
Be, an example of the Chriſtian light
To all, that to thy company ſhall come.

3 Be holy, in whate'er does God regard,
Be juſt, nor to thy neighbour uſe deceit,
Be ſober, and thyſelf with prudence guard,
For theſe three points are of the greateſt weight.

4 Be thou, as harmleſs as the gentle dove,
Be, as the ſerpent vigilant and wiſe,
As patient as a lamb, in ſuffe'ring, prove,
And God will ſuch a good behaviour prize.

5 Like Daniel with due moderation eat,
And keep the fleſh, by temp'rate diet, low,
Beware of wine, and of high-ſeaſon'd meat,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt wanton and rebellious grow.

6 Be chaſte, be clear from ev'ry act unclean,
Like Joſeph's, faultleſs let thy conduct be,
Where-e'er thou art, thou ſtill by God art ſeen:
Be therefore pure, and from pollution free.

7 In all thy dealings be exactly fair,
And in thy bargains use no fraud nor art;
For God determines, with the nicest care,
Between the guilty and the guiltless heart.

8 Let thy religion, and thy faith be right,
And fear the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart:
Do nothing that is evil in his sight;
For he beholds thee, wheresoe'er thou art.

9 Unto thy Pastors due attention give,
And strive thy Rulers in all things to please,
In love and friendship with thy neighbours live,
And with all Christians in the bond of peace.

10 In thy expressions always kind appear,
Be, pertinently just, when thou dost speak,
Be, to thy promise, steady and sincere,
Be, in thy actions, and demeanour, meek.

11 In ev'ry company with prudence move,
Amongst the worst, be thou a Saint in grace,
And howe'er bad the multitude may prove,
Be good, like Noah, 'mongst the giant-race.

12 Salute each person with a cheerful air,
With courtesy to thy superiors bow,
Authority, and hoary age revere,
And due submission to thy betters show.

13 Be calm, and contumely suffer long,
And never give, to wrath and passion, way,
But bear, e'er thou art move'd to anger, wrong:
For he that bears, will ever win the day.

14 Submit to those that are in higher place,
For God is known the haughty to detest;
But freely to the humble gives his grace,
And those that are of lowly minds possest.

15 Boast not of any virtue thou hast got,
Of wealth, or honours, that to thee may fall,
But be extremely thankful for thy lot,
Lest God enrage'd shou'd rob thee of them all.

16 Be

16 Be in thy cloathing, always neat enough,
And dreſs'd, according to thy calling, go:
Cut out thy coat according to thy ſtuff;
And neither be a ſloven, nor a beau.

17 Tranſgreſs not thou, thy company to pleaſe.
Death is the ſentence that on ſin is paſt.
As often as thou doſt thy ſins increaſe,
So many deaths thou doſt deſerve to taſte.

18 E'er ſince the day tranſgreſſion firſt began,
Death and tranſgreſſion have been firm allies:
So that whoever dares tranſgreſs, that man
Muſt fall to Death a certain ſacrifice.

19 In thy expreſſions never be obſcene,
Nor in the cloſeſt ſolitude unchaſte;
But be thy conduct in each lonely ſcene
The ſame, as if thou on the ‡ croſs wert place'd.

20 Shou'd angel, man, or fiend, deſire of thee
To ſin againſt thy God, when moſt apart,
Remember thou, his *Seven Eyes* can ſee, Zach.iv.10.
And find thee out, however cloſe thou art.

21 Though man, near-ſighted reptile! cannot ſpy
A thouſand acts that are in private done;
God ſees them with his all-ſurveying eye,
Though man imagines that he ſees not one.

22 If thou doſt think thy vices to conceal,
God will the whole of thy deſign declare,
And to the world, before the ſun, reveal
How bad thy thoughts and ſecret actions are!

23 Avoid converſing with the lewd and vile,
To ev'ry Chriſtian virtue dead and gone;
For they'll thy morals ſully and defile,
As pitch will ſoil the clothes it drops upon.

24 As the freſh water, by the ſalt, is ſpoil'd,
Soon as the river runs into the main:
So the beſt morals always are defile'd
By vicious converſe, and imbibe a ſtain.

‡ Market-croſs.

25 Beware

25 Beware the ſerpent's ſting, or thou ſhalt ſmart,
And from the plague, leſt it ſhou'd ſeize thee, run,
And, if ſalvation thou haſt much at heart,
With equal care bad converſation ſhun.

26 Love thou each godly perſon as thy eyes——
Keep correſpondence with the juſt and good——
Follow the' examples of the learn'd and wiſe—
But utterly abhor and ſhun the lewd.

ADVICE concerning Eating and Drinking.

1 SEE, that thou ſitteſt not to eat,
Before thou firſt haſt bleſs'd thy meat!
Nor riſe from thence, 'till thou haſt given
Due thanks unto the Lord of heaven!

2 Chriſt never touch'd e'en barley-bread,
(Much leſs when He on better fed)
'Till he had firſt his victuals bleſs'd,
And for the ſame his thanks expreſs'd.

3 For who wou'd eat the food, that's curſt
Since Adam's fall, e'er he had firſt
(By calling on God's holy name,
And prayer) ſanctify'd the ſame?

4 'Tis terrible, and ſad to ſee,
(And rude unto the laſt degree,
And full as impious as 'tis rude)
Men ruſh, like brutes, unto their food!

5 But 'tis as ſad, when they are fed,
To ſee them riſe from meat, to bed,
Like hogs, that from their draff retire,
To grunt and wallow in the mire.

6 No grace before their meat they ſay,
Nor for a bleſſing on it pray,
Nor when they breakfaſt, ſup, or dine,
More thanks return than fatted ſwine.

7 Although

7 Although it be the Lord's requeſt,
When they their hunger have repreſt,
That they to God due thanks ſhou'd give,
Who fills with food all things that live.

8 Take heed, leſt thou ſhou'dſt eat too much,
I wou'd not have thee dainties touch;
For dainties, eaten to exceſs,
Will make the carnal part tranſgreſs.

9 If thou the fleſh, beyond it's need,
Indulgeſt, thou a foe doſt feed
Moſt fatal:——If thou giv'ſt it leſs,
Thou doſt a truſty friend oppreſs.

10 Drink not too much, if thou art wiſe,
A little, nature does ſuffice:
Strong drink has oft been ſtronger found
Than thoſe, that were for ſtrength renown'd.

11 'Twas wine, made Noah ſhew his ſhame,
'Twas wine, did Lot with luſt inflame,
'Twas wine, ſo many did undo,
'Twas wine, did Philip's ſon ſubdue.

12 Of luxury and ſloth beware——
Let not thy table be thy ſnare——
Leſt Satan make thee go aſtray,
When full, and againſt God inveigh.

13 The lark, whilſt at her meal, ſtill plies
With ceaſeleſs diligence both eyes——
One looks about for food, they ſay,
The other marks the birds of prey.

14 So uſe thou, night and day, thy eyes;
Leſt Satan's wiles thy ſoul ſurprize——
Who, whenſoever thou doſt eat,
Wou'd fain enſnare thee by thy meat.

15 When-e'er the growſe-cock feeds, for fear,
He turns his eyes ſtill here and there;
Leſt, whilſt he heedleſs fed at eaſe,
The falcon ſhou'd his body ſeize.

16 So, whilſt at meat, let both thy eyes
Be vigilant againſt ſurprize——
Let one, thy Maker's works regard,
T'other, againſt the fiend keep ward.

17 Eat thou no kind of meat at all,
Shall make thy fellow Chriſtian fall:
The ſcripture plainly does declare
Thou no man ſhalt by meat enſnare.

18 Chuſe not alone to eat thy fare,
But give the poor and ſick a ſhare:
Call him that's weak to taſte thy feaſt,
And let the foodleſs be thy gueſt.

19 Old Tobit never dine'd, before
He call'd about him all the poor,
Nor touch'd a bit of the repaſt,
'Till he had given them a taſte.

20 Job, never thought his morſel ſweet,
Unleſs the poor with him did eat,
Nor ever felt true joy at heart,
'Till he had given them a part.

21 Like him, thy gueſts, the needy make,
And let them of thy meal partake,
So ſhalt thou likewiſe, as his gueſt,
Partake of Chriſt's celeſtial feaſt.

22 Repine not, but well-pleas'd receive,
Whate'er the' Almighty deigns to give:
The Patriarchs oft contented were
With bread and water for their fare.

23 Beans, and a common ſort of Peaſe,
Of old did holy Daniel pleaſe;
The prophets' ſons were likewiſe fed
On homely fare, and barley bread.

24 Why then ſhou'd we not be content
With whatſoe'er our God has ſent,
So it ſuffices to aſſuage
(Be' it more or leſs) keen hunger's rage?

25 Our bleſſed Saviour was content
To feaſt with Abra'ham, near his tent,
On common fare, though plain and good,
And never aſk'd for dainty food.

26 But Now ſcarce one is ſatisfy'd
To have his table well ſupply'd,
Unleſs on ſeve'ral cates he dines,
With paſtry, and luxurious wines.

27 They muſt have ſauce with fiſh and fowl,
As capers, ſamphire, rocombole,
E'er they can make a meal of meat:
Their luxury and pride's ſo great!

28 For uſeleſs ſauces now coſt more,
Than joints entire did heretofore
Of that ſubſtantial, wholeſome meat,
Our good forefathers uſe'd to eat.

29 The ſon of Philip, term'd the Great,
No ſauce did with his victuals eat,
But what he in his ſtomach brought,
When he had ſtoutly march'd, or fought.

30 The elder Cyrus often took
His luncheon, near ſome purling brook,
Whence he might water freely take,
And all his hoſt their thirſt might ſlake.

31 But now whene'er they ſup or dine,
Our ſqueamiſh moderns muſt have wine.
Claret, perhaps a pint, or ſo,
E'er, down their throats, a bit can go.

32 God, give proviſion to the poor——
God, make them bounteous, who have ſtore,
God, pardon us, when we've trangreſs'd,
God, for our food be always bleſs'd!

GRACE before MEAT.

1 THou, by whom erſt five thouſand folks were fed
With two ſmall fiſhes and five loaves of bread,
Fill us, thy humble ſervants, with ſuch food,
As ſhall to thy wiſe providence ſeem good!

2 Bleſs thou beſides the liquor and the meat,
Which thou haſt given us to drink and eat,
As thou didſt bleſs the paſchal lamb of yore,
And the two fiſhes, by thy wond'rous pow'r;

3 And give them ſtrength our beings to preſerve,
That we thy Godhead may adore and ſerve——
Such ſtrength, as of thy ſpecial favour, Lord!
Thou erſt didſt to Elijah's cake afford.

4 And cauſe them to refreſh this mortal frame,
To hearten, and to ſatisfy the ſame
With nouriſhment as good, as that low fare
Which thou for Daniel didſt of old prepare.

5 Permit us not, however rare or nice,
To take a morſel more than will ſuffice——
But juſt as much as may ſupport this frame,
And make us fit to glorify thy name.

6 But cauſe us to reſound thy praiſes ſtill,
Who with thy goodneſs doſt our bellies fill——
And make us own, that 'tis the God of might,
Who feeds us ev'ry morning, noon, and night!

GRACE after MEAT.

1 THOU, that feedeſt ev'ry creature,
Whether tame, or wild by nature,
Receive our prayers, who humbly own
The plenteous goodneſs thou haſt ſhown!

2 'Twas thou, O Lord!—that fed'ſt us all,
E'er ſince our birth, both great and ſmall;
For which vaſt bounty to us ſhown,
We gratefully the favour own!

3 To quench our thirſt, no fountains flow———
No bread we have—no ſtrength to go———
No light to ſee—no pow'r to riſe———
But what thy bounty, Lord! ſupplies.

4 Therefore to thee, for food and health———
To thee, for plenty, peace, and wealth———
To thee, for bliſs and joys in ſtore———
To thee, be praiſe for ever more!

Another GRACE before MEAT.

1 THE eyes of ev'ry creature here below
Are fix'd on thee, whence all their bleſſings flow,
And earneſtly expect, O Lord! their food
From thee, the Donor of each gift that's good.

2 Thy libe'ral hand for their relief is ſpre'd
Full wide, and ev'ry living thing is fed
With food, that ſuits their ſeveral natures here,
Throughout the various ſeaſons of the year.

3 Then ſanctify, O Lord! thy ſervants meat,
And ev'ry meſs, and morſel, that we eat!
O ſanctify at ev'ry meal the fare,
Which Thou alone doſt for our uſe prepare!

4 And give us grace that we our notes may raiſe,
In ceaſeleſs hymns to chant thy deathleſs praiſe,
For all thy goodneſs and endearing care,
In giving us each day ſuch plenteous fare!

Another, before MEAT.

1 BLeſs thou the victuals which now deck this board,
Impart ſuch nutriment to them, O Lord!
That they our bodies may invigo'rate ſo,
That we may ſerve thee, as we ought to do.

2 Though many of our meats are mighty nice,
Yet in them all no innate virtue lies
To feed us, or our hunger to repreſs,
If thou thyſelf didſt not the creatures bleſs.

3 Pour

3 Pour then thy bleſſing on the gifts, O Lord!
Wherewith ſo freely thou haſt crown'd this board;
Give them nutritious juices from above
To feed us, and our hunger to remove.

4 As the varieties, whereon we feed,
Oft indigeſtions in our ſtomachs breed,
And dangerous diſeaſes oft ariſe,
Becauſe we were intempe'rate and unwiſe:

5 Thy grace on us, moſt holy God! beſtow
That we ſuch tempe'rance at our meals may ſhow,
That our proviſions hunger may appeaſe,
And neither cauſe diſtemper, or diſeaſe.

6 Infuſe thro' them, to us ſuch pow'r and might,
That each of us may worſhip thee aright,
And in his calling, thy bleſs'd name adore,
For Jeſus' ſake, who ſaves us by his pow'r.

Another GRACE, after MEAT.

1 THE labial ſacrifice, O Lord! receive,
Which now, to thee, we for thy mercies give;
Becauſe ſo fully, whenſo-e'er they need,
Thou, with thy creatures, doſt thy ſervants feed!

2 So plentiful a meal at leaſt demands
Some grateful retribution at our hands,
Though ſuch a favour we deſerve no more
Than many, who now beg from door to door.

3 Let all the mouths which thou with meat haſt fed,
Now daily thank thee for their daily bread:
Let us at leaſt for this repaſt, O God!
For ever thy benevolence applaud!

Another, before MEAT.

1 ALmighty God, in heav'n ſo high,
Us, and theſe creatures ſanctify—
Theſe creatures, which thou, at our want,
To us, thy paſture'd ſheep, doſt grant!

2 And

2 And make us all confeſs, and know,
That ev'ry perfect gift below
Proceeds from thee, (for thou art good)
Even our drink, and daily food.

3 And teach us all to bleſs thy name,
And for thy gifts to laud the fame;
Becauſe thou doſt thy ſervants bleſs,
More than they ever can expreſs:

4 And, for thy beſt-beloved's ſake,
We our petitions humbly make,
That thou to ev'ry wretch in want
At leaſt wou'dſt bread and water grant:

5 And wou'dſt both day and night beſtow
Thy grace, that we may here below
Serve thee, 'till to thy courts we come,
Thoſe ſeats of bliſs, our future home!

6 Where meat and drink of richeſt taſte,
For ever undiminiſh'd laſt,
Where thy elected ſons ne'er know
Hunger, or thirſt, or any woe!

Another, after MEAT.

1 WHY doſt thou with ſuch dainty fare,
O Lord, thy humble ſervants feed,
And take of us ſuch ceaſeleſs care,
Whilſt others are in woeful need?

2 Why unto us, leſs than the leaſt
Of all thy ſervants, ſuch great ſtore
Doſt thou allow, yet leave the reſt,
Our betters far, extremely poor?

3 For we ourſelves muſt fairly own,
That we do not at all deſerve,
That greater favour ſhou'd be ſhown
To us, than thoſe who almoſt ſtarve.

4 But thou, O Lord! out of thy love
And great benevolence, doſt give
To us a portion, far above
What they have, who much better live!

5 In hopes no doubt that we ſhou'd give
Greater returns of praiſe to thee
Than they, on ſuch mean fare who live,
And worſhip thee with bended knee.

6 Then let our gratitude now raiſe
(A tribute we ſhou'd ever pay!)
Our voices to our Maker's praiſe,
On ev'ry meal, and ev'ry day!

A Grace, before Supper.

1 LET ev'ry man, his head and grateful eyes,
To God, our gene'rous caterer, lift up,
And beg of him with ſupplicating cries,
To bleſs our victuals, whenſoe'er we ſup.

2 To ev'ry ſeve'ral animal that lives
(Altho' their kinds and numbers be ſo great;)
He at a proper time and ſeaſon gives
It's due proportion of ſalubrious meat.

3 He is ſo gracious and ſo very good,
There's not a bird that flutters in the air,
But he provides it ev'ry day with food,
Even with more than with a parent's care.

4 To man, he ſure will greater favour ſhow,
Who with his own ſimilitude was grace'd,
And freely, all he wants, on him beſtow;
So that his truſt on him alone is place'd.

5 Herbs, corn, and beaſts, and what the ſeas produce,
With all the diff'rent ſongſters of the wood,
(Since they were made entirely for his uſe)
God gave them wholly unto man for food.

6 Amongſt

6 Amongſt the various fiſh that ſwim the ſea,
Beaſts of the wood, or reptiles of the earth,
God never made a ſingle mouth, but He
Prepare'd it's aliment before it's birth:

7 But unto man, the creature of his love,
He gave whatever haunts the field, or wood,
Or cuts the waves, or wings the air above,
With liberty to uſe them for his food.

8 Why do not mortals well conſider this?
Why do they not adore their God aright?
Were they thus wiſe, they then wou'd never miſs
To praiſe their Maker, morning, noon, and night.

9 May God illuminate our blinded eyes,
That with our mouths we ever may adore
The goodneſs, that conducts us to the ſkies,
And for his mercies praiſe him evermore!

10 Glory and honour to the' eternal Pow'r,
Who daily fills our bellies with his meat,
Be now aſcribe'd, and at each future hour,
At ev'ry time, and ev'ry meal, we eat!

Grace after Dinner.

1 THou haſt, O Chriſt! our bellies fill'd,
And with thy choiceſt dainties fed:
Fill too the mouth of man and child
With praiſes for his daily bread.

2 Thou haſt moſt richly deck'd our board,
And crown'd us with thy plenteous ſtore:
Give us then grace, henceforth, O Lord!
That we, for it, may thee adore.

3 Thy mercies our beſt thanks require,
They very juſtly are thy due:
Give us at leaſt a ſtrong deſire
To pay thee all the debt we owe.

4 A dinner thou didſt now beſtow
Our ſpirits to recruit and raiſe:
We therefore ought to give thee, now,
For theſe thy gifts our bounden praiſe.

5 Let all the creatures, thou doſt fill,
For ever praiſe thee, whilſt they live,
And bleſs thy loving-kindneſs ſtill
For the proviſion thou doſt give.

Another after SUPPER.

1 FOR ev'ry meal's refreſhment we receive,
Let us to God with due obeiſance bow,
Who deigns ſo libe'rally our food to give,
And never lets us want, or famine, know.

2 Let us return him thanks, with grateful hearts,
For ev'ry gift we to his goodneſs owe,
For ev'ry grace and comfort he imparts,
For keeping us from poverty and woe.

3 Let us ſubmiſſively our God entreat,
(All for the ſake of our moſt bleſſed Lord)
In his due time our famiſh'd ſouls to treat
With his celeſtial ſpirit, and his word.

4 Let us beſeech him plenteouſly to pour,
On all our heads his bleſſings and his grace,
That we may ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
Unite with glowing hearts, to ſing his praiſe.

ANOTHER.

1 COme, women, children, come ye rural ſwains,
Come praiſe the' Almighty for his gifts benign,
Come praiſe our God, who ever kindly deigns
To feed the hungry with a care divine.

2 Who with his goodneſs does each creature fill,
At ev'ry ſeaſon of the rolling year,
And gives us, of his own free gift and will,
Sufficient maintenance, whilſt we are here.

3 He

3 He from the ground gives various ſorts of grain,
To make us bread—and creatures wild and tame—
From the rock honey—fiſhes from the main,
With many dainties, that I cannot name.

4 All fleſh he feeds with the exacteſt care,
(As if oblige'd by the moſt ſolemn ties)
Forgetting not the ſongſters of the air,
The lion's roarings, or the raven's cries.

5 E'en man, in ſecret, with the flow'r of wheat,
And thoſe rich liquors Epicures ſo prize,
With roaſt and boil'd, and many kinds of meat,
Our God, and none but God alone, ſupplies.

A REBUKE, for neglecting to beg a Bleſſing on, and to return Thanks for, our Food.

1 OFT have I ſeen a bluſh o'erſpread the face
Of ſome old ſinner, when he firſt ſaid Grace,
Though he long ſince ſhou'd have been whelm'd with [ſhame,
Becauſe he ne'er before had ſaid the ſame.

2 But ſuch a ſhame may no man ever ſhew,
The' example of his Saviour to purſue:
But may each ſinner bluſh, ſhou'd he e'er dine,
And eat his food unhallow'd, like a ſwine.

3 The ox thoſe hands, that give him fodder, knows,
The ſtupid aſs, to whom his food he owes,
And makes him all the poor returns he can;
There's nought ungrateful in the world, but man!

4 But many men, more ſtupid on the whole,
Know not the gracious Shepherd of their ſoul,
Who feeds them in his paſtures green and gay,
And loads them with his bleſſings, ev'ry day.

5 Even the little birds their voices raiſe,
And for their food their benefactor praiſe——
With tuneful notes they laud him all day long;
That 'tis a bliſs to liſten to their ſong!

6 With emulation fire'd on ev'ry ſpray,
They ſeem to ſtrive throughout the live-long day,
Which beſt ſhall praiſe the bounteous God above,
Who fills their bellies in the ſecret grove.

7 But men are much more thankleſs and more dull,
Who, when the Lord has fed them to the full,
Yet in his praiſes are, like fiſhes, mute,
And more ungrateful than the meaneſt brute.

8 Do not ſuch thankleſs folks as theſe deſerve,
That they ſhou'd in the' infernal dungeons ſtarve,
Becauſe they will not their Preſerver know,
Nor any thanks for all his favours ſhow?

9 O, may no Chriſtian ever ſtudy then,
To imitate ſo vile a ſet of men!
But if he ſhou'd——without the leaſt diſpute,
I ſhall pronounce him worſe than any brute.

A Prayer on the ſame Occaſion.

1 PErmit us not, O God, thy gifts to waſte,
Or eat our meat, as filthy hogs eat maſt,
Ne'er lifting up our heads, our hands, or eyes,
To ſee, from whence thoſe benefits ariſe!

2 But make us lift our heads aloft, and know
That all thoſe mercies from thy goodneſs flow——
From thee, the Donor of our daily food!——
From thee, the ſource of light, and all that's good!

3 Let us then with inceſſant raptures laud
The loving-kindneſs of our gracious God,
And ever in his praiſe our ſongs employ,
For health, and ev'ry bleſſing we enjoy.

ADVICE to diſtribute to the Poor, according to every One's Circumſtances and Abilities.

1 WOE to the rich, and mercileſsly-proud,
Who ſtops his ears againſt the beggar's cry!
Unheard, unpity'd, he ſhall cry aloud
From Hell's abyſs, where he ſhall ever lie.

2 Whilſt his relations and his children live
In luxury, and quaff the richeſt wine,
He, in the' infernal priſons pent, ſhall grieve,
And for a ſingle drop of water pine.

3 In good St. James's holy page, 'tis ſaid,
That he's in faith and ev'ry virtue poor,
Who does not, in diſtreſs, the widow aid,
And to the needy deal his hoarded ſtore.

4 Saint John too tells us, that if any man
Beholds a brother troubled and diſtreſt,
And does not give him all the help he can,
The love of God dwells not in ſuch a breaſt.

5 Chriſt ſaid, a camel, through a needle's eye,
Might with as little difficulty go,
As wealthy miſers up to heaven fly,
Who no compaſſion to their brethren ſhow.

6 Chriſt made us ſtewards of his treaſures, here,
Which we are bound to deal among the poor;
Then let us freely, leſt we vex him, ſhare
Among the weak and indigent our ſtore.

7 Shou'd there but one of them thro' hunger fall,
His guiltleſs blood upon our heads ſhall lie,
Not all the riches of this earthly ball,
Shall make atonement for him, ſhou'd he die.

8 Without reſerve, be lib'ral to the poor,
If thou art rich, thy riches do not ſpare——
A little give, if little is thy ſtore——
Yet give it with a free and cheerful air.

9 Beſtow thy bounty with a look ſerene,
The willing giver 'tis that God does love:
Whate'er thou giveſt, give with placid mien—
Reluctant alms Chriſt never does approve.

10 Though to the poor thou but a part haſt ſhar'd
(Although the whole was his) for Jeſu's ſake,
Yet has he promis'd thee a large reward,
Becauſe thou didſt on them compaſſion take.

11 Ne'er 'till to-morrow fooliſhly delay
To do the good, which thou to-day canſt do—
Give freely—give with pleaſure, and ne'er ſtay:
Unpleaſing is the gift, that's grudge'd and ſlow.

12 Give alms, ſays holy Paul, whilſt yet you may,
And, whilſt you've time allotted you, do good:
For he that is a ſov'reign prince to-day,
To-morrow may be ſeen to beg his food.

13 Dives moſt ſumptuouſly at dinner fare'd,
On various meſſes, exquiſite in taſte:
But was of water, e'er 'twas night, debarr'd,
And force'd amidſt infernal flames to faſt.

14 That morn, of all the cates that deck'd his board,
The offals he to Lazarus deny'd——
That night, although for it he loudly roar'd,
He cou'd not, e'en with water, be ſupply'd.

15 The world, and all therein, he'd now give up
For one ſmall ſup, to cool his fev'riſh tongue;
But he can not obtain a ſingle ſup,
Though he ſhou'd beg and pray for't, e'er ſo long.

16 He cannot boaſt, of all he once poſſeſs'd,
A ſingle drop of water now in ſtore:
(The miſer, who has now the fulleſt cheſt,
Perchance to-morrow may be quite as poor.)

17 He went from hence as bare and naked quite,
As when he firſt on this world's ſtage was ſet;
And, if he heav'n cou'd purchaſe for a mite,
That ſingle mite he by no means cou'd get.

18 To-

18 To day, the rich may have it in their pow'r
Much alms, upon the wretched, to beſtow:
To-morrow, they may thro' miſhap grow poor,
And be reduce'd to beggary and woe.

19 Let us then give, what we've to give, to-day,
(Perhaps to-morrow we of nought can boaſt)
To the diſtreſs'd, their hunger to allay,
And unto thoſe that want aſſiſtance moſt.

20 Give bread to ev'ry one that's in diſtreſs,
And God will with increaſe improve thy ſtore:
Thou ſhalt not find thy meat, or money, leſs,
For what thou kindly giveſt to the poor.

21 The Widow of Sarepta did not know,
For what ſhe ſpare'd Elijah, more diſtreſs;
Though meal and oil ſhe did to him beſtow,
Yet ſtill her meal and oil were not the leſs.

22 I've ſeen the rich oft beg from door to door,
Becauſe they did the indigent aggrieve;
But never did I ſee him truly poor,
Or much diſtreſs'd, who did the poor relieve.

23 Knave'ry, oppreſſion, vanity, exceſs,
The woeful want of ſeveral have wrought;
But none to tribulation or diſtreſs,
Have by their charity been ever brought.

24 Happy the man (the royal Prophet ſays)
Who to the needy does aſſiſtance give!
The Lord himſelf ſhall (in his worſt of days)
That man from his adverſity relieve!

25 God, from all trouble will his ſervant take,
God, from his enemies his friend will keep,
God, will himſelf his bed vouchſafe to make,
When he through pain and ſickneſs cannot ſleep.

26 Whate'er they want unto the needy lend,
And God himſelf will deign to be their bail:
If thou ſhalt them in their diſtreſs befriend,
Chriſt will the debt repay thee, and ne'er fail.

27 Who, but a Jew, wou'd not his caſh lay out,
When he might have his inte'reſt on the day?
Who, but a Jew, wou'd ſuch a debtor doubt,
Who cent. per cent. can for his money pay?

28 You often truſt to Chapmen that are worſe,
Tho' you have got a debtor to your mind:
Truſt then your Saviour freely with your purſe
Better ſecurity you ne'er can find!

29 An hundred fold is given by the Lord
To ev'ry Chriſtian for his pounds and pence;
Dull is the uſurer, who won't afford
The poor ſome caſh, on inte'reſt ſo immenſe!

30 No money e'er to better uſe is lent,
Than that which Charity can fairly boaſt:
Since it returns the lender cent. per cent.
E'en at the moment that he wants it moſt.

31 There are no treaſures, all the world around,
That equal price with Charity can hold:
When troubles come, it will be better found
Than ready money, or than bullion gold.

32 Silver will ruſt, and gold with uſe will waſte,
Rich lawns and ſilks to moths will prove a prey,
Our bread will mould, our liquors loſe their taſte;
But never will beneficence decay.

33 When houſes, lands, and ev'ry worldly ſtore,
Shall in one common conflagration riſe—
Then Charity above the flames ſhall ſoar,
And, till thou comeſt, wait above the ſkies.

34 When pale-face'd death to ſummon thee ſhall come,
At Chriſt's tribunal naked to appear,
Then Charity will, on the day of doom,
Be the beſt ſtore, thou canſt bring with thee, there.

35 When houſes, lands, and ev'ry timid friend,
Shall leave thee in the fangs of Death alone—
Then Charity thy footſteps will attend,
And guide thee to thy great Creator's throne.

36 More gains ſhall to the charitable ſoul
Accrue, who did the indigent relieve,
Than to the needy, who receiv'd the dole:
Since, for a *little*, he ſhall *much* receive.

37 Manna ſhall, there, for a few crumbs be had,
And, for plain water, floods of joy be given!
Each Chriſtian, there, by Jeſus ſhall be clad,
For ſome few rags, in the gay robes of heaven.

38 Employ your riches properly and well;
Secure their friendſhip, e'er the day of doom,
That they may haul your happy ſouls from hell,
And with you to the bliſsful regions come.

39 Thy treaſures in the upper regions lay,
Sell all thou haſt, and give it to the poor,
Nor, like an Idiot, fooliſhly delay
To part with earth, that thou to heav'n may'ſt ſoar.

40 Before thee, by the poor, thy treaſures ſend
To that ſafe place, which robbers can't annoy;
For whatſoever thou, to them, doſt lend,
Thou ſhalt from Chriſt receive again with joy.

41 Whate'er, unto thy children, thou may'ſt grant,
Thy wife, or friends, belongs to them alone:
But what thou giveſt Chriſt, and thoſe that want,
Is hoarded for thyſelf—'tis all thy own!

42 Before thee ſend thy wealth to Paradiſe,
Then light thy lamp; for darkſome is the way;
And make thyſelf ('tis Jeſus' own advice!)
A purſe that knows no bottom, nor decay.

43 Whilſt time permits thee, freely ſow thy grain,
As God has bleſs'd thy labours with increaſe,
And thou an hundred fold ſhalt reap again;
Unleſs thy labours ſhall, e'er harveſt, ceaſe.

44 Among the poor and hungry ſhare thy bread,
And clothe the naked, ſhiv'ring with the cold;
Give to the needy wanderer a bed:
All this to thee by God himſelf is told! Iſai. lix. 7.

45 Be thou, inſtead of eyes, unto the blind,
Let thou the lame ſtill find ſupport in thee,
Aſſiſt the Widow, be to ſtrangers kind,
And, to the fatherleſs, a father be.

ADVICE to ev'ry Maſter of a Family, to govern his Houſe in a religious Manner.

1 IF truly pious thou wou'dſt fain appear,
And ſtrictly Chriſtian, whilſt thou liveſt here,
To a ſmall church convert thy own abode,
And make thy private houſe, the houſe of God.

2 Make thou a hallow'd church of thy abode,
And let thy family, like angels, be,
Where ev'ry one may duely ſerve his God,
According to his calling and degree.

3 An holy temple make of thy abode,
That all, within it's walls, may daily join,
Without ceſſation, to adore their God,
Early and late, with harmony divine.

4 Inſtead of ſtones, cut out and ſquare'd by art,
Take thou good men, to rear the ſacred wall——
Men, who have ever acted well their part——
Religious men, to build thy church withal.

5 Let not an ill-hewn ſtone be found in it,
Let not a reprobate the ſtructure raiſe;
God will no rough, unpoliſh'd, ſtone admit
To rear a building, ſacred to his praiſe.

6 Then caſt aſide each rude, improper ſtone;
For God will not accept of ought prophane:
Thy houſe muſt be the houſe of God alone,
An hallow'd temple, not the Devil's fane.

7 For wicked folks, therein, the good excel,
And are more proper Satan's fold to rear,
And be the fuel of an endleſs hell,
Than in the church of Jeſus to appear.

8 One

8 One rough, uneven ſtone, one ſhapeleſs maſs,
Will all the beauty of the work deface:
One lawleſs man, that does in vice ſurpaſs,
Will thee and all thy family diſgrace.

9 Then place not in thy wall a lump unfit,
Odious to ſee, improper for the end;
Nor ever to thy houſe the vile admit,
Nor the unfaithful with the faithful blend.

10 Mis-ſhapen ſtones, that never felt the rule,
Will only undermine thy temple-wall:
So impious ſervants, of all vices full,
Will ſoon ſubvert, and cauſe thy houſe to fall.

11 Drive the unclean far from thy houſe and home,
E'er thou canſt think that Jeſus there will ſtay:
For Chriſt will never to thy manſion come,
'Till the impure from thence are chaſe'd away.

12 The ſons of God, and children of the fiend,
In the ſame church are not together ſeen:
No more than bees can ſtay, where ſteams offend,
Or a pure ſpirit dwell with one unclean.

13 The Great will never amongſt hogs reſide,
Whoſe ſtench and hideous grunt they can't endure:
Chriſt and his holy Spirit can't abide
In the ſame houſe with thoſe that are impure.

14 If, in thy houſe, a miſcreant, rebel rout,
A drunken, diſobedient crew, be found,
Caſt them, as ſheep that are diſorder'd, out;
Leſt they ſhou'd ſicken, and infect the ſound.

15 As Iſmael from Abraham's houſe was thrown,
Becauſe, againſt his miſtreſs, he rebell'd;
So let the vile and ſinful, from thy own,
Without the leaſt reluctance be expell'd.

16 The royal Prophet never wou'd permit
A wicked perſon in his houſe to be:
A vicious ſervant do not thou admit
To live, for any uſe whate'er, with thee.

17 One wicked ſervant fixes oft a ſtain
On many, who deſerve a good report:
Let not thou ſuch, beneath thy roof, remain,
Nor tread the precincts of thy hallow'd court.

18 By men of virtue let thy work be done,
If thou wou'dſt endleſs happineſs attain;
God, with ſucceſs, will all the godly crown,
Whilſt foul miſhap attends the ſinful train.

19 A ſervant, that's like Joſeph truly good,
Will bring a bleſſing on his maſter's head,
Whilſt, Achan-like, an irreligious brood,
On thee and thine, will num'rous evils ſhed.

20 Shou'dſt thou a pious ſervant chance to have,
God, for his ſake, will all thy ſubſtance bleſs,
As he, in times of old, to Laban gave,
For Jacob's ſake, unparallel'd ſucceſs.

21 Better the ſervant, that is good, and mild,
Who will with plenty, all thou owneſt, bleſs,
Than the vile miſcreant, that howe'er well-ſkill'd,
Will bring a curſe on all thou doſt poſſeſs.

22 Much better will the ſervant's work ſucceed,
That's harmleſs, quiet, and well-ſtock'd with grace,
Than all the labours of an impious breed,
Though ſtrong, and aptly ſuited to the place.

23 A ſervant that is wiſe, and well-inclin'd,
His maſter may convert and all the houſe;
As the good wife may turn her huſband's mind,
And make a Chriſtian, of a heathen ſpouſe.

24 If thou haſt not a pious family,
To ſerve thee truly in the fear of God,
Thy houſe will ne'er a ſacred temple be,
But Satan's den, or ſome vile fiend's abode.

25 Servants of mighty ſtrength will not avail,
The buſi'neſs of thy farm or ſhop, to do,
If in their duty to their God they fail,
And are not ſtrong to do His buſi'neſs too.

26 Unleſs he in the faith be found ſincere,
Receive not any one to thy abode;
And by no means admit a ſervant there,
Until he be the ſervant too of God.

27 The Church of God does not a Turk admit,
Nor any one, that of true faith is void,
To her communion: Do not thou permit
A reprobate to be by thee employ'd.

28 A ſervant, without faith, can ne'er be true
Unto his maſter, whether God, or man:
For 'tis the cuſtom of the faithleſs crew
To ſell them both, like Judas, if they can.

29 Get thee a ſet of ſervants to thy mind—
Servants, that know their duty to their God—
Servants, that are well-nurture'd, well-inclin'd;
If thou wou'dſt make a church of thy abode.

30 Be thou to all thy family a light—
A light, which ſhall to their improvement ſhine—
Be thou to them a pattern fair and bright,
In all that's honeſt, moral, and divine.

31 Be thou a good example unto all,
In word and deed, and in thy dealings juſt,
Within thy parlour, kitchen, or thy hall,
Where-e'er thou art, and whatſoe'er thou doſt.

32 Like Enoch, walk thou humbly with thy God,
For ever vigilant, for ever wiſe:
For ev'ry where, at church, at home, abroad,
Thy Saviour ſees thee with his ſeven eyes.

33 Ne'er ſay, nor do, the thing that is not right,
The thing that is not ſtrictly juſt and fit,
Whether thou art in the Almighty's ſight,
At church, or in the market-place doſt ſit.

34 Be thou as pure and prudent in each act,
Full as much care and vigilance exert,
Full as religious be, and as exact,
In thine own houſe, as if in church thou wert.

35 It is a debt, a debt all maſters owe,
To teach their ſervants the true Chriſtian lore;
That they may God and his commandments know,
Believe in Chriſt, and rightly him adore.

36 As Abra'ham all his family of yore
The fear of God, and his true worſhip taught:
So do thou teach thy houſehold to adore
And know the Lord, and ſerve him, as they ought.

37 Teach thou thy children, teach thy ſervants, how
Their heav'nly Sire they truly may obey,
Teach them the Saviour, whom God ſent, to know:
For that to heaven is the certain way!

38 The law of God, in ev'ry ſervant's breaſt,
Implant——of that, on all occaſions talk,
Whenever thou doſt riſe, or go to reſt,
At home, abroad, when thou doſt ſit, or walk.

39 'Tis God's command, that ev'ry ſire ſhou'd ſhew
His ſtatutes ſoon unto his children dear——
Or, like Phylact'ries, on their garment ſew,
That they the ſame, in mind, ſhou'd always bear.

40 Each night and morn, unto thy menial train,
A chapter from the holy Bible read;
Make them repeat it, if they can, again——
Make them ſuch lives, as it has taught them, lead.

41 Be thou a councillor, prieſt, judge, and king,
Unto thy children, and domeſtic train,
That thou may'ſt all beneath thy orders bring,
And make them, in obedience meet, remain.

42 Be thou their Prieſt, the Chriſtian faith to teach,
Be thou their Council, to adviſe them well,
Do thou to them the Goſpel doctrines preach,
And pray that they in virtue may excel.

43 Be thou their king, to force them to obey,
And puniſh thoſe, who hurt the Chriſtian cauſe,
And to confirm them in the proper way,
By juſt coercion, and by wholeſome laws.

44 Over thy houſehold, as a judge preſide,
And ſentence paſs in an impartial way:
Unto the good and juſt, rewards provide—
But puniſhments to thoſe, that diſobey.

45 Make thou a fair and equitable law,
To bind thy congregation with it's bands,
And cauſe thy people, through a pious awe,
To live exactly as that law commands.

46 Teach ev'ry one his duty to his God,
And with thy finger point him out the way,
And, when he's perfect in it, let the rod
Oblige him, though reluctant, to obey.

47 Obſerve their conduct with a father's care,
With hand and eye their ſev'ral motions guide,
Let no one by his words or actions dare,
Without due puniſhment, to ſtep aſide.

48 Let all thy family, like ſtars, appear—
Like ſtars, that decorate the brow of night,
And yield to all the country, far and near,
Inſtruction, honour, and celeſtial light.

49 Make all, that under thy direction dwell,
In goodneſs and in piety exceed:
As Noah did the former world excel
In holineſs, and ev'ry virtuous deed.

50 Make thou thy boſom-wife to be a ſtar,
Righteouſly-mild, and cheerfully-ſerene,
Make her, to all her ſex, a pattern rare,
In words and works, throughout life's various ſcene.

51 Make thou thy children to thy rule ſubmit,
Make them examples to a ſinful age,
Make them obey thy orders, as 'tis fit,
Like Rechab's offſpring, in the ſacred page.

52 Make thou thy folk, to be the folk of God,
Like Philemon, in holy writ renown'd,
Who made a temple of his own abode;
So much in piety did it abound!

53 Such

53 Such pious lives make thou thy ſervants lead
In thine own houſe, as in the houſe of God,
Make them as cautiouſly in private tread,
As if they in a ſacred temple trod.

54 Permit them not to dwell at large, at home,
Or do worſe things, than if in church they were,
Nor let them a leſs virtuous air aſſume;
But make them live as regularly, there.

55 Permit them not to violate the leaſt
Of God's commands, e'er thou doſt them reprove:
But ſoon as they ſhall have in ought tranſgreſt,
Do thou their ſouls to true repentance move.

56 Permit not thou one ſervant of them all,
To ſwear by their Creator's holy name——
Or give that perſon, whether great or ſmall,
Due and condign correction for the ſame.

57 Permit them not to ſpend their ſabbath-days
In idleneſs, beneath the Chriſtian name——
In revellings, or in unrighteous ways,
Without reproof immediate for the ſame.

58 Let none amongſt them hear the word in vain,
And never put in practice what they hear;
But let them talk, and talk it o'er again,
Until their progreſs in their lives appear.

59 Let none preſume to go to bed at night
'Till, on his knees, he has his homage paid——
His bounden homage——due to God of right,
E'er to repoſe he has his body laid.

60 Let none amongſt them, whether great or ſmall,
Their wonted labours any day reſume,
'Till freely on their bended knees they fall
To worſhip God each morning, in their room.

61 Let none their hands unto the plough-tail move,
Nor let them unto any work draw nigh,
'Till they have rais'd their minds to God above,
To beg his aid and bleſſings from on high.

62 Let

62 Let no man whatſoe'er a journey take,
Ride to a fair, or ſail upon the main,
'Till he his fervent pray'r to God ſhall make,
That he may homewards bring him ſafe again.

63 Let no one his unhallow'd victu'als eat,
Or ſtuff his paunch, like a voracious ſwine,
'Till he has begg'd a bleſſing on his meat,
And gratefully acknowledge'd aid divine.

64 Let no one quit, like a brute beaſt, the board,
Where he has his ungodly belly cramm'd;
'Till he for his ſupport, has thank'd the Lord,
And with due gratitude his praiſe proclaim'd.

65 Whene'er thou worſhippeſt the Pow'r divine,
Let ev'ry one unto the room repair,
And that none there's indiff'rent or ſupine,
Do thou thyſelf take a peculiar care.

66 Let them not uſe themſelves to vain diſcourſe,
To looſe expreſſions, or unmanly taunts—
Let them no ſcandal vent, nor ſwear and curſe—
No boaſtings uſe, or unbecoming vaunts.

67 Thy children and thy houſehold firmly bind,
To uſe ſuch words, as may their morals mend——
Words, that will pleaſe and edify the mind,
And to each auditor's improvement tend.

68 Permit them not, unlucky tricks to uſe—
Permit them not, the ſimple to diſtreſs——
Permit them not, a cripple to abuſe——
Permit them not, the needy to oppreſs.

69 Permit them not, to revel and carouſe—
Permit them not, to ſwill thy drink, like ſwine——
Permit them not to ſmoke, within thy houſe,
The weed—that makes their backs and bellies pine.

70 Permit them not in faſhions to delight——
To curl their locks—or coſtly garments wear;
But let them ſtill be creditably tight,
And let them all with decency appear.

71 Ne'er

71 Ne'er let them ſaunter on a ſabbath-day
To the green booths, where worldlings rendezvous,
Nor in the brutiſh tippling-houſes ſtay,
(Where Satan holds his revels) to carouſe.

72 Each Sunday to thy pariſh-church repair,
There let thy family attend thee, all
There with the congregation join in pray'r——
There publickly on thy Creator call.

73 Let not thy family remain at home,
Nor during ſervice-time behind thee ſtay——
Let them not loiter, near the ſacred dome:
If they muſt play, let them the morrow play.

74 Lay not too cumb'rous, nor too great a load
Upon thy ſervants, on their working days;
But let ſome hours of reſpite be allow'd,
That they their backs, when tire'd with work, may raiſe.

75 Let them not, on the ſabbaths, roam abroad,
But make them ſearch with care the ſacred page,
And do with diligence the work of God,
E'er they in any other work engage.

76 Inſtruct thy houſehold ev'ry ſabbath-day,
In pſalms and hymns their Maker to applaud,
And argue with them, in a friendly way,
On their Belief, and on the word of God.

77 Whene'er they dine; nay, ev'ry time they eat,
By one of them be there a chapter read;
That the poor ſoul may have it's proper meat
And due repaſt, when'er the body's fed.

78 Both morn and night, let ſome one in thy houſe
The ſervice read, and for the others pray;
For 'twou'd be better they their meal ſhou'd loſe,
Than loſe the ſacred ſervice of the day.

79 Let not thy family, on any day,
Without it's Mattins and it's Veſpers be;
Thy ſacrifice, both morn and ev'ning, pay,
For all the mercies God has ſhewn to thee.

80 Let

80 Let ev'ry corner of thy houſe be kept
Quite clean (with nought impure let it be ſtain'd!)
And with the beſom of repentance ſwept,
'Till thou the favour of thy God haſt gain'd.

81 Waſh thou with briny tears the hallow'd ground—
It's walls, inſtead of ſtones, with virtues raiſe—
Let not thy altar without fire be found,
Nor without incenſe—ſuch as, "pray'r and praiſe."

82 Do thou thyſelf perform the parſon's part,
Do thou thyſelf invoke the Pow'r divine,
And make thy people, with a glowing heart,
Along with thee in each petition join.

83 Each honeſt maſter of a houſehold ought
To act with care, and on a proper plan;
And, as a prieſt, reprove them when in fault
With the moſt pow'rful language that he can.

84 The ſame good order, which our church purſues,
To keep her members all beneath her ſway,
Each private Chriſtian in his houſe ſhou'd uſe,
To make his ſervants his beheſts obey.

85 Some one, or two, thy own aſſiſtants make,
Who, o'er the reſt, as wardens may preſide,
And thy affairs to their direction take,
And, when thou'rt abſent, with diſcretion guide.

86 Thou muſt the morals of thy folks inſpect,
And their behaviour carefully obſerve,
That each delinquent may in time be check't,
And duely cenſure'd, as his faults deſerve.

87 Puniſh the wicked, equal to his crime,
Nor ever let him uncorrected go;
Leſt others ſhou'd tranſgreſs another time,
Becauſe thou mercy unto him didſt ſhow.

88 Let each offender of his faults be told,
And be admoniſh'd twice, or thrice, or more,
E'er he's expell'd, and exile'd from the fold:
But turn him out, if he'll not then give o'er.

89 If thou haſt hire'd a maid that is a ſhrew,
And does not honour to her miſtreſs pay,
The door to her, as 'twas to Hagar, ſhew,
And let thy wife have, as ſhe ought, her way.

90 To keep thy people idle, is not good,
Give each his taſk, and make him do the ſame:
For idleneſs ſupplies each vice with food,
And is the parent, and the nurſe of ſhame.

91 See, that thy family go ev'ry night
Early to reſt, and proper bed-time keep;
For 'tis a cuſtom, far from being right,
That they ſhou'd go, whene'er *they* pleaſe, to ſleep.

92 When it is time for them to go to ſleep,
Deſire of Chriſt on them his Grace to ſhed,
Deſire of Chriſt ſecurely them to keep,
Then take thy leave, and go thyſelf to bed:

93 But, firſt, exhort them on their God to call,
(With minds replete with a religious fire,
Upon their bended knees) both great and ſmall,
Before they to their nightly reſt retire:

94 And, leſt that God ſhou'd take them unaware,
And unprovided, to his judgement-ſeat,
Conjure them all, each ev'ning to prepare,
Before they ſleep, their aweful Judge to meet.

95 If thus thou ſhou'dſt thy houſe and houſehold rule,
Both thee and them, thy gracious God will bleſs,
With ev'ry Grace he'll crowd your boſoms full,
And crown you all with ev'ry Happineſs.

96 Chriſt in thy temple, then, will ſtill remain,
Chriſt, when diſtreſs'd, will hear thy plaintive cries,
And, Chriſt will take thee, and thy menial train,
To all the' ecſtatic joys of paradiſe.

The Duty of CHILDREN to their Parents.

1 ALL honour, reverence, and due regard,
My ſon! unto thy parents ever give:
'Tis God's command!—and thou, for thy reward,
Shalt, through his Grace, to length of days arrive.

2 Do thou whatever they wou'd have thee do,
And act in ev'ry thing, as they deſire,
To all their orders ſtrict obedience ſhow;
So they no ſin, nor any crime, require.

3 Receive thy father's counſel and reproof—
Receive the Precepts, which he deigns to give—
Receive his diſcipline, however rough,
And thy inſtruction at his hand receive.

4 If dull, if blind, if mad, if full of fire
And fierce impatience—if to dotage gone,
Pity thy aged mother and thy ſire,
And bear their frailties, as a duteous ſon.

5 Shou'd they e'er fall to poverty and need,
And not have means enough to find them bread,
With kind indulgence the old couple feed;
As thee they, in thy helpleſs childhood, fed.

6 Take thou example from the ſtork, that feeds
His ſire, when old, and to him ſuccour brings,
Righting his neſt, and fetching what he needs,
Or foſt'ring him, when weak, beneath his wings.

7 Do thou a leſſon from the dolphins draw,
Which help their parents, when by age o'erpow'r'd,
And guard them, when they're weak, with filial awe,
Leſt they by other fiſh ſhou'd be devour'd.

8 It is a ſhame the ſons of men ſhou'd be
Worſe than the rav'nous flutt'rers of the air;
Nay, worſe than e'en the fiſhes of the ſea,
To thoſe, to whom, for life, in debt they are.

9 If thou art, by thy rank or office, great—
However high thy calling, don't neglect,
(Though they be mean, and of a low eſtate)
To give thy parents honour and reſpect.

10 Though Joſeph, at his pleaſure, Egypt ſway'd,
And Jacob by the famine, then, was preſs'd,
Yet to his father he due honour paid,
Howe'er impov'riſh'd, and howe'er diſtreſs'd.

11 Though Solomon, then, wore the Jewiſh crown,
And ſat in ſtate above the vaſſal crowd,
Yet from his throne he oft deſcended down,
And to his mother in obeyſance bow'd.

12 Though Chriſt was God as well as man, and highe'r
Than all our race, and all in worth outweigh'd;
Yet, to his mother and reputed ſire,
He proper honour and obedience paid.

13 Though thou wert made a duke, thou ſtill art bound
To give thy parents, howe'er poor, reſpect;
And though in wealth thou vaſtly ſhou'dſt abound,
Thou muſt not them, on that account, neglect.

14 Thy father is thy father ſtill, tho' poor,
And thou his ſon, although a lord or ſquire:
Whilſt thou'rt a ſon, and it is in thy pow'r,
God ties thee down to help thy humble ſire.

15 When in thy infancy thou ſcarce cou'dſt move,
And hadſt not meat nor drink, nor warm array;
What then preſerv'd thee, but thy mother's love?
Such obligations, how canſt thou repay?

16 Long in her womb th' uneaſy load ſhe bore,
And with her blood nine months ſuſtain'd thee there,
Then calm'd thy hunger with her breaſts ſweet ſtore;
Canſt thou enough reward her for ſuch care?

17 Full many a night, when ſick, ſhe kindly trie'd
To eaſe thy pain, although her ſleep ſhe loſt,
And, when without that care thou muſt have die'd,
Still in her arms, 'till day-light, gently toſt.

18 Thy

18 Thy parents therefore filially revere,
For the vaſt love they unto thee expreſs'd:
The weight of penury ne'er let them bear,
Whilſt thou'rt alive, and with a penny bleſs'd.

19 For the reſpect, the honour, clothes, and meat,
Thou give'ſt thy hoary ſire in his diſtreſs,
Thy ſon ſhall thee with equal juſtice treat,
When palſie'd age thy powers ſhall oppreſs.

20 Shou'dſt thou e'er for thy father's bed preſume
To lay a hair-cloth coverlet, thy ſon
Shall keep the ſame in ſome cold outer-room
For thee, before thy death, to lie upon.

21 The uſage thou doſt give thy ſire, when old,
Shall be return'd to thee, if thou ſhalt live;
His grandſon ſhall requite, as I've been told,
The ſcanty meaſure thou to him didſt give.

22 Be therefore to thy aged parents free,
Be good, be kind, be dutiful, and give
To them whate'er they can expect from thee,
That in thy turn thou may'ſt the like receive.

23 Never clandeſtinely, like Eſau, wed,
E'er their conſent thy parents freely give:
God never bleſſes ſuch a marriage-bed;
Or 'tis a chance if it ſhou'd ever thrive.

24 With diſreſpect their counſels ne'er requite,
Nor with irreverence their checks repay,
Nor ever undervalue them, nor ſlight;
But earneſtly for their amendment pray.

25 Thy father's curſe, leſt thou incur, take heed,
It ne'er departed from Cham's ſooty race:
For Noah's curſe ſtill cleaves unto the breed;
You ſee it ſtill in ev'ry negro's face.

26 Becauſe his ſire he offer'd to deſpiſe,
A grievous ſtain upon Cham's offspring came;
In their black ſkins it ſtill deep rooted lies,
And nothing can eradicate the ſame.

27 Abſalom, though moſt beautiful and young,
Was, to his aged ſire, and king, unkind:
God therefore in an oak the rebel hung,
Whence by his hair he dangled in the wind.

28 Then to thy parents ſhew all due regard,
Aſſiſt them both, when they aſſiſtance need;
So God ſhall thee with length of days reward,
Where-ever thou may'ſt chuſe thy life to lead!

Things, which a Perſon ought to meditate upon, on the LORD's-day, by going to Church—and how he ought to demean himſelf there.

1 REflect a while, whilſt yet upon the road,
Where? before whom, thou go'ſt! on what deſign!
E'er thou arriveſt to the houſe of God:
Then calmly enter to that place divine.

2 Thou goeſt to the' Almighty's own abode,
Before the greateſt Sove'reign to appear,
Thou goeſt with thy Maker and thy God,
Upon thy knees, a conference to bear.

3 Thou goeſt to Jehovah's ſacred place,
To hear the language of thy gracious Lord,
And commune with him, tho' not face to face,
Yet through the medium of his bleſſed word.

4 Thou goeſt to confeſs thy ſins, before
Thy God, who dwelleth in the realms above;
Thou goeſt his forgiveneſs to implore,
And grace and ſtrength, thy errors to remove.

5 Thou goeſt help and pardon to implore,
With grace and abſolution from the Lord,
By the Prieſt's lips, for all thou didſt before,
In contradiction to his holy word.

6 Thou goeſt to addreſs thy heav'nly Sire,
Who promiſes each needful boon to grant,
Which thoſe corporeal frames of our's require,
With ev'ry grace our ſinful ſouls may want.

7 Thou

7 Thou goeſt to applaud th' Almighty's name,
For ev'ry gift which he vouchſafe'd to thee,
Thou goeſt his encomiums to proclaim,
Where his bleſt votaries aſſembled be.

8 Thou goeſt, with a pleaſure-blended awe,
Chriſt's Goſpel, and the word of life, to hear,
God's will reveal'd from heaven in the law!
Which only can direct a Chriſtian there.

9 Thou go'ſt the ſhare of that good gift to gain,
Which God does of his own free will beſtow,
To make the way wherein thou walkeſt plain,
And proſper ev'ry thing that thou ſhalt do.

10 Go therefore to the houſe of God with glee,
With ardent zeal unto his temple go,
And long within his ſacred courts to be,
As for the brook of Siloh, longs the roe.

11 Go cheerfully, go joyouſly to pray,
Go boldly, yet with aweful rev'rence go,
Go ſpeedily, go early in the day,
Go with ſubmiſſion and proſtration low.

12 Go to the temple with the firſt that come,
And be not idle, whilſt thou there doſt wait;
But be amongſt the laſt returning home,
And do the work of God without deceit.

13 Behave not there with liſtleſs indolence,
But do thy work, whilſt life endures, with care:
For curſed is the man, who void of ſenſe
Performs God's work without reſpect or fear.

14 Low, on thy bended knees, with rev'rence fall,
Upon heaven's King with eager accents cry,
With importunity unto him call,
Nor, if a Chriſtian, uſe hypocriſy.

15 Receive the Goſpel with a ready ear,
And in thy mind the precious treaſure ſtore,
Watch it, leſt fable fiends the ſeed ſhou'd bear,
'Till 't has produce'd an hundred fold, or more.

16 Thine eyes from roving diligently keep,
And hear the Goſpel, or devoutly pray,
But neither idly chat, nor dully ſleep,
Or from the temple quickly haſte away.

17 The righteous Judge no hypocrite can bear,
Who wou'd be thought the Godhead to adore;
But with feign'd ſervices and in ſincere,
Treats the Almighty and Omniſcient Pow'r.

18 The miniſter through ev'ry pray'r attend,
And be with him in each petition join'd:
Repeat each word unto the very end,
In perfect uniſon of voice and mind.

19 Whene'er he preaches the celeſtial word,
Fix on the prieſt attentively thine eye;
Let all his words be in thy boſom ſtor'd,
And all his precepts zealouſly obey.

20 Whene'er he preaches the inſpired word,
See, that thou turneſt not thy head away:
The Goſpel is the power of the Lord,
Which leads us ſafe along ſalvation's way.

21 Return not thoughtleſsly, nor ſimply, home,
Before the ſervice of the day be done;
Nor e'er, for fear of ſome great curſe, preſume
To quit the church, until the prieſt be gone.

22 Let thy demeanour in the church be right,
Let it be Chriſtian-like, ſincere, and free,
As if thou wert in the Almighty's ſight,
And ev'ry angel did thy actions ſee.

ADVICE to prepare ourſelves, before we come to worſhip God in public.

1 PULL off thy ſhoes, and make thy garments white,
And ſanctify thyſelf, e'er thou doſt dare
Approach the throne of the dread Sire of light
In his own houſe, to offer up thy pray'r.

2 Goad

2 Goad up thy ſoul, to active life ariſe,
Above terreſtrial matters nobly ſoar,
And view the' inviſible with Faith's keen eyes,
E'er thou addreſſeſt the Almighty Pow'r.

3 When thou, my ſoul! before thy God doſt come,
How vaſt the diſtance, think! 'twixt him and thee;
And to approach thy Sove'reign ne'er preſume,
But with ſubmiſſion, on thy bended knee.

4 The King of heav'n, who gave the angels birth,
The God of vengeance, and the Source of day,
The Judge of men, and Maker of the earth,
Is he, to whom thou now woud'ſt homage pay!

5 Come then with rev'rence, come with ardour, near,
With holineſs and faith his preſence gain,
Before the Deity with zeal appear,
And thou thy boſom-wiſhes ſhalt obtain.

6 Lift up thine eyes, and ſpread thy hands, betimes,
And bend thy knees with ſupplication meek,
Beat, beat thy breaſt, repent thee of thy crimes,
Confeſs thy ſins, and for God's favour ſeek.

7 Invoke thy heav'nly Sire, each ſtated hour,
Seek thou his kingdom and his righteouſneſs,
In his Son's name, with ſpirit and with pow'r,
And thou ſhalt largely all the reſt poſſeſs.

8 Seek thou God's glory, in the foremoſt place,
Seek, next, the things above this earthly ball,
Seek then with zealous earneſtneſs his grace,
Seek all thou wanteſt, thou ſhalt have it all.

9 Before thou to the temple ent'reſt in,
Be ſure that thou with upright ſteps doſt come,
Diſmiſs each bad deſign, each latent ſin,
And leave each worldly-minded thought at home.

10 As faithful Abraham, e'er he went to pray
Upon the mount, did leave his aſs behind;
So ev'ry man ſhou'd caſt his ſins away,
And each preſumptuous thought ſecurely bind.

11 Moſes himſelf took off his ſhoes to pray,
E'er he approach'd the radiant Source of light;
Do thou, like him, throw ev'ry vice away,
E'er thou appeareſt in the Godhead's ſight.

12 Joſeph array'd him in a decent dreſs,
E'er he did to the Egyptian king appear:
Do thou, like him, prepare thyſelf no leſs,
E'er thou doſt to the King of kings draw near.

13 The pious Eſther waſh'd herſelf, before
She by the Perſian monarch wou'd be ſeen:
E'er thou approacheſt the Almighty Pow'r,
Take heed, that thou'rt from all pollution clean.

14 Whenever thou doſt at the church appear,
Obſerve, how pleaſant is the Lord's abode!
When there thou comeſt, come with aweful fear,
And due reſpect, before the Lord thy God.

15 Fall on thy bended knees, before the Lord,
Before him in his courts ſubmiſſive bow,
Nor let thy lips once drop a ſingle word,
E'er thou haſt prais'd him with proſtration low.

16 None among all the glorious ſaints above
Preſume to laud the Ruler of the ſkies,
'Till they their crowns do from their heads remove,
And fall upon their knees in humble wiſe.

17 How then can duſt and aſhes e'er preſume
To tread his courts without ſubmiſſion due?
Nay, even then, when they to worſhip come,
And for forgiveneſs humbly ought to ſue?

18 Our Maſter Jeſus, when he pray'd, fell low
Upon his face, before his glorious Sire:
Yet ſcarce will any of his ſervants bow
A knee, whatever they of God require.

19 The greater James ſo oft his God ador'd
Upon his naked knees, that they at laſt
(So very often he addreſs'd the Lord!)
The camel's knees in callouſneſs ſurpaſt.

20 Moſes

20 Moſes and Aaron, Joſhua of old,
With each good king, that rule'd the Jews of yore,
And ev'ry prophet, that God's will foretold,
Shew'd us, how we the Godhead ſhou'd adore.

21 When thou haſt fallen on the earth, before
Thy Great Creator, with all due reſpect,
His gracious aid and favour to implore,
E'er thou doſt ſpeak, on what thou ſayſt, reflect.

22 Daniel, before he ſpake unto the king,
Reflected long on what he had to ſay:
So ev'ry man ſhou'd due reflexion bring,
E'er he preſumes unto his God to pray.

23 When thou haſt well conſider'd what to ſay,
Thy boſom beat, before thou doſt begin,
Own thine unworthineſs, and humbly pray
For pardon and remiſſion of thy ſin.

24 Cry out thus to him with a heart contrite,
" Let me, O God! thy gracious favour gain,
" Though I'm unworthy of thy favour quite,
" Or that I ſhou'd the leaſt requeſt obtain."

25 God is benign to all that beg his aid,
To ev'ry one that aſks, he freely grants,
He gives to all, and never does upbraid,
He gives abundantly, to each that wants.

26 Whate'er thou aſkeſt, that thou'lt have, believe,
Take no denial, but with fervour crave,
And what thou aſkeſt, doubt not to receive:
Urgently aſk, and thou the boon ſhalt have.

27 Doubt not thy heavenly Father's pow'r, or will;
Who gives to all, will freely give to thee:
For he is well-incline'd, and able ſtill,
A ready aid, and bountifully free!

A Prayer for them, who go to worſhip God in public.

1 THou God of mercy! Source of light and day!
Giver of grace, and ev'ry uſeful boon!
For Jeſus' ſake, O, hear us, when we pray,
And grant thy people their petitions ſoon.

2 We now unto thy altar, Lord! draw near,
And are aſſembled in thy aweful ſight:
O, may we there, juſt as we ought, appear!
O, give us pow'r to worſhip thee aright!

3 Our ſolemn meetings, my Creator, bleſs,
To ev'ry ſoul alacrity impart,
Our meditations proſper with ſucceſs,
That we may worſhip thee with faithful heart.

4 O! place our ſouls in apt and proper frame,
Make us all ready and alert, O Lord!
To praiſe and glorify thy ſacred name!
And hear with reverential awe thy Word!

5 Prepare our hearts, and ſanctify each thought,
Quicken our zeal, O Lord! increaſe our love,
That we a due demeanour may be taught,
And worſhip with true faith the God above.

6 Up-lift our hearts, our ſluggiſh minds up-lift,
Our cold affections with thy grace inflame,
Fix thou our thoughts, and for each gracious gift
Teach our mute lips to magnify thy name.

7 Tear from our hearts each vile and bad deſign,
And ſuffer not our thoughts to wander far,
Make us with profit hear thy word divine,
And with warm zeal to offer up each pray'r.

8 Let thy bleſs'd Spirit teach us all to pray
With ardent zeal, and vehement deſire,
That thou may'ſt lend an ear to all we ſay,
And give us whatſoever we require.

9 Place

9 Place thou thy fingers on our ears, O Lord!
That we may hear thy Goſpel, as we ought,
Enable us to underſtand thy Word,
And to apply aright, what we are taught:

10 And when we've conn'd and underſtood it well,
Empower us to do it, as we ought,
Empower us to practiſe it with zeal,
'Till it a large return of fruit has brought.

11 Do thou, O Lord! our pariſh-paſtor bleſs,
That he, with knowledge grace and pow'r, may preach
The Word of Life, and with deſire'd ſucceſs,
Thy ſervants from the ſacred Goſpel teach.

12 Enlighten thou his mind and thoughts, O Lord,
Inflame his heart, his tongue with knowledge fill,
That he may properly divide thy word
To all, according to thy holy will:

13 That we thereby may, from the ſhades of death,
Be brought to light and comfort's ſweet abode,
From the dark dungeons of the pow'rs beneath
Unto the fold, and kingdom of our God.

14 Make thou his ſermons fruitful in each mind,
Make us digeſt them with an ardent zeal,
Make us unto his perſon well-inclin'd,
If, as he ought, he labours for our weal.

15 Do thou, on him and us, thy bleſſings ſhow'r,
Do thou make pure, and ſanctify each heart,
Do thou inſtruct us by thy grace and pow'r,
That each may, as he ſhou'd, perform his part!

A Preparation for the holy Communion.

1 LET ev'ry Chriſtian, who wou'd chuſe to know
How he ſhou'd to God's bleſſed table go,
Theſe precepts learn, and in his mem'ry bear,
E'er raſhly he preſumes to venture there.

2 E'er

2 E'er to the altar you abruptly go,
Conſider well, what you're about to do,
And meditate on that myſterious cheer,
Which you are ſoon to be refreſh'd with, there.

3 It is not at the feaſt of ſome great lord,
Or at an emperor's tyrannic board,
That you are ſpeedily about to eat
A food, which is than manna much more ſweet.

4 More ſweet than manna, if with faith ſincere,
You at Chriſt's ſacred table ſhall appear,
But worſe than poiſon far, if void of grace,
You, Judas-like, approach that holy place.

5 Receive it then, as it deſerves, be ſure,
With Chriſtian decency and morals pure,
With faith, with hope, with ſanctity of mind,
With perfect Charity for all mankind.

6 Take heed leſt, full of ſin, you madly run
To Chriſt's bleſs'd table—ſuch a raſhneſs ſhun;
Leſt you damnation for your pains obtain,
Where others mercy and ſalvation gain.

7 Remember well, what purity of mind!
What care! what preparation! God enjoin'd,
E'er Iſrael was permitted erſt to taſte
The paſchal lamb, or touch that bleſt repaſt.

8 Remember too, how at that aweful ſcene
Our bleſſed Saviour waſh'd his ſervants clean,
And wipe'd with his own hands each happy gueſt,
E'er he ſhou'd taſte of that celeſtial feaſt.

9 O come not near the table of the Lord,
Defile'd by luſt, or any crime abhorr'd,
E'er you are fully cleans'd from ev'ry fault
And filthy ſtain, wherewith your ſouls were fraught!

10 Caſt out all ſin, and ev'ry foul deceit—
Caſt out wrath, envy, drunkenneſs and hate—
Caſt pride, and each fallacious art, away;
For Chriſt will never with ſuch inmates ſtay.

11 Re-

11 Remember how the Devil, fatal gueſt!
Erſt enter'd Judas's unhallow'd breaſt,
When he receiv'd the ſop, and raſhly eat,
Though plunge'd in ſin, the conſecrated meat.

12 Do thou beware, leſt this befal to thee,
(What once has been, thou know'ſt, again may be!)
If, to the Euchariſt, thou ſhou'dſt preſume
Laden with ſins, and unprepare'd, to come.

13 Keep the Corinthians ever in thy mind,
Who erſt with ſeveral diſeaſes pine'd,
Becauſe they unprepare'd and raſhly went,
Without due thought, unto the ſacrament.

14 Take heed, leſt thou thyſelf ſhou'dſt e'er draw near
To that bleſt board, without a pious fear:
Reflect what aweful viands on it lie;
Leſt thou for thy temerity ſhou'dſt die.

15 Examine well thyſelf—be fully ſure
Thy heart is perfectly ſincere, and pure—
That thou haſt quite repented of each fault,
And art with faith, hope, charity, well fraught.

16 Condemn thyſelf without the leaſt deceit,
Leſt God thy condemnation ſhou'd complete,
And, if thou doſt in ought deficient live,
Beg thou of God to grant it, or forgive.

17 Four things are abſolutely requiſite,
For ev'ry one that wou'd receive aright———
True Chriſtian faith—Repentance unconfin'd———
Love univerſal—and a thankful mind.

18 No one can ſafely be without the leaſt
Of thoſe, who goes to that celeſtial feaſt:
Whoe'er, without them, eats that hallow'd food,
From his preſumption can expect no good.

19 A proper faith is neceſſary, firſt,
To own that Chriſt, upon the croſs accurſt,
Himſelf a ſacrifice for ſinners gave,
That by his ſuff'rings he the world might ſave.

20 Faith

20 Faith does that pardon, with it's fruits, obtain,
Which Chriſt for us did by his paſſion gain;
And, in the ſupper he ſo freely gives,
Faith, Chriſt with all his righteouſneſs receives.

21 Chriſt is not food, to glut the paunch deſign'd,
Or for the ſtomach and the teeth to grind,
But the ſoul's hunger fully to allay,
Thro' ardent faith, in a myſterious way.

22 None in the ſpirit can enjoy the Lord,
Nor eat his body at the bleſſed board,
Unleſs he's of that lively faith poſſeſt,
Which iſſues from the contrite ſinner's breaſt.

23 It, from the Goſpel, is exceeding plain,
That Chriſt does in the realms above remain,
And that no mortal can his body eat,
But as a myſtic, immaterial meat.

24 Faith therefore all, to gain their Saviour, need,
Faith all muſt have, their famiſh'd ſouls to feed,
Faith all muſt have, to elevate their heart;
If, in their Saviour, they wou'd have a part.

25 Chriſt is a food, for hungry ſouls deſign'd,
Chriſt is a food, to feed each faithful mind,
Chriſt is a food, that muſt thro' faith be eat,
Chriſt is a ſpiritual and mental treat!

26 Whene'er thou eateſt this celeſtial bread,
In ſad remembrance of thy maſter dead,
Lift up, above this wicked world thy heart,
That thou, thro' faith, in Chriſt may'ſt have a part.

27 Repentance, next to faith, muſt be obtain'd
From ev'ry ſin wherewith thy ſoul is ſtain'd,
With reſolution to amend each day,
And from thy former faults to turn away.

28 Repent thou truly, with a heart ſincere,
And for thy ſins ſhed many a briny tear,
Nor dare the table of the Lord attend,
E'er thou repenteſt, leſt thou ſhou'dſt offend.

29 Caſt

29 Caſt out the dregs, and keep thy body pure,
Nor in a caſk unſweet thy wine ſecure,
Leſt it ſhou'd fret, and force a paſſage out,
And from the riven veſſel fly about.

30 Nor Father, Lamb, or Dove, will e'er remain,
Where hate, and gloomy-minded malice reign:
Then make thy veſſel clean, if thou wou'dſt taſte
Thy Saviour's fleſh, and ſhare the ſweet repaſt.

31 Diſgorge thy fulſome load, conceal thy ſhame,
All trifling talk, and vain purſuits diſclaim,
Suppreſs thy wanton heat, thy temper rein,
Amend thy life, from idleneſs refrain.

32 Waſh thou thy hands in innocence, thy ſoul
In righteouſneſs, in charity, thy whole:
So ſhall the man entire, from head to heel,
Receive his Saviour, and his influence feel.

33 Love juſtice, and ſobriety purſue,
Uſe purity and holineſs, indue
The robe of perfect love, and let no ſtain,
However ſlight, defile thy ſoul again.

34 Let not things holy e'er be hurl'd to dogs,
Nor precious pearls be flung to filthy hogs,
Nor manna to a dirty diſh conſign'd,
Nor the communion to an impious mind:

35 But, in a golden pot, thy manna place,
Chriſt's body with the fineſt linen grace,
In a clean cask thy gen'rous wines ſecure,
And the communion in a heart that's pure.

36 The third thing requiſite, which thou muſt get,
E'er thou doſt eat, is charity complete:
Ill-will, or ſpite, to no man thou may'ſt bear,
Whether, thy friend or foe, from far, or near,

37 Love is the banner by Chriſt's ſervants ſhown,
Whereby they are from any other's known;
And 'tis by love (as men by liv'ry coats)
That Chriſt diſtinguiſhes his ſheep, from goats:

38 For Chriſt will not permit that any gueſt
Shou'd e'er partake of his celeſtial feaſt,
Who has not a ſincere and guiltleſs mind,
That is in charity with all mankind.

39 Though of a thouſand gifts thou wert poſſeſt,
Thou ſhalt not be to Chriſt a welcome gueſt;
But all thoſe gifts will be of no avail,
If thou in perfect charity ſhou'dſt fail.

40 In love unfeign'd with all thy neighbours live,
With all thy heart thine enemies forgive,
And if a wrong to any thou haſt done,
Be reconcile'd, or let thy work alone.

41 Take heed, and come not to the feaſt of Chriſt,
Unleſs from ſpite and malice you deſiſt;
Leſt Satan with the bread ſhou'd enter in,
And fill you full of ev'ry filthy ſin.

42 Learn of the adder, though a worm, to caſt
Each pois'nous paſſion from thy breaſt in haſte,
E'er to approach God's altar thou doſt dare;
Leſt thoſe fierce paſſions ſhou'd deſtroy thee, there:

43 For as ſome ſay, who have the action ſeen,
The adder lays her poiſon on the green,
Before ſhe quenches at the ſtream her thirſt;
Leſt ſhe ſhou'd by th' envenom'd potion burſt.

44 So caſt all anger from thy boſom quite,
All envy, rage, malevolence, and ſpite,
Or elſe, like wild and furious beaſts, they will
Without diſtinction their own Keepers kill.

45 If theſe three virtues, "faith, repentance, love,"
Adorn thy ſoul, thou ſhalt moſt welcome prove;
Thou then may'ſt go, and be thy maſter's gueſt;
For Chriſt himſelf invites thee to his feaſt.

46 Think, when thou ſee'ſt the Prieſt divide the bread,
And view'ſt the wine into the chalice ſhed,
Think, how the ſpear transfix'd thy Saviour's ſide,
And how his heart, pour'd out it's crimſon tide!

47 When

47 When bread and wine, juſt hallow'd at the board,
Thou doſt receive, receive in thought the Lord,
Receive him in thy heart with mind ſincere,
And fully feaſt thy ſoul upon him, there.

48 We maſticate him not, (when Chriſt we eat)
Nor turn him down our throats, like common meat;
But 'tis by faith, and by a thankful heart
Alone, that we in Chriſt can have a part.

49 Lift up thy mind, and ſoar above the skies,
And look at Chriſt with ſupplicating eyes,
Reflect what then he did and felt for thee,
Whilſt for thy ſins he hung upon the tree.

50 Believe that Chriſt, when nail'd unto the tree,
For thee was ſacrificed, and die'd for thee!
Believe that he, to buy thy ſoul, did bleed:
'Tis then! 'tis thus, thou eateſt Chriſt indeed!

51 But ſhou'dſt thou ask, what good can thence ariſe,
Or in the ſacrament, what profit lies,
Shou'dſt thou receive it with a Chriſtian mind,
True faith, and charity for all mankind?

52 Why! Chriſt to thee, there, abſolution gives,
And freely all thy ſumleſs ſins forgives,
An abſolution, by thy God made good—
An abſolution, ſeal'd with Chriſt's beſt blood!

53 Pardon and life, are thence, to thee ſupply'd,
With comfort, health, and ev'ry gift beſide,
He gives his ſpirit, with each grace divine,
And he himſelf, with all his gifts, is thine.

54 He makes thee all his mighty bleſſings ſhare,
Such bleſſings, as no language can declare!
He will, in ſpirit, in thy heart remain,
And, if thou'rt grateful, there will ever reign.

55 He feeds thy fainty ſoul with fat'ning food,
With his own body, and his precious blood,
And gives thee his bleſt Spirit from on high,
As a ſure pledge of immortality!

56 How art thou bound ſuch goodneſs to applaud,
And ſing the praiſes of thy Saviour-God,
Who made thee of his glorious ſupper eat,
An entertainment with each good replete?

57 O, what returns canſt thou to Him e'er make,
For all He did or ſuffer'd for thy ſake——
To Him—who fed thy ſoul with heavenly food——
With His own body, and moſt precious blood?

58 Then be not ſuch a brute, the church to leave,
Where thou ſo lately didſt ſuch food receive,
E'er thou thy thanks haſt to thy Saviour paid
With grateful mind, for his celeſtial aid.

59 Chriſt, even barley bread wou'd never eat,
Much leſs more delicate and ſav'ry meat,
Before He thank'd his Sire—nor wou'd forget,
Where-e'er he was, to pay that bounden debt.

60 How can'ſt thou then preſume the Lord to eat,
And feed on Chriſt, the very firſt of meat!
Yet never for the boon thy thanks impart,
Thy bounden thanks——e'en from thy very heart?

61 Nor yet invite heav'n, earth, and man to join
The Seraphim, and all the hoſts divine,
To celebrate with thee the Lord above
For his immenſe benevolence and love?

A Prayer to be ſaid before receiving of the Sacrament.

1 O Lord! who graciouſly waſt mov'd
To give us Chriſt, thy beſt-belov'd,
To be for our tranſgreſſions ſlain,
And ſouls deſponding to ſuſtain!

2 O give me grace with pious care,
Like a good Chriſtian to prepare,
That I, by faith, may eat Chriſt's fleſh,
And on the Lord my ſoul refreſh!

3 O make my heart and conſcience clear,
And make my veſſel ſtill appear
Quite pure, and purge'd from ev'ry ſin,
That Chriſt may freely enter in!

4 Strengthen my faith, my hopes improve,
Inflame my breaſt with perfect love,
My body cleanſe, my ſpirit guide,
That Chriſt may in my heart reſide!

5 Lift thou my thoughts up to the ſkies,
Where my Redeemer Jeſus lies,
My ſoul let him, thro' faith, ſuſtain,
That I may grace from Him obtain.

6 Perſuade me that there is from heaven
A pardon to all ſinners given,
And that I, for Chriſt's ſufferings ſake,
Shall of his wond'rous works partake.

7 Make me believe, that he will reign,
And in my boſom ſtill remain,
And that His ſpirit from my heart
Will never, 'till my death, depart.

8 O let me not, like any brute,
The temple of my God pollute,
But ever keep the ſacred ſcene,
Where he vouchſafes to ſojourn, clean.

9 O make me chant, both day and night,
His praiſes forth with all my might,
And may He ev'ry hour be bleſt,
For the good cheer found at his feaſt!

STANZA'S concerning ſome PERSONS and THINGS, that are mentioned in the Holy Scriptures.

1 FROM Adam's lapſe, this uſeful leſſon learn,
"As the leaſt ſin, there's nothing coſts ſo much"
Thence, too, the danger thou may'ſt well diſcern,
"All things forbidden by the Lord, to touch."

2 Old Eve, by her offence and fatal crime,
Has thrown a powerful warning in thy way;
That thou ſhou'd'ſt never dare at any time,
Satan, before the' Almighty, to obey.

3 If Adam met with ſo ſevere a doom,
Who only did a ſingle apple eat;
Think thou, what they muſt ſuffer, who preſume
To live entirely on forbidden meat!

4 How dange'rous is the fruit, whoſe acid juice
Corrodes the teeth of all the human race?
Be thou not one of thoſe, my ſon, who chuſe
To feed on fruits like them, in any caſe.

5 Had not our bleſſed Saviour been ſo kind,
To ſuffer death for us upon the croſs;
The world had, for that fault, been all confin'd
In Hell, and none cou'd have repair'd the loſs.

6 The dragon, though ſo dange'rous, never dread,
But in the woman's promis'd ſeed confide,
Who has already bruis'd his baneful head,
Pluck'd out his ſting, and low'r'd his creſted pride.

7 If the old ſerpent has transfix'd thy ſoul
With ſin's keen ſting, thou'rt gone beyond reſource,
Or nothing in the world can make thee whole,
'Till to the brazen One thou haſt recourſe.

8 Old Adam for a ſingle apple loſt
The bliſsful ſcenes of ancient paradiſe,
Take heed, leſt thou the New One, to thy coſt,
Should'ſt for ſuch trifles loſe, if thou art wiſe.

9 Whoe'er, like Cain, with a felonious heart,
Shall evil do: (for ſo the ſcriptures teach)
Evil ſhall never from his houſe depart,
Until God's vengeance ſhall the culprit reach.

10 Leſt thou, like Cain, that murderer of yore!
Shou'dſt ſhed a guiltleſs perſon's blood, take heed:
Whoever ſheds his fellow creature's gore,
Shall ſurely by his fellow creatures bleed.

11 Commit

11 Commit no murder in the gloom of night;
Juſt Abel's murder God himſelf reveal'd:
He will in public all thy crimes requite;
Though by the veil of ſolitude conceal'd.

12 Thy life with Abel's innocence adorn,
Fear God, and often to his courts repair,
And offer on thy knees, both night and morn,
To Him the conſtant ſacrifice of pray'r.

13 And when thy off'ring's to the altar brought,
Be it the beſt and choiceſt in it's kind:
The Godhead hates, or is not pleas'd with ought
That's wan and weak, or either halt or blind.

14 If thou an offering doſt freely make,
God will as readily the ſame receive:
But he will never that oblation take,
Which thou doſt not with real pleaſure give.

15 Though all the world were grown reluctant quite
To ſerve the Omnipotent, and ceas'd to pray:
Do thou, like *Enos*, all the World excite
To worſhip God without the leaſt delay.

16 Exhort them all to ſerve the Lord their God;
'Tis each true Chriſtian's duty, to do ſo:
Proclaim his might, his praiſes ſpread abroad,
And thou to his eternal joys ſhalt go.

17 Walk thou, like Enoch, with the Lord moſt high,
His footſteps trace, and imitate his ways:
Remember too that his all-ſeeing eye
Thy ev'ry act, nay ev'ry thought, ſurveys.

18 To Enoch, what a recompence was given
For his devotion, piouſly obſerve!
E'er death he ſaw, he went direct to heaven:
Who wou'd not then ſo good a maſter ſerve?

19 From Enoch's ſtory theſe three truths are plain——
Firſt, that thy precious ſoul ſhall never die——
Next, that thy body ſhall be rais'd again——
Laſt, that rewards await the juſt on high.

20 Commit no ſin, for though in private done,
God will ſoon bring the ſecret crime to light:
But always live, as if each act was known
To Him, and thou wert always in his ſight.

21 Though thou wert with a giant's ſtrength endue'd,
God, when he pleaſes, can thy pride ſubdue,
And make thee ſoon each creeping inſect's food,
If thou wilt ſtill the paths of vice purſue.

22 If from the flood the giants cou'd not run,
Nor from the wate'ry vengeance erſt retire:
How can the preſent pigmy race e'er ſhun
The inundation of o'erwhelming fire?

23 However vile the world be all around,
However numerous the ſinful crew,
In thy Creator's ſight be perfect found,
And Noah's pattern all thy life purſue.

24 The cuſtom of the vulgar crowd eſchew,
Who ruſh to ſin, as faſt as e'er they can:
Better *his* ſteps, though ſingle, to purſue,
Who fears his God, and has reſpect to man.

25 How odious all Adult'ry is, obſerve!
How hateful ſin is in the ſight of God!
Since nothing leſs, to puniſh it, wou'd ſerve
Than that wide deluge, which the world o'erflow'd.

26 If thou, like holy Noah, canſt be pure,
And canſt perfection, like that patriarch's boaſt:
Like Noah, thou ſalvation ſhalt ſecure,
While all the reſt, beyond redreſs, are loſt.

27 Better it is that patriarch's ſteps to trace,
With faith, perfection, and each virtue crown'd,
Than 'tis the world's vile maxims to embrace,
And with the vicious multitude be drown'd.

28 Whilſt 'tis the time of grace, conſtruct thine ark,
E'er yet the deluge covers all the ſtrand:
It is by much too late to build a bark,
When th' inundation overwhelms the land.

29 Better

29 Better by far it is, upon the whole,
Safely with Noah in the ark to keep,
Than in a ſea of vices to plunge one's ſoul,
Loſt with the crowd in the unfathom'd deep.

30 Whene'er thou doſt the rainbow's curve ſurvey,
God's ſacred covenant recall to mind:
His mighty deeds it's glorious beams diſplay,
For-ever merciful, for-ever kind!

31 Reflect with awe upon it's changeful hue!
Azure and red, are it's prevailing dies:
The watry deluge, was the azure-blue,
In fie'ry-red, the future judgement lies.

32 When both the horns of this celeſtial bow
Are bent to earth, without a ſhaft or ſtring,
It is deſign'd that happy peace to ſhow, [King.
Which reigns, thro' Chriſt, 'twixt man and heav'n's

33 Beware of Satan, and his latent nets,
When void of care, and moſt at eaſe, at home:
Thy ſteps, like Noah's, hourly he beſets,
And ſlily waits the moment to o'ercome.

34 Tho' Noah cou'd not, to adult'ry's net,
By Satan in his youthful days be brought;
Yet in a fatal hour ſucceſs he met,
And in his toils the hoary drunkard caught.

35 Shou'dſt thou in ſome Gomorrah chance to ſtay,
Where drunkenneſs and fornication reign;
Like Lot, from their vile converſe haſte away,
Leſt their pollutions ſhou'd thy morals ſtain.

36 Shou'dſt thou the town, where thou doſt ſojourn, ſee,
Sin againſt God at an enormous rate:
Like Lot from Sodom and it's confines flee,
Before the ſtorm deſcends upon thy pate.

37 Better it is upon a deſert plain
To be with Lot, or in a cavern'd rock,
Than in a ſinful Sodom to remain,
Expoſe'd, like it, to ſuch a dreadful ſhock.

38 Who

38 Who, whilſt in Sodom, kept himſelf ſo well,
So free from ev'ry fault, as holy Lot?
Yet, in a cave, thro' drunkenneſs he fell,
And there his former principles forgot.

39 Tho' thou haſt 'ſcape'd from vice's dang'rous ſnare,
And ne'er didſt in Gomorrah's ſtews appear,
Of ſin's aſſaults in thy own houſe beware,
When none beſides thy boſom-friends are near.

40 If thou haſt once the luck, the fire to ſhun,
And art unhurt from flaming Sodom come:
Take heed, leſt thou a ſecond time ſhou'dſt run
To equal danger for thy ſins at home.

41 If thou from Sodom haſt the luck to fly,
Return not there by any means again:
Lot's wife, becauſe ſhe backward glance'd her eye,
Was turn'd to ſalt upon the' adjacent plain.

42 Open thine eyes, look round, and trembling own,
That ſin's ſeverely puniſh'd by the Lord:
Since he upon Gomorrah's luſtful town
A dreadful ſtorm of fire and brimſtone ſhow'r'd.

43 Ah me!—how loud is vice's yelling noiſe,
Dinning the Godheads ears both night and day!
No reſpite knows her never-ceaſing voice,
'Till God with vengeance ſhall her crimes repay!

44 How foul, how fatal, were the monſtrous crimes,
Which brought perdition upon Sodom's race!
The diſtrict ſtinks e'en to the preſent times,
And ſmoke and ſulph'rous ſteams ſtill mark the place!

45 Never an angred father's curſe deſerve;
Ham and his ſeed cou'd ne'er wipe out the ſtain;
It's laſting marks the Negroes ſtill preſerve,
And in their skins it ever will remain.

46 Like Shem, the foibles of thy Sire conceal,
With filial piety his errors hide;
Nor when his ſnowy locks his years reveal,
Like Canaan the uncover'd ſot deride.

47 With

47 With laudable reſpect thy mother grace,
And pay her all th' obedience that's her due;
On thy right hand the honour'd matron place,
As royal Solomon was wont to do.

48 Never in any work employ thy hand,
To whate'er place thou travelleſt abroad;
Before, like Abraham, in the foreign land
Thou rear'ſt an altar, to adore thy God,

49 Believe each Word the Lord thy God has ſpoke,
For it is perfect, ſtrictly true, and pure:
The heav'ns and earth ſhall paſs away, like ſmoke;
But that forever ſhall, each jot, endure.

50 Where-e'er the Lord thy God commands thee, go,
His dictates with alacrity obey,
Whate'er thou doſt, like Abraham, quickly do,
And his behelts perform without delay.

51 Offer thy Son, ſhou'd God that task require,
And circumciſion with reſpect receive,
Abjure the idols of thy pagan ſire,
And at God s nod thy native country leave.

52 From Iſaac meekneſs and ſubmiſſion gain,
From him, whatever happens, learn to bear:
So ſhalt thou favour from mankind obtain,
And always live in thy Creator's fear.

53 Beware, leſt thou defile thy ſpouſe's bed,
Be pleas'd with her, that is already thine;
As Iſaac erſt was pleas'd with her, he wed;
For that is pleaſing to the Pow'r divine.

54 If thou with Jacob's gentle voice art bleſt,
Of Eſau's rough and bloody hands beware:
The Deity can ne'er enough deteſt
Foul deeds, tho' veil'd beneath expreſſions fair.

55 When thou reſolveſt firſt a maid to woo,
To Jacob s conduct give eſpecial heed:
Like him, thy parents counſel ſtill purſue;
So ſhall proſperity attend thy ſeed.

56 Never unto thy belly be a ſlave,
Eſau was with the greateſt ſhame oppreſs'd,
Who his own birthright unto Jacob gave
For one poor meſs of pottage ready dreſs'd.

57 Fie on all waſte! on all exceſſes fie!
Sell not heav'n's joys for either drink or meat:
Eſau from Canaan was oblig'd to fly,
Who ſold his birthright for a ſorry treat.

58 If with thy miſtreſs thou art ask'd to lie,
However private, yet refuſe the joy:
Like Joſeph from her hot embraces fly,
Nor for a kiſs thy precious ſoul deſtroy.

59 Go thou to priſon, ev'ry woe endure,
And lie in chains extended on the floor,
E'er thou with action luſtful and impure,
Giveſt Chriſt's member to a filthy whore.

60 Love not a proſtitute, nor e'er defile
The temple, where the Lord of hoſts remains:
Joſeph wou'd ne'er have done a thing ſo vile,
Though he was all his life to rot in chains.

61 Like Eſau's, 'tis a bargain moſt unwiſe,
A bargain, that will make thee wail and weep,
To ſell thy bright reverſion in the skies,
A night perhaps with ſome lewd punk to ſleep!

62 Becauſe he wou'd not with his miſtreſs lie,
Nor condeſcend her wanton heat to cool,
Joſeph was rais'd by providence on high,
And Egypt rule'd, who did his paſſions rule.

63 Better it is to be with Joſeph chaſte,
Altho', in jail, you for your virtue be,
Than on a throne, like Herod, to be plac'd,
With an Herodias on your guilty knee.

64 Shou'dſt thou thy father's bed with inceſt ſtain,
Though firſt-begotten, thou his curſe ſhou'dſt get,
And Judah thy inheritance obtain;
Whilſt thou haſt nothing, but a long regret.

65 To

65 To ſell thy brother, Simeon! is not wiſe;
Thou knoweſt not what chance may yet prevail:
Joſeph, when ſold, to ſuch a height ſhall riſe,
That he ſhall order Simeon to a jail.

66 Like Moſes, ſweetneſs of behaviour ſhew,
Like him, be meek, and harmleſs as a child,
Faithful, ſubmiſſive, affable, and true,
Brave, without raſhneſs, without ſoftneſs, mild.

67 See!—what an army God of old employ'd,
A mighty Monarch's ſtubborn heart to bend!
By lice and locuſts, flies and frogs annoy'd,
Pharaoh wou'd fain his wicked ways amend!

68 If thou a ſlave in Egypt wou'dſt not be,
But go, where milk and honey bleſs the ſhore,
Thou muſt paſs through the Erythre'an ſea;
Tho' ſtrong it's ſurge, and terrible it's roar!

69 A man with too-much manna may be cloy'd;
But who can't touch it, muſt be nice indeed:
Yet thou muſt be of taſte and reaſon void,
If thou, before it, wou'dſt on garlick feed.

70 E'er God will leave his faithful follo'wers need,
He'll rain a ſhow'r of manna from on high,
Or elſe on quails his favourites ſhall feed,
At his command deſcending from the sky.

71 Never reſiſt the paſtor of thy ſoul,
Nor on the herald of the' Almighty jeſt,
Leſt the' earth ſhou'd open and ingulph thee whole,
If thou, like Korah, ſhou'dſt inſult thy Prieſt.

72 To thy vocation or profeſſion cleave,
And let the Clergy their own bus'neſs mind;
God to their care alone his ark will leave,
Who to that ſacred office were deſign'd.

73 From hence it may to all be clearly known,
How ſtrictly we ſhou'd keep the ſabbath day!
Since God enjoin'd the Jewiſh hoſt to ſtone
The man, who broke it firſt, without delay.

74 The

74 The ſabbath in devotion ſpend, and come
Unto the temple, in thy beſt array,
Nor, whilſt thou liveſt here on earth, preſume
To do the Devil's work on that bleſt day.

75 The pow'r of God we hence may all behold,
Who, at a man's entreaty, ſtopp'd the ſun:
For one whole day it's motion he control'd,
And ſtay'd it's courſe, until his people won.

76 How ſhameful is it then, remember all,
That that vaſt orb ſhou'd God's command obey?
Whilſt we, vile worms! deſpiſe his gracious call,
And will not, at his mighty bidding, ſtay.

77 Shou'dſt thou e'er go, where idols are ador'd,
Boldly, like Joſhua, this anſwer give,
" I, and my family, will ſerve the Lord,
' And will not own another, whilſt I live."

78 The ſhining ſword, O Zimri, Zimri! fear,
Hung by the God of vengeance o'er thy head!
Behold, in Phineas' hand, the pointed ſpear,
Lifted, to ſtrike thee, and thy ſtrumpet, dead!

79 O Balaam! Balaam! ope thine eyes, and ſee
The angel juſt deſcended from above!
Return, return, nor touch the venal fee,
But hear the aſs, thy avarice reprove.

80 A harlot love no better than the fiend,
Thy boſom-ſecrets ne'er to her impart—
The ſtiffeſt neck ſhe, like a twig, will bend,
Though ſtrong as Samſon, ſhe will break thy heart.

81 Never encourage thoſe that are to blame,
But from their vices ſtudiouſly refrain;
Gibeah, with all her wealth, was ſet on flame,
Becauſe ſhe did not her rude ſons reſtrain.

82 With heed, O Benjamin! my words attend:
Why wilt thou ſtrive to pull the wrath divine,
(Becauſe thou wilt thy daring youths defend
In all their vices) upon thee and thine?

83 From Eli's fate, take warning, and beware!
Thy children teach, and carefully correct:
Whene'er the fire is uſe'd the rod to ſpare,
God with the ſword will puniſh the neglect.

84 Learn thou from Samuel, whilſt yet a youth
With ſtrict fidelity to ſerve thy God,
And to the laſt, unſhaken hold the truth,
Unſhock'd by injuries, unſtain'd by fraud.

85 From that juſt judge theſe uſeful leſſons draw,
"All in their properties alike protect,———
"Give ſentence ſtill, according unto law,
"And as the rules of juſtice ſhall direct."

86 What gains cou'd Joel from injuſtice boaſt,
From bribe'ry and corruption, void of ſhame?
He loſt his credit, and his office loſt,
But gain'd reproach, and a deteſted name.

87 Touch not the ark, like Uzzah—but beware——
Leave to the prieſt, what to the prieſt is due——
Be thy own calling and concerns thy care:
For thou haſt nothing with the ark to do.

88 When thou with pain and ſickneſs art oppreſs'd,
Like Job thy patience ſilently diſplay——
Never blaſpheme, however ſore diſtreſs'd:
'Tis God that gives, and God that takes away!

89 Though God ſhou'd take thy ſubſtance all away,
Or by ſome ſickneſs ſeem to call thee hence—
"Though God ſhou'd kill me, yet (reſignedly ſay)
"I ſtill in him will place my confidence."

90 Like royal David from thy bed ariſe,
And humbly on thy knees thy God adore—
At midnight let thy pray'rs aſcend the ſkies,
Whilſt others on their downy pillows ſnore.

91 It is a meet and mighty pleaſant thing,
Unto the Lord at dead of night to pray,
And for his various gifts to thank heav'n's king,
Soon as the dawn proclaims the new-born day.

92 Like

92 Like David, that renown'd ſeer! repent
Of all the crimes and evil thou haſt done——
Like him, with ceaſeleſs tears thy ſins lament,
'Till thou God's favour and his love haſt won.

93 Weep, 'till thy couch with briny floods is drown'd—
'Till with thy bread thou haſt thy tears devour'd——
Wear ſackcloth——roll thyſelf along the ground—
'Till thou haſt pardon for thy ſins implor'd.

94 Although thy locks be of a lovely dye,
Yet from all pride, on that account forbear;
Leſt thou, like Abſalom, ſhou'dſt hang on high,
Caught, and entangled by thy flowing hair.

95 If David in the dark, and dead of night,
Shall with Uriah's charming conſort ſport;
Another, in the ſun's meridian height,
Shall to his wives, without diſguiſe, reſort.

96 How ſhort did that precarious pleaſure laſt,
For which his life inceſtuous Ammon loſt?
Ah me! how bitter was it, when 'twas paſt?
How dear at length the tranſient rapture coſt!

97 Thy precious ſoul in danger never leave,
Thy carnal luſts and pleaſures to fulfil:
For thou, one day, moſt bitterly ſhalt grieve,
That thou, on Tamar, haſt obtain'd thy will!

98 Thy houſe and thy concerns in order ſet,
Like Hezekiah, with convenient care:
Thyſelf in readineſs this moment get,
And ſtill for death, before death comes, prepare.

99 Thy neighbour's vineyard ſeek not to obtain:
Oppreſſion daily pulls God's vengeance down:
For if thou thus ſhou'dſt Naboth's portion gain,
Thou for that ſin ſhalt forfeit Iſrael's crown.

100 O Ahab! Ahab! with ſtrict juſtice deal,
Nor luſt thy neighbour's fortune to enjoy;
If thou, thro' perjury, his land ſhalt ſteal,
God will thy offspring to a man deſtroy,

101 How

101 How great ſoe'er thy toil and trouble be,
Thrice ev'ry day, like pious Daniel, fall
Before thy Maker, on thy bended knee:
For of all buſineſs that's the beſt of all!

102 Shut to thy cloſet door—kneel on the floor—
Lift up thine eyes—unlock thy lips to pray——
With humble attitude thy God adore
And humble heart, at leaſt three times a day.

103 Though thou ſhou'dſt to the lion's den be caſt,
Omit not, even there, thy wonted pray'r:
The wildeſt beaſts will ſhun their wiſh'd repaſt,
And ev'ry true believer learn to ſpare.

104 Thy knee before an image never bow,
Tho' thou wert, therefore, force'd to quit the world,
And tho', like Shadrach, thou wert doom'd to go
Headlong, into a fi'ry furnace hurl'd.

105 Nought muſt be worſhipp'd but our God alone;
An idol is a triffle, nothing more;
Whether of gold, of ſilver, or of ſtone,
'Tis but a helpleſs ſcare-crow, void of pow'r.

106 When to thy lip thou lifteſt up the bowl,
Blaſpheming God, but in the banquet bleſt——
Beware—leſt angry Death ſhou'd ſeize thy ſoul,
Like king Belſhazzar's at his impious feaſt!

107 When, round the board, the goblet briſkly flies,
Behold the hand, upon the ſtucco'd wall,
Writing thy dreadful doom before thy eyes,
And thy intempe'rance's certain fall!

108 Thy charity, like Tobit, largely deal——
To all that need, diſpenſe around thy ſtore,
And never with contentment eat a meal,
'Till thou ſome part haſt given to the poor.'

109 Support the feeble—and interr the dead—
The naked clothe—the friendleſs widow guide—
The orphan's cauſe with real ardor plead——
Nor treat the ſtranger with tyrannic pride.

110 Whene'er thou purpoſeſt to take a bride,
Beg thou of God his neceſſary aid:
A Raphael then thy wandring ſteps ſhall guide,
And lead thee to the moſt accompliſh'd maid.

111 Before thou goeſt with thy ſpouſe to reſt,
Beſeech the Lord thy genial bed to bleſs,
And hand in hand prefer your joint requeſt,
That He may crown your nuptials with ſucceſs.

112 Thy parents, as Tobias did, revere,
And, whilſt they live, ne'er their commands oppoſe;
When dead, their bodies decently interr,
For that's a duty ev'ry Chriſtian owes!

113 As ſtrictly juſt, throughout thy life, be found,
As one who ne'er the goſpel's luſtre ſaw,
And let thy death with as much faith be crown'd,
As if thou nought hadſt heard e'er of the law!

114 Shou'dſt thou, O Chriſtian! aſk, who ſung theſe ſtrains,
And ſtrove theſe truths in metre to comprize?
It was a Chriſtian prieſt, who took the pains,
In hopes thereby to help thee to the ſkies.

The AUTHOR's Letter to a Clergyman, who had deſired him to put the CATECHISM of the Church of England into Verſe.

1 I Know, my brother, 'twas thy fervent zeal
For God, and for the Chriſtian commonweal,
That made thee aſk me at the preſent time,
To turn our church's doctrines into rhyme.

2 The Welſh, 'tis true, as thou may'ſt well diſcern,
Are much more apt ſome idle ſong to learn,
Than truths—that, far more worthy of their care,
And of more value and importance, are.

3 Thou therefore didſt deſire me, as I gueſs,
That I ſhou'd all thoſe points in verſe expreſs;
That ſo the younglings of our flocks by rote
Might learn to ſing with eaſe, what thus was wrote.

4 As

4 As ſoon as thou hadſt thy deſign expreſt,
Immediately I granted thy requeſt,
And ſtrove thoſe ſacred precepts to reſtrain
In artleſs Stanza's, and in language plain.

5 I labour'd not at any thing exact,
But a ſhort meaſure, pleaſing, and compact,
Which the worſt memory might with eaſe retain,
That heard it only twice, or once again.

6 Receive with candor then this little taſk,
Which thou didſt lately with ſuch fervor aſk;
And, though the work be not at all complete,
Yet it wou'd fain thy approbation meet.

7 If God ſome glory ſhall from hence obtain,
And our own flocks ſome ſmall improvement gain,
We both ſhall have, I fancy, what we want:
Succeſs to it may the Almighty grant!

8 May all thy wiſhes be by Him ſupply'd——
May He be thy inſeperable guide——
But, as my haſte is great, don't think me rude,
If I beg leave at preſent to conclude, &c. &c.

The CATECHISM.

Q. MY lively, lovely, little child! declare,
What is thy Chriſtian name? and then in brief,
With ſerious heart, and an aſſured air,
Repeat aloud thy faith and thy belief.

A. The Chriſtian name I bear, is Conſtantine*;
And tho' in Adam I was loſt of old,
Yet now, at laſt, I'm ſave'd, thro' grace divine,
By Chriſt, the true Meſſiah, long foretold.

* A pupil, as 'tis ſuppoſed, of our Author, for whoſe inſtruction this Catechiſm, perhaps, was at firſt verſify'd——and therefore thro' overſight, his name was ſtill continu'd, as it anſwer'd to the rhyme in the ſecond line, on which account I have likewiſe retain'd it.

Q. Who gave thee, ſay, the name by which thou'rt call'd,
Tho' thou wert erſt with all the human race,
By Adam's ſhameful lapſe, to ſin enthrall'd,
The child of wrath, and in a wretched caſe?

A. My ſponſors at the font, with faith ſincere,
(As I have ſince been made to underſtand)
Gave me the name, which I am proud to bear,
According to our Saviour's own command.

Q. But what advantage thence to thee has flow'd,
When thou wert at the ſacred font baptiz'd
With water, by the miniſter of God:
Since ſo much woe is in thy life compriz'd?

A. A member I of Chriſt, am made thereby,
A child of the Almighty God above,
An heir apparent of the realms on high,
And happy in my bleſſed Saviour's love.

Q. What was the vow thy ſponſors then expreſt?
What was the ſolemn promiſe that they gave,
By which with equal tenure to the beſt,
Thou waſt entitled all thoſe rights to have?

A. Three ſeve'ral things they promis'd in my name,
Which I ſhall never, whilſt I breathe, forget;
But, thro' God's grace, will ſtrive to do the ſame,
'Till I have paid, far as I can, the debt.

Q. What were the things they promis'd to fulfil
For thee—'till thou to proper age ſhou'dſt grow,
When of thyſelf thou hadſt no pow'r, nor will?
Tell me aloud, if thou the ſame doſt know.

A. Firſt, I only obſerve, that I renounce entire
The wily fiend, and his infernal deeds,
This wicked world, with ev'ry vain deſire,
And ſinful luſt, that from the fleſh proceeds.

Take notice, next, I did by them engage
The Chriſtian Faith for ever to maintain,
I mean thoſe doctrines of each ſacred page,
Which all may from their creed, in ſhort, obtain.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, that I, with reverential awe,
Shall God's commands and will reveal'd obey,
And lead, according to his given law,
A godly life, unto my dying day.

Q. To this belief art thou engage'd ſo faſt?
And is thy obligation, ſay, ſo great,
That thou the promiſe, which for thee they paſt,
Muſt now make good, and their whole vow complete?

A. All this I muſt believe, and, what is more,
I'm bound the ſame entirely to fulfil,
As far as is conſiſtent with my pow'r;
And, if I'm able, by God's grace, I will:

And hearty thanks I to my Maker owe,
That he vouchſafe'd ſuch favour to afford,
As his ſalvation unto me to ſhow,
Thro' Jeſus Chriſt, my ever-bleſſed Lord:

And earneſtly I pray that he wou'd deign,
To me, the grace of conſtancy to give,
That I may, in this hopeful ſtate, remain,
'Till I, with him, in endleſs bliſs ſhall live.

Q. Rehearſe, with voice diſtinct and ſolemn air,
Thoſe articles the Chriſtian Faith requires,
That I may thence collect, how juſt they are,
And on what grounds thou foundeſt thy deſires.

The CREED.

A. In God, the Father, whoſe Almighty Pow'r
Did heav'n, earth, ſea, into exiſtence call,
I do believe, and ever will adore
Him, as the Governor ſupreme o'er all.

In Jeſus Chriſt, his only Son, our Lord,
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghoſt,
And born of Mary, prove'd upon record
A ſpotleſs virgin, I ſtill farther truſt.

The ſame who ſuffered a moſt ſhameful death,
(Whilſt Pontius Pilate Judah's ſceptre ſway'd)
And, when upon the croſs deprive'd of breath,
Like a mere mortal, in the grave was laid.

Then for our ſakes he into Hades went,
That ſeat of pain and never-ending woes!
But the third day, he after that deſcent,
From the dark chambers of the dead aroſe:

But not till he had over Death obtain'd
A victory, in ev'ry ſenſe complete,
And from the fiend, that foul deceiver, gain'd
Ample amends for the firſt man's defeat:

To the third heavens then aſcended he,
Where he does now on God's right hand reſide,
And where he ſhall, for endleſs ages, be
To all the church a never-erring guide:

From thence, with Glory and great Pow'r, he'll come
As Judge, both o'er the living and the dead,
That terribly-important day of doom,
When they'll be call'd to his tribunal dread.

Another point, I do believe, is this,
(For ſo I find it in another creed)
That the' Holy Ghoſt, who gives us life and bliſs,
Does from the Father, and the Son, proceed.

I, farthermore, beyond all doubt am ſure,
That there's in ev'ry age and realm reſerv'd
A church, that keeps the Chriſtian doctrines pure;
And, therefore, it ſhall be, thro' Chriſt, preſerv'd.

And I believe that all the Saints below
Shall of the gifts (with thoſe above) partake,
Which from our bleſſed Saviour's merits flow,
Who ſuffer'd death and ſorrow for our ſake.

The reſurrection likewiſe of the juſt
I do believe, with confidence ſincere,
When the laſt trump ſhall raiſe them from the duſt,
And they, above the clouds, ſhall all appear.

I am

I am convince'd with faith, which nought can move,
That all, who worthily their God adore,
Shall endleſs happineſs enjoy above,
When this terreſtrial ſcene ſhall be no more. *Amen.*

Q. What doſt thou chiefly learn by this belief,
The ſum of which thou haſt repeated now?
Endeavour it's contents to ſhow in brief,
With all the benefits which, from it, flow.

A. Firſt, I believe in God, as I am taught,
The Sire ſupreme, on whoſe ſtupendous plan
This world was wholly to exiſtence brought,
And this my frame, with that of ev'ry man.

Next, I believe in God, the filial Pow'r,
Our gracious Lord, to mercy ſtill inclin'd,
Who by his blood, in a moſt happy hour,
Redemption brought to me, and all mankind.

Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghoſt I truſt,
Who from all kind of ſin does make me clean,
And ſanctifies, along with me, the juſt,
All the elected ſons of God, I mean.

Q. Thou didſt a promiſe by thy ſponſors make,
That thou wou'dſt God's commandments keep with care;
Come, tell me then, for thy Redeemer's ſake,
How many, if thou knoweſt them, they are?

A. God gave us Ten—it was the ſum expreſs,
That we might keep them with the ſtricteſt care,
Nor muſt we either of them all tranſgreſs;
Leſt we ſhou'd die, if ſuch a crime we dare.

Q. Which be they?—tell me, for thy Saviour's ſake,
If thou haſt ever learn'd them out by heart,
Theſe holy ſtatutes for thy pattern take,
And never from the faultleſs rules depart.

A. They are the ſame, which the Almighty ſpoke
On Sinai's hill, and publiſh'd as his law,
Involv'd in circumambient fire and ſmoke,
Which all the trembling congregation ſaw.

They are the ſame, which he to Moſes gave,
On two fair tables of unchiſel'd ſtone,
Where God's own finger did thoſe laws engrave,
That they to all the people might be ſhown:
And even now you may, if ſo inclin'd,
The ſame from the inſpire'd ſcriptures learn:
In Exodus with eaſe you may them find,
If you'll but to the twentieth chapter turn.

Q. Which is the firſt of thoſe commandments, ſay?
And then the next?—and then the next agen?
Each, in it's proper place, before me lay,
Until thou haſt repeated all the ten.

The Ten COMMANDMENTS.

A. I. I am the Lord thy God, ſupreme in pow'r,
For tender mercy and compaſſion known:
Then, on thy life, no other God adore;
For there is really none, but me alone.

II. Thou no carve'd image for thy God ſhalt take,
Like any being, in the heav'n on high,
Or earth beneath, or in the ſeas vaſt lake,
Or like a bird, that thro' the air does fly.
Before ſuch vanities ne'er bend thy knee,
Nor any ſuch vile deities adore,
Either of earth, of wood, or ſtone, they be,
By human labour form'd, and void of pow'r.
For I, the' Almighty, am a jealous God,
And vengeance from the children oft require,
Who tread the paths their wicked fathers, trod:
Thus the ſon ſuffers for his ſinful ſire!
I frequent puniſhment inflict on thoſe
(Though to the third or fourth degree remov'd)
Who like their ſires profeſs themſelves my foes,
And ſenſeleſs idols have, before me, lov'd:

But

But unto them my mercies I extend,
Who keep my ſtatutes wholly untranſgreſs'd,
Their long-continue'd line ſhall never end,
But in a thouſand ages hence be bleſs'd.

III. Ne'er mention thou Jehovah's glorious name,
Without reſpect and reverential awe:
For thou ſhalt not be free from guilt and blame,
If thou preſumeſt to tranſgreſs this law.

IV. Remember thou in virtuous acts to ſpend,
And holy exerciſe, the ſabbath-day,
And like a Chriſtian, to thy latter end,
Worſhip thy God thereon, and to him pray.

Six days the Lord vouchſafe'd to give to thee,
Whereon thy temp'ral buſineſs ſhou'd be done:
But, on the ſeventh, thou art no ways free
To mind ought elſe, beſides God's work alone:

Upon that day thou muſt from labour reſt,
On pain of death, thou and thy family,
Both men and maids, with ev'ry lab'ring beaſt,
And ev'ry ſojourner, that ſtays with thee:

Within ſix days God form'd this wond'rous ball,
With ev'ry thing that in the ſame remains,
The ſky, the earth, the ocean vaſt, and all
The countleſs tribes, that ſwim it's liquid plains.

To work, upon the ſeventh-day, he ceas'd,
Though unfatigue'd he from creation came;
Wherefore to bleſs that day he then was pleas'd,
And hallow'd to eternity the ſame.

V. Unto thy parents all due honour give,
To their commands a proper defe'rence ſhow,
That thou may'ſt long in that bleſt ſtation live,
Which God ſhall on each duteous ſon beſtow.

VI. Take heed, thou doſt not any perſon ſlay,
Nor any blood, without good reaſon, ſhed;
The voice of blood is heard a mighty way:
God will pour vengeance on each murd'rer's head.

VII. Avoid

VII. Avoid adultery, that curſed thing!
And always of thy boſom-wife make much,
The waters quaff that guſh from thy own ſpring;
But ne'er thy neighbour's cover'd ciſtern touch.

VIII. Aim not the ſmalleſt trifle to poſſeſs
By ſtealth, which to another appertains:
Uſe no deceit, nor any one oppreſs,
Tho' thou wert force'd to bear the fierceſt pains.

IX. Of perjury, and wilful lies, beware,
Nor by thy evidence thy neighbour wrong:
But ſtill the truth of ev'ry one declare,
And ne'er with defamation ſtain thy tongue.

X. Neither thy neighbour's houſe, nor yet his wife,
Or man or maid, horſe, aſs, or working beaſt,
Or any thing of his, deſire thro' life,
But that of which thou juſtly art poſſeſt.

Thy mercy, Lord! unto thy ſervants ſhow,
Inſpire each breaſt with a religious awe,
Our ſtubborn hearts and inclinations bow,
That we may faithfully fulfil each law:

Pardon, good God! the crimes that we have done,
Remember not how often we tranſgreſs:
But all thoſe laws, as formerly on ſtone,
Upon the tablets of our hearts impreſs!

Q. Tell me, what doſt thou chiefly gather hence?
What do the laws, thou haſt rehears'd, expreſs?
Give me their plaineſt and their trueſt ſenſe,
In as few words as thou thy thoughts canſt dreſs.

A. Two duties I have learn'd from thence to know,
To which by love and gratitude I'm bound,
The one, I to my great Creator owe,
The other, to my neighbours all around.

Q. Firſt, let me know, if thou the ſame canſt ſay,
What is thy bounden duty to the Lord—
The duty, that compels thee to obey
His ſacred laws, and to reſpect his word?

A. Firſt,

A. Firſt, to believe that God exiſts, I'm bound,
(And this I muſt believe with heart ſincere)
To fear him, with a dread and awe profound,
To love him, as the thing I hold moſt dear:

Then I muſt worſhip him, with all my pow'r,
In ſuch a manner, as his Word makes known,
And bleſs and thank his goodneſs, ev'ry hour,
For all the kindneſs he to me has ſhown:

My truſt in him I muſt entirely place,
And in all ſtations call upon the Lord,
His faith I muſt, on no account, diſgrace,
But honour and obey his name and word—

Then in ſuch manner I muſt chant his praiſe,
And him, the Sove'reign of the world, adore,
That I muſt ſerve him truly all my days,
In ev'ry caſe that comes within my pow'r.

Q. What is the duty, thou doſt chiefly owe
To ev'ry man, with whom thou art concern'd?
The ſame to me with juſt preciſion ſhow,
If thou haſt it by heart completely learn'd.

A. The ſame true love, that to myſelf I bear,
The like I to my fellow creature owe;
It muſt, like that, be real and ſincere,
Even altho' he were my greateſt foe:

I likewiſe muſt to ev'ry perſon do,
Whatever I cou'd from my heart require
That he ſhou'd do to me, and to him ſhow
No ſtricter meaſures, than I ſhou'd deſire:

My parents alſo I am bound, to love,
To honour, and in poverty relieve,
I ne'er muſt do the thing, they diſapprove,
But due obedience to their orders give:

The king, with loyalty I muſt obey,
With all his officers in their degree,
To their commands juſt homage I muſt pay,
So they are lawful, howe'er harſh they be:

To all my governors I muſt ſubmit,
My maſters, and my guides of ev'ry kind,
With all my paſtors—(as is juſt and fit)
Who guide my conſcience and improve my mind.

Unto my betters, whether great or ſmall,
I muſt with decent deference behave,
And due ſubmiſſion ſhow unto them all,
And ne'er licentiouſly againſt them rave.

I muſt not injure any one alive,
In word, or deed; nay, even not in thought——
Nor malice bear——nor blow unto him give,
By which his life may be to danger brought:

To keep my body tempe'rate I muſt ſtrive;
Nor into riotous exceſſes run;
But ſoberly and chaſtely always live,
And, as the plague, all luſt and lewdneſs ſhun:

My hands from pilfering I muſt reſtrain,
And muſt not in the paths of robbers tread,
From all deceit and wrong I muſt refrain,
And rather labour for my daily bread:

From ſlander alſo I muſt keep my tongue,
From falſehoods, and untruths of ev'ry kind,
And never talk of any to their wrong,
Like infidels, who no religion mind:

The goods of others I muſt not deſire
With luſtful eye, and avaritious heart;
But labour—as the laws of God require——
As well, as e'er I can, to act my part.

2. Know this, my child!——and, what I ſay, is right,
Thou canſt not ſuch a burden undergo,
Nor all thoſe things, by thy own proper might,
Vile ſinner as thou art——pretend to do.

Thou canſt not keep God's ſtatutes undefil'd,
Or follow them with never-erring pace,
Thou canſt not ſerve him worthily, my child!
Unleſs he deigns to give thee ſpecial grace:

On

On which account, thou muſt hereafter ſtrive,
Through prayer's aid, God's favour to implore,
That He to thee this needful grace may give,
Whereby thou may'ſt more juſtly him adore.

Let me the Prayer of our Lord then hear,
(If in thy memo'ry thou doſt it retain)
Repeat it without baſhfulneſs or fear,
Or thou muſt ſtay to con it over again.

The LORD's PRAYER.

A. Our Father, who the univerſe didſt frame——
Our Father, from whoſe Love all bleſſings flow,
Hallow'd for ever be thy glorious name,
By all the ſaints above, and men below.

Soon may thy kingdom come, O gracious Lord!
When we on earth, ſhall join the' angelic hoſt,
And all be govern'd by thy ſacred word,
And by the guidance of the Holy Ghoſt:

Thy will divine, amongſt us mortals here
On earth, implicitly be ever done,
As it is always in a higher ſphere,
By ev'ry angel, ſeraph, pow'r, and throne.

Forgive us, Lord! forgive us here below,
All the offences, we have ever done;
As we forgiveneſs for our brethren's ſhow,
May we expect forgiveneſs for our own:

Permit us not by ſin to be enſnar'd——
Let no temptation our frail hearts entice——
Our ſouls from this world's vain deluſions guard,
From Satan's toils, and ev'ry ſenſual vice.

The ſove'reignty of all the world is thine——
Omnipotence belongs to none, but thee——
All Glory too, that attribute divine,
Is thine——and ſo ſhall it for ever be! *Amen.*

What

Q. What doſt thou of the Lord thy God deſire
In this ſhort Prayer———when with uplifted eyes,
And mind quite rapt with a celeſtial fire,
Thou darteſt thy petitions to the ſkies?

A. Firſt, of the Lord my God, and heave'nly Sire,
His aid and kind aſſiſtance I implore,
That He wou'd give us all that we require,
That as we ought, we may his name adore.

Whatever bleſſings we may chance to want,
I, next, beſeech that He'd be pleas'd to ſend,
And ev'ry neceſſary likewiſe grant,
To clothe our bodies and our ſouls defend.

I farther beg, that He wou'd quite diſcharge
Our long accounts—I cannot ſay how long!
And take compaſſion upon all at large,
That ever did us any harm or wrong:

I alſo pray, that He wou'd ſtill defend,
And by His mighty Power keep us whole,
From all the ills and dangers that attend,
As well this mortal body, as the ſoul.

All this, I truſt, He'll of His mercy do,
Through Jeſus Chriſt, his ever-bleſſed Son,
And for His ſake, to all compaſſion ſhow:
Therefore, I ſay, Amen!——May this be done!

Q. Thus far thy anſwers have been full and plain——
Now tell me, without any ſly reſerve,
How many ſacraments did Chriſt ordain,
Which his whole church was always to obſerve?

A. Two only, to ſalvation requiſite,
He in the goſpel left upon record——
That is to ſay——if (as I think) I'm right——
Baptiſm—and the Supper of our Lord.

Q. If thou doſt underſtand the queſtion, ſay,
By this word, Sacrament, what doſt thou mean?
Thy ſentiments of it before me lay,
And, if thou canſt, explain the myſtic ſcene.

A. It

A. It is a viſible, and outward ſign
Of an internal, ſpiritual grace,
Whereby I'm ſure that Chriſt himſelf is mine,
With all the gifts he grants his choſen race.

Q. How many parts do each of thoſe contain,
Before the preſent congregation ſay,
And make them to the meaneſt Chriſtian plain,
As is the ſunſhine that illumes the day?

A. In either Sacrament, two parts there are,
One, is the viſible and outward ſign,
The other does an inward grace declare,
A mental pow'r, and energy divine.

Q. What is the outward ſign, that may be ſeen,
Or ſacred form in baptiſm reveal'd,
Whereby all Chriſtians are from ſin made clean,
And by a grace, to them peculiar, ſeal'd?

A. Water, wherein the perſon is baptize'd
(Who can this ſign of his religion boaſt)
In thoſe dread names, by Chriſtians ſo much prize'd,
I mean, "the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt."

Q. What is that inward, ſpiritual grace,
Which cannot by the carnal eye be ſeen,
Whereby God ſhows to all his choſen race,
That they are waſh'd from their offences clean?

A. It is the blood of Chriſt, God's only Son,
Which ev'ry ſoul from native filth does lave,
And ſin—whereby it had been elſe undone,
Whereas, before, it was the devil's ſlave:
'Tis that alone, which does man's ſins efface,
And to a new-born righteouſneſs reſtore,
'Tis that which makes him heav'n's child thro' grace,
When he, by nature, was God's foe before.

Q. Tell me, my child! what is require'd of thoſe,
Who, to the font, to be baptize'd are brought?
And fluently the benefits diſcloſe,
Which by that holy Sacrament are wrought?

A. A lively

A. A lively faith, and penitence ſincere,
By all, who are baptize'd, muſt be expreſs'd,
And ev'ry one muſt both theſe badges bear
Of the religion that's by him profeſs'd.

Repentance, ev'ry error to reſign,
And ev'ry ſin entirely to forſake—
Faith, to believe the promiſes divine,
Which God to them did, in this office, make.

Q. How then can infants at the font engage
All this, and ſuch a burden undertake;
When they, by reaſon of their tender age,
Cannot perform the promiſes they make?

A. Becauſe their ſureties anſwer, in their room,
That they ſhall all thoſe promiſes fulfil—
Which promiſes, when to due years they come,
They muſt perform with an obedient will.

Why was the holy Euchariſt ordain'd?
And why, e'er ſince our Lord firſt kept that feaſt,
Has it by all good Chriſtians been maintain'd,
With a devotion, that has never ceas'd?

A. It was, that we might ever bear in mind
The death of Chriſt, who for our ſins was ſlain,
And the vaſt benefits which all mankind
May, from his painful ſufferings, obtain.

Q. What is the viſible, external part
Of that bleſt feaſt, or Sacrament divine,
That ſeals the promis'd grace? tell me by heart—
Tell me, I ſay, what is it's outward ſign?

A. It is the bread and wine, our bleſſed Lord
Commanded us to take, for his dear ſake,
When we his Body and his Blood record,
And of that Soul-ſufficing food partake.

What is the' internal part, the pow'r divine,
The grace, that in this Sacrament does lie,
Or thing intended by the bread and wine?
I beg a ready and conciſe reply.

A. Chriſt's

A. Chriſt's Body and his Blood are ſignify'd
Thereby—which he for all his people ſhed,
When man was ſave'd, and God was ſatisfy'd,
And with the Bread of Life we all were fed.

Q. What are the benefits that thence accrue
To all, who worthily receive the ſame,
And, at this ſacramental banquet ſhew,
The great regard they bear their Saviour's name?

A. Our ſouls are fed upon our Saviour's fleſh,
And on his gifts divine with vaſt delight:
Our feeble faith the banquet does refreſh,
And all our ſins, thro' him, are cancell'd quite:

For as the taſteful bread and wine are good,
To ſtrengthen and rejoice the heart of fleſh:
Juſt ſo our Saviour's Body and his Blood,
The ſouls of good communicants refreſh.

Q. What is require'd of ev'ry worthy gueſt,
(Beſides all proper rev'rence and reſpect)
Who without dread comes to this holy feaſt,
If he, from it, can any good expect?

A. He thoroughly muſt ſcrutinize his heart,
If he deteſts the devious paths he trod,
And from his ſins determines to depart,
Whether committed againſt man, or God;

And, next to that, he fully muſt intend
Never to lead the life he led before;
But all his former wicked ways amend,
As God himſelf commands, and ſin no more:

He likewiſe for a certainty muſt know,
Whether he does a lively faith poſſeſs
In all the mercies, that ſo freely flow
From God, thro' Chriſt—whom we muſt ever bleſs:

He, farther, muſt in Jeſus Chriſt believe,
And in the blood that did for him atone,
Who by his death did all our ſouls reprieve,
When none cou'd reſcue us, but Chriſt alone:

Laſtly, his heart he muſt examine well,
Whether, in charity with all, he lives,
And can ſo far his rebel paſſions quell,
That he their treſpaſſes to all forgives.

Things, to be conſider'd, and made uſe of, when night comes.

1 THink, how thy life does ſteal away!
'Tis daily ſhorten'd by a day;
And thou art now to death more near
By twelve months, than the former year.

2 Go not a ſingle night to reſt,
E'er thou haſt ſin caſt from thy breaſt,
And thy accounts in order put,
E'er thou preſume'ſt thy eyes to ſhut.

3 Let not the ſetting ſun deſcend
Upon thy wrath, ſhou'd ſome offend:
'Tis better with a Bear to reſt,
Than ſleep with malice in thy breaſt.

4 Much greater riſques each man attend
In bed, (if Chriſt be not his friend)
Than Daniel erſt experience'd, when
He lay within the lions' den.

5 The ſcriptures tell us, that the fiend
Does, day and night, our ſteps attend,
Like a fierce lion, ev'ry hour
Contriving whom he may devour.

6 Who does the lion's rage reſtrain
But Chriſt, the faithful Shepherd-ſwain,
That, day and night, untouch'd by ſleep,
Doth from the fiend protect his ſheep?

7 Full many go in health to bed,
Who in the morning are found dead,
And ne'er ſhall wake, until they come,
At the ſhrill trumpet's ſound, to doom.

8 When

8 When thou haſt toil'd and moil'd all day,
And night comes on, ſtrive hard to pay
Thy eve'ning ſacrifice apart,
With proper words and pious heart.

9 Welcome with pray'r each riſing ſun,
And end each day, as 'twas begun,
With pray'r it's gates, each ev'ning, bar,
Unbar them, ev'ry morn, with pray'r.

10 God will his off'ring have at night,
As well as with the dawning light:
He, morn and eve, does praiſe expect—
His praiſe nor morn, nor eve, neglect.

11 Convene thy family each day,
And conſtantly your prayers ſay,
A Chapel make of thy abode,
And be thyſelf the man of God.

12 Upon thy knees devoutly pray,
And read the ſcriptures ev'ry day,
Thy children teach what to believe,
And thou ſhalt endleſs bliſs receive.

13 On each day's work, reflect at night,
And put whate'er was wrong, to right:
If God thou'ſt vex'd, for pardon ſue,
If thou'ſt had grace, his praiſes ſhew.

14 Ne'er go to ſleep immers'd in vice,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt ſo, to judgement, riſe:
To cloſe thy eye-lids be afraid,
'Till thou haſt for forgiveneſs pray'd.

15 He, that preſumes to go to reſt,
E'er he from ſin has clear'd his breaſt,
Does hazard more, than if a ſnake
He to his bed at night ſhou'd take.

16 Leſt thou from ſleep ſhou'dſt to the bar
Be call'd, at midnight, to appear,
Go not abrupt, like one of thoſe,
Who nothing mind, to thy repoſe.

17 When, to thy bed, thou turn'ſt thine eye,
Think on the grave, where thou muſt lie;
And, when thou lay'ſt thee down to ſleep,
Thy latter end in mind ſtill keep.

18 And, as thou takeſt off thy clothes,
All but thy ſhirt, to ſeek repoſe,
Think how thy all muſt be reſign'd,
Beſides thy ſhrowd, and left behind.

19 When Peter's monitor firſt crows,
And wakes thee from thy night's repoſe,
Reflect, e'er thou doſt quit thy bed,
How the laſt trump ſhall rouſe the dead!

A HYMN, to be ſung before One goes to Sleep.

1 MY gracious God, and faithful guard!
Who, night and day, doſt watch and ward
Thy ſervant, be thou ever bleſt,
Who doſt protect me, whilſt I reſt!

2 This day I'm circle'd by a band
Of angels, who at thy command
Are charge'd to bear me, ev'ry one,
Leſt I ſhou'd ſtumble at a ſtone.

3 Thou haſt preſerve'd me, by thy care,
From the infernal ſerpent's ſnare,
Who, night and day, ſeeks to decoy
Me to his toils, and then deſtroy.

4 This day thou gaveſt me to eat
Rock-honey, and the flow'r of wheat,
And filled'ſt me a flowing bowl
To quench the thirſt, that parch'd my ſoul.

5 Thou didſt preſerve me from each croſs,
From trouble, injury, and loſs,
From ill-ſucceſs, diſeaſe, and ſhame;
Whence, from my heart, I praiſe thy name!

6 Thou

6 Thou took'ſt of me, Almighty Sire!
More care, than I cou'd well require,
As if thou hadſt no other ſon
To take care of, but me alone.

7 Bleſs'd be the lifter of my head,
Who nightly watches near my bed,
And does to me ſuch favour ſhew
By day and night, where-e'er I go!

A Thankſgiving for Fire, Warmth, &c.

1 THOU, that doſt beſt provide, what we require—
That doſt our bodies and our ſouls uphold,
I bleſs thee for thy glorious creature, Fire,
Which thou haſt made to warm us when we're cold!

2 How graciouſly, O God! didſt thou ordain
Food againſt hunger——drink, when we are dry—
Fire, againſt cold—and houſes, againſt rain?
And all, thy froward creatures to ſupply!

3 For if thou hadſt not form'd this uſeful ſlave,
Our bodies with it's pleaſing warmth to cheer,
How long had men been abſent from the grave?
Or how cou'd he have ever ſojourn'd here.

4 Although it be ſo requiſite a thing,
But few among ſo many millions join
(How few, alas!) their grateful thanks to bring,
And praiſe thy goodneſs for the gift divine?

5 Lord, open thou our eyes, that we may ſee,
How vaſt the bleſſings thou on us haſt ſhed——
Open our mouths, that we may trumpet thee,
Each of us, for his houſe, his fire, his bed!

6 Better than us, have often lain abroad,
Shiv'ring with cold, beneath a bitter ſky:
Cheriſh *them* with thy favour, O my God!
And make *us* ever thankful, 'till we die!

A Prayer at going to Bed.

1 THOU, that doſt guard thy people, and protect!
Thou caſtle of defence, the weak to keep!
For Jeſu's ſake, do not my ſuit reject,
But hear my cry, before I go to ſleep.

2 Almighty God! upon my bended knee
By my bedſide, I now moſt humbly own,
That I'm not worthy to lift up to thee
My eyes—much leſs then to approach thy throne.

3 And yet I ſtill preſume to hope that I
Shall get thee (for my bleſſed Saviour's ſake)
Not only to give ear unto my cry,
But to accord whate'er requeſt I make.

4 Be thou, my ſtrength, and kind protector ſtill——
Be thou my prop, and guardian of my right——
Be thou, my ſhield from each impending ill,
That may befal me, e'en this very night!

5 Lord! I am going now to my repoſe,
And die I muſt, but can't ſay where, or when:
For once he falls aſleep, no mortal knows
Whether, or no, he e'er ſhall wake agen.

6 Good reaſon, then, that man ſhou'd recommend
His ſoul, each night, unto his Maker's care,
And make him, e'er he goes to reſt, his friend,
Leſt he ſhou'd ne'er again breathe vital air.

7 On which account, I come, this night, to thee,
My guardian, and my God, whom I adore!
With contrite heart, and with a bended knee,
Thy mercy and aſſiſtance to implore.

8 Be thou my fort, and caſtle of defence——
Be thou, my rock of ſtrength, my ſecret den——
To keep me ſafe, this night, from all offence,
And ſhelter me from ill-deſigning men!

9 The

9 The lion, who ne'er ſleep nor ſlumber knew,
Wou'd fain devour me, both by night and day,
And I can ſee no method to eſchew
My fate, ſhou'dſt thou not baulk him of his prey.

10 Receive me, then, to thy paternal breaſt,
And in thy ſoft'ring boſom ſafely keep,
That I, this night, may comfortably reſt,
Lull'd in the arms of mercy faſt aſleep.

11 Extend thy wide-ſtretch'd pinions o'er my head,
And ſcreen me from the inſults of my foes,
That I, beneath them, free from any dread,
May find a ſweet and undiſturb'd repoſe.

12 Place thou a band of angels round my bed,
To guard me from all terrors and alarms,
And bid them, o'er me, their gay pinions ſpread,
To ſhade me whilſt I'm ſleeping in thy arms.

13 Do thou thyſelf, with thine all-ſeeing eye,
Watch o'er me, with a care beyond the reſt,
Leſt any thing injurious ſhou'd come nigh,
And hurt me, whilſt I am with ſleep oppreſt.

14 Give me this night, and at all other times,
An unannoy'd repoſe, and tranquil peace——
Give to my ſoul, true bliſs, undaſh'd with crimes—
Give to my body, it's due reſt and eaſe:

15 And, leſt I ſhou'd unto my doom be led,
Whilſt yet ſcarce wak'd from ſleep, and unaware,
Let me not, any night, e'er go to bed,
Before I for that aweful ſcene prepare.

16 Never let ſleep upon my eyes deſcend,
'Till I have pleaded hard with thee—and 'till
I on my pardon fully may depend,
For all I did, repugnant to thy will.

17 Make me confeſs each wrong and injury,
Each crime, and ev'ry frailty of my ſoul—
That, after I've confeſs'd them all to thee,
I may obtain remiſſion of the whole.

18 Make thou me weep, O Lord! and grieve full ſore,
Becauſe I've dive'd ſo very deep in ſin:
Make thou me wail, as no one wail'd before,
Becauſe my life ſo very looſe hath been.

19 Make me retire to bed, each night I live,
As true a penitent, as if I knew
I ſhou'd not for another night ſurvive,
Wherein I might again repentance ſhew.

20 Make thou me earneſtly for pardon ſue
(Through the dear blood and paſſion of thy ſon)
For all the ſins that I did ever do,
That they may be forgiven, ev'ry one.

21 In the Lamb's blood waſh thou all o'er thy ſlave—
The Lamb, that was for our redemption ſlain!
And bury all my vices in his grave,
And never ſuffer them to riſe again.

22 O, do not any of my ſins enroll,
But from thy book eraze them ev'ry one,
Leſt one alone ſhou'd ſink with ſhame my ſoul,
When I appear before thy aweful throne.

23 Let me each hour, both of the day and night,
Be always in the nuptial robe array'd,
My lamp well fill'd with oil, and blazing bright,
Waiting my Saviour's Advent undiſmay'd.

24 Aſſure, beyond all doubt, my fainting heart,
That there's reſerve'd for me a glorious lot,
And that I ſhall enjoy no trivial part
Of that vaſt bliſs, Chriſt for his brethren got.

25 I, therefore, now, O Lord, will lay me down
In peace, to take my neceſſary ſleep:
For it is only thou, O God! I own
That doſt mean while my ſoul in ſafety keep.

A Midnight Meditation.

1 HOW proper, and how ſweet a thing,
It is with all the heart to ſing
To God at midnight, when the reſt
Of mortals are with ſleep oppreſt!

2 How good, how grateful, and how right,
To praiſe him with the dawning light,
And meditate with active mind
On the' attributes to God aſſign'd?

3 The body, ſunk in ſleep, to raiſe,
And with a ſerious heart to praiſe
The Godhead, is a deed moſt right,
And fills the ſoul with vaſt delight:

4 As 'tis, like David, to ariſe
When midnight darkens all the ſkies,
And without ceaſing to applaud
For his kind aid, the Lord our God:

5 Bearing his mercies ſtill in mind—
His various favours to mankind——
And patience ſhewn to ſinful man,
At all times ſince the world began:

6 Giving at our bedſide to God,
For all the goodneſs He has ſhow'd,
Moſt hearty thanks for ever more;
Whilſt other heedleſs mortals ſnore.

7 All glory, honour, thanks and might,
And adoration, day and night,
Be to the' eternal Godhead paid,
For his unceaſing care and aid!

Twenty-Third PSALM.

1 MY ſhepherd is the Lord above,
Who ne'er will ſuffer me to rove;
In Him I'll truſt; he is ſo good,
He'll never let me want for food.

2 By his ſtrong arm I'm firmly bound,
And by his Grace begirt around;
So that, nor man, nor maid, nor Devil,
Can e'er prevail, to do me evil.

3 To paſtures green and flow'ry meads,
His happy flock he gently leads,
Where water in abundance flows,
And where luxuriant herbage grows.

4 When o'er my bounds I chance to roam,
My ſhepherd finds and brings me home;
And when I wander o'er the plain,
He drives me to the fold again.

5 Or ſhou'd I hap to loſe my way,
And in Death's gloomy valley ſtray,
I need not ever be diſmay'd;
For God himſelf will be my aid.

6 In whate'er paſture I abide,
He ſtill is preſent at my ſide;
His rod, his crook, his ſhepherd's ſtaff,
At all events ſhall keep me ſafe.

7 My ſoul with comfort overflows,
In ſpite of all my num'rous foes;
And thou with ſweetneſs haſt, O Lord!
And plenty crown'd my crouded board.

8 His precious balms, my God hath ſhed,
Upon my highly-favour'd head;
And with the bleſſings of the Lord,
My larder is completely ſtor'd.

9 His

9 His bounty, and his mercies paſt,
Shall follow me unto the laſt;
And, for his favours ſhewn to me,
His houſe, my home ſhall ever be.

10 To God, the Father——and the Son——
And Holy Spirit——Three-in-one,
Let us our bounden homage pay,
Each hour, each moment of the day!

How a PERSON ought to rouſe up both Body and Soul, in the dead of Night, to praiſe his GOD.

1 AWake, my ſluggiſh ſoul! from ſleep awake,
And with a heart ſincere attempt to ſing
(In the moſt daring flight thy thoughts can take)
The glorious praiſes of the' eternal King!

2 Awake, awake——for thou haſt wond'rous cauſe,
And, like the nightingale, thy vigils keep,
To give the Lord his juſtly-due applauſe,
Nor ſpare an hour of all the night to ſleep.

3 Awake, awake, and to thy mind recall
The mercies ſhewn thee by the Lord, each morn,
And how the bleſs'd Redeemer of us all
Supported thee, e'er ſince thou firſt wert born.

4 'Tis He alone, that can aſſiſtance bring,
He is thy way, thy ſtrength, and thy defence,
Thy Rock, thy Chriſt, and thy Almighty King,
Who reſcue'd thee in ev'ry exigence.

5 'Twas He, that fram'd thee on ſo wiſe a plan,
'Twas He, who freed thee from ſin's galling chain,
'Twas He, reſtor'd to life thy inward man,
And by His Holy Spirit form'd again.

6 'Twas He, that call'd thee to believe the whole
The goſpel teaches, from among the blind,
'Twas He, that freely juſtify'd thy ſoul,
Through faith in Chriſt, the Saviour of mankind!

7 With

7 With dainty fare thy famiſh'd ſoul he fed,
And clothe'd thee in a ſuitable array,
To mighty honours he rais'd up thy head,
And drove each pain and evil far away.

8 He gave thee a good character and name,
He gave thee grace, ſucceſs, content, and health,
He gave thee credit, and an honeſt fame,
He gave thee virtue, and he gave thee wealth.

9 He cauſe'd thee, to be very much belov'd,
To be with univerſal favour crown'd,
To be by all degrees of men approv'd,
Without a foe in all the countries round.

10 He never did invidiouſly reſerve,
Whatever thou didſt earneſtly requeſt,
Tho' at his hands thou never didſt deſerve
The very crumbs, wherewith thou haſt been bleſt.

11 Of all men living there's not one does owe
More to his Maker—or that is more bound
To praiſe the Holy Trinity, than thou—
Than thou thyſelf, art in the country round.

12 " Therefore awake, and to thy mind recall
" The kindneſs ſhewn thee by the Lord, each morn,
" And how the bleſs'd Redeemer of us all
" Supported thee, e'er ſince thou firſt wert born."

13 And whilſt thou haſt a head and tongue, proclaim—
Proclaim forever, to the hour of death,
With ceaſeleſs voice his goodneſs and his fame—
Proclaim them ſtill, whilſt thou haſt life and breath.

14 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the God,
The ſacred three-in-one, whom we obey,
Let us aſcribe all proper praiſe and laud,
Each day, each hour, each minute of the day!

THANKS for our Election, and ſeveral Spiritual Gifts.

1 O Lord, my God moſt high!
Say, by what means can I
Thy praiſe at large diſplay,
And my due thanks repay?

2 E'er the' univerſe was made,
Or it's foundations laid,
Thou grace to me hadſt given,
To be a ſon of heaven.

3 From duſt thou gave'ſt me birth,
When but a clod of earth,
And with thy form didſt grace
A creature vile and baſe.

4 Forth from my mother's womb
I did uninjur'd come,
When I might thence have came
A cripple, maim'd and lame.

5 Thou didſt the favour give
I with thy ſaints ſhou'd live,
Whereas I might as well
With Jews been doom'd to dwell:

6 And when to Satan ſold,
For Adam's fault of old,
From hell's ſulphureous flood
Thou ſave'dſt me through Chriſt's blood:

7 Nor didſt thou, for me, ſpare
Thine only Son and heir,
But gaveſt him to lie
Upon the croſs, and die.

8 Thou didſt me then renew,
(Such favour thou didſt ſhew!)
To be thy child once more,
Although the fiend's before.

9 A Father, thou to me,
I then a ſon to thee,
And, in thy image bright,
Became an heir of light.

10 Thou called'ſt me, O Lord!
By thy celeſtial Word,
And by thy Holy Spirit,
Salvation to inherit——

11 Thou called'ſt me aloud,
From the dull, drunken crowd,
From the blind heathen throng,
To live thy ſaints among.

12 In Chriſt's blood purify'd,
And fully ſanctify'd,
A ray thou gaveſt me
Of thy Divinity.

13 Though in a wretched caſe,
Though all my works were baſe,
Thou ſave'dſt me, when undone,
Through faith, in thy dear Son.

14 Thou gave'ſt me hopes, that I,
At the' angel's aweful cry,
Though dead in fleſh, ſhou'd riſe,
And ſoar above the ſkies:

15 And ſhou'd, for Jeſus' ſake,
Of endleſs bliſs partake,
And the immenſe reward,
For ſaints, above prepar'd:

16 Where I ſhall meet with peace,
And joys that never ceaſe,
With honour and reſpect,
And bliſs, without defect.

17 For all thoſe graces given,
I'll laud the Lord of heave'n,
His praiſes I'll proclaim,
And glorify his name:

18 I'll conſtantly ador e,
And praiſe him evermore,
For his great lenity,
And goodneſs ſhewn to me.

19 Be all due honours paid,
To him, the world, who made—
To him, who ſave'd it, loſt,
And to the Holy Ghoſt! *Amen.*

A PRAYER, againſt the Oppreſſion of One's foe.

1 AWake, awake, why wilt thou ſleep, my God!
Never before haſt thou been known to nod!
Thou art not Baal!———thy aſſiſtance give,
And from this ſore diſtreſs my ſoul relieve!

2 Wipe off my tears, deſtroy each wily ſnare,
Preſerve my ſoul, and blunt each keen-edge'd care;
Behold my woes, my piteous wailings hear,
Judge thou my cauſe, and then thy ſervant clear.

3 Thou art my rock, let me not tumble down—
Thou art my fort, let me not be o'erthrown—
My Lord! my God! to my aſſiſtance haſte,
And let me not be over-pow'r'd at laſt!

4 Omnipotent thou art, and help canſt give,
All-wiſe, and therefore know'ſt how to relieve;
O Sire of Mercy! quickly me redreſs,
For thou'rt a preſent aid in each diſtreſs.

5 My adverſaries' full-ſwoll'n pride abate,
Aſſuage their malice, and their cauſeleſs hate,
Confound the ſchemes of the blood-thirſty train,
And, for Chriſt's ſake, relieve me from my pain.

6 O God! my Rock, my Refuge, and my Fort,
O God! my Health, my Truſt, and my Support,
Lend thou an ear, and liſten to the cries,
Of one, that in the deepeſt trouble lies!

7 Thou

7 Thou haſt permitted my invete'rate foes,
Without a cauſe, to multiply my woes,
And bring my days entirely to an end,
If thou doſt not in time aſſiſtance lend.

8 Thou gaveſt foreigners, without controul,
A full permiſſion to deſtroy my ſoul,
And them, with whom I'm unacquainted ſtill,
Leave to deſpoil, and load me with each ill.

9 They, that I'm quite a ſtranger to—and they
Whom I did never injure, or gainſay,
With thoſe, on whom I never caſt my eyes,
Attempt to make my precious ſoul their prize.

10 They have, O God! thy ſervant's ſoul enſnare'd,
And, to deſtroy me, fully are prepare'd,
Unleſs my wrongs thou ſpeedeſt to redreſs,
And to deliver me from my diſtreſs.

11 Awake, my only Saviour—ope thine eyes,
My Bark in great diſtreſs and danger lies;
Rebuke, O Lord! the wind and raging main,
Or I ſhall ſoon beneath its waves be lain.

12 Let not my ſhip be ſhatter'd by the ſea,
Be thou my haven, thou my anchor be,
Still thou the ſtorm, that rages o'er my head,
Lend me thy hand, or I ſhall ſink like lead.

13 Thou haſt commanded me to come to thee,
My kind protector, in adverſity;
To thee I come, O God! with woes oppreſs'd:
O, let my grievances be now redreſs'd!

14 Thou promiſed'ſt to hear my plaintive cry,
Whene'er I call'd to thee in miſery,
To thee, O Lord! I daily call amain:
O reſcue me from ev'ry woe and pain!

15 The pray'r of Jonah thou didſt hear of yore,
Before the whale diſgorge'd him on the ſhore,
From all his griefs thou didſt the Seer relieve:
Hear then my plaint, and thy aſſiſtance give!

16 Thou

16 Thou David erſt from Saul's aſſaults didſt free,
When thro' the deſerts he was force'd to flee:
Deliver me, O Lord! from all my woes,
And from the hands of my inſulting foes.

17 Elijah, thou didſt ſafe, from Iſrael's king,
And from a graceleſs woman's malice, bring:
Reſcue thou me from each corroding grief,
And ſend me from my bloody foes relief!

18 Thou erſt with pleaſing looks and language mild,
Didſt treat the ſire of the demoniac child:
Like pity, O my God! on me beſtow,
Who for thy aid with equal ardor glow!

19 To her of Cana, thou didſt mercy ſhow,
Only becauſe ſhe importune'd thee ſo:
To me, like ſuccour, O my God! impart,
Since equal zeal with her's inflames my heart!

20 Since none on earth the dragon can reſtrain,
And the invader of my peace enchain:
Yet thou, O Lord! his ſcaly creſt canſt low'r,
Thou, Lord! canſt bind him, thou canſt quite o'erpow'r.

21 Take up thy ſpear, and riſe to fight my foes,
With it, their long-extended ranks oppoſe,
Blaſt their vain ſchemes, their hoſtile bands diſarm,
Nor ſuffer them to do me any harm.

22 Let thou thy angel ſcatter them abroad,
That wou'd diſtreſs thy ſervant, O my God!
Thy ſwift-wing'd ſhafts to their deſtruction ſend,
Who fain wou'd bring my life unto an end.

23 Thou, at thy pleaſure, canſt thy ſervant free,
Thou from my troubles canſt deliver me,
Do thou then, in compaſſion, comfort give,
And me, by any means, from death reprieve.

24 Let not my ſoul be by the foe devour'd,
Let not me be confounded, or o'erpow'r'd,
Let not the world, and all it's worldlings ſay,
That I'm become their victim or their prey.

25 Shew me ſome gracious token from above,
Some token of thy goodneſs and thy love,
That all the wond'ring world around, may ſee
How much, O God! how well, thou loveſt me!

26 I aſk no aid from any earthly thing,
From any prince, proud potentate, or king,
I aſk no aid, but from the' Almighty's throne,
Who is my Keeper and my God, alone.

27 Do not, O God! my truſting heart deceive;
For I, in thee, and thee alone, believe:
Bring me ſalvation from thy holy hill,
For I, on thee, place my affiance ſtill.

28 Do not, O God! my truſting heart deceive;
For I, in thee, and thee alone, believe:
Come then, O Lord! with comfort to my ſoul,
Nor long, for it, let my ſtrain'd eyeballs roll!

29 Come, Lord! to my aſſiſtance, come with ſpeed,
Come, ſave my ſoul, now in the time of need,
That I of thee in joyful ſtrains may ſing,
For the aſſiſtance thou didſt deign to bring!

A THANKSGIVING, for Relief from one's Enemies.

1 YE angels, and ye human ſons of care!
Ye heav'ns and earth, and all that in them are,
Praiſe ye the Lord—praiſe him with all your might—
Praiſe him (who reſcue'd me) both day and night!

2 In trouble and diſtreſs, in need extreme,
I pray'd to him, who did my ſoul redeem,
And he, amidſt the' angelic hoſts on high,
Heard my petition and my piteous cry.

3 The wily ſerpent laid his dange'rous ſnares
And fatal gins, to catch me unawares:
But God his ſnares and gins in pieces tore,
And my ſave'd ſoul from ſure deſtruction bore.

4 He

4 He ſent, his holy angel to unbind
My limbs—his Spirit, to compoſe my mind,
His ſpreading wings he kindly o'er me threw,
And out of all my preſſing troubles drew.

5 The Father, heard the piteous plaints I made,
The Son, for me, as interceſſor pray'd,
The Holy Spirit, ſoothe'd me in my grief,
And in adverſity brought me relief.

6 Let ev'ry creature praiſe the Eternal Mind,
According to it's nature and it's kind,
For the great favour He has ſhewn to me,
In ſetting me from all my troubles free!

7 The bulls of Baſan compaſs'd me around,
The fie'ry ſerpents ſtrove my ſoul to wound,
Fierce wolves and unicorns, with ſavage joy,
My precious ſoul endeavour'd to deſtroy.

8 Both men and women, of a bloody mind,
A ſecret ambuſh for my ſoul deſign'd,
And, tho' the ſame religion they profeſs,
Yet they rejoice'd to ſee me in diſtreſs:

9 But God reveal'd each evil they deſign'd,
God brought to nought the malice of each mind,
God all their machinations did undo,
And God relieve'd my ſoul from all it's woe.

10 Let ev'ry creature then with one accord,
And notes united, laud the living Lord,
Who ſave'd my ſoul from all it's ſev'ral woes,
And pour'd confuſion upon all my foes.

11 All praiſe and might, and majeſty, and pow'r,
All honour and thankſgiving, ev'ry hour,
By night and day, unto the Godhead be,
Who from my countleſs troubles ſet me free.

Another Shorter Poem, on the ſame Subject.

1 LIKE Daniel, when among the lions caſt,
Like Jonah, in the whale impriſon'd faſt,
I lifted to the Lord my voice on high,
And, from above, he quickly heard my cry.

2 The rave'nous lions' fury he reſtrain'd,
The whale's enormous jaw with eaſe he rein'd,
The ſerpent's fateleſs appetite he quell'd,
Short'ned his claws, and his attacks repell'd.

3 Ye heave'ns above, earth, water, fire, and air,
Ye boiſt'rous winds, with ev'ry creature fair,
Your great Creator ever praiſe and bleſs,
Who has reliev'd his ſervant from diſtreſs.

Part of the Sixty-Ninth PSALM.

1 PReſerve, O Lord! my precious ſoul
From the deep floods that o'er me roll,
And hourly compaſs me around,
That I'm in dread of being drown'd.

2 I ſank into the' abyſs of woe,
And found no bottom to the ſlough,
The billows broke above my head;
So that, through fear, I'm almoſt dead.

3 To God, till I was tire'd, I cry'd,
My throat grew hoarſe, my ſpittle dry'd,
I look'd, and look'd ſo long, for thee,
My eyes grew dim, I cou'd not ſee.

4 My foes, e'en than my hairs, are more,
Or than the ſands upon the ſhore,
They all are ſwift and ſtrong and wiſe,
Who cauſeleſsly againſt me riſe.

5 Nay,

5 Nay, very powerful are they,
Who ſeek my guiltleſs ſoul to ſlay;
More than their due I did reſtore,
Though I was then extremely poor.

6 My follies, Lord! thou knoweſt well,
Thou my ſimplicity canſt tell,
And my tranſgreſſions naked lie,
Before thy all-ſurveying eye.

7 O, let not them, that truſt in thee,
Be ſcandalize'd, becauſe of me!
O, let not thoſe, that ſeek thy face,
On my account, endure diſgrace!

8 For why? I've often ſuffer'd blame
For thee, and been o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
And often been oblige'd to take
A thouſand inſults for thy ſake.

9 I, to my brethren, am become
A perfect ſtranger, tho' at home:
So much an alien there I'm grown,
I'm to my mother's ſons unknown.

10 Unto thy houſe ſuch zeal I bear,
It ſhocks my ſoul, their ſcoffs to hear;
For all thoſe ſcoffs revert to me:
O hear me, when I cry to thee!

11 A flood of ſcalding tears I wept,
A faſt the live-long day I kept,
And ſtrove thereby my fleſh to tame,
Yet e'en mine abſtinence they blame.

12 Sackcloth and aſhes on my head,
Like one with grief o'ercome, I ſpread,
'Till my wan face, and heart oppreſt,
Made me become each drunkard's jeſt.

13 But, Lord, to thee my pray'r I pour,
O hear me in a happy hour!
O hear me, God of mercy, hear,
And turn to my complaint an ear!

14 O take me from the mire and clay!
Ne'er let me fall from thee away!
Deliver me from ev'ry foe,
And pluck me from the' abyſs of woe!

15 Let not the water-floods o'erpow'r——
Let not the pit my ſoul devour——
Let not the loud-reſounding tide,
Beneath it's waves, thy ſervant hide!

16 Lord, liſten to my loud complaint ——
Refreſh me kindly, leſt I faint,
And turn to me thy radiant face:
For ſweet is thy aſſiſting Grace!

17 Thy countenance, Lord, do not hide,
For I'm diſtreſs'd on ev'ry ſide;
O come, unto my aid, with ſpeed,
And hear me in the time of need!

18 To my endanger'd ſoul draw nigh,
And ſave it from it's miſery!
O ſave me from the hands of thoſe
I hate—O ſave me from my foes!

19 To thee, my fears and ſhame are known,
To thee, is my diſhonour ſhown,
My foes are ever in thy ſight,
Lord, turn their hearts, and ſet them right!

20 My heart is ready now to break—
My woe's ſo great I ſcarce can ſpeak—
Yet I no faithful friend can ſee,
To ſhew compaſſion unto me.

21 Come then, my God! O come with ſpeed,
Give me the comfort that I need!
Remove whatever cares annoy
My heart—that I may laugh for joy!

22 Judge thou, juſt God! thy ſervant's cauſe,
According to thy righteous laws,
And mark the inſults and the woes
I've borne from deſpicable foes.

23 Be thou, O Chriſt, my advocate,
And enter for me to debate,
Nor let the overbearing foe
Inſult a man ſo very low!

24 And thou, ſoft Pity's Sire, conſole
My ſad and ſin-beſpotted ſoul,
Cheer my ſunk heart, and make me reſt
In endleſs joy, among the bleſt!

25 From thy ſalvation, O my King,
To me again aſſiſtance bring;
With thy free Spirit fill my breaſt,
Nor let me be with woe oppreſt!

26 O let me hear thy glorious voice,
That I may in the ſound rejoice;
And that the heart thou haſt diſtreſt,
May leap for joy within my breaſt!

The 30th PSALM, a Thankſgiving for Deliverance out of Trouble.

1 FRom duſt and dirt, where low I lay,
From crowds, from mire, from clogging clay,
Thou didſt, O Lord, thy ſervant raiſe;
Thy name I'll therefore ever praiſe.

2 Thou didſt the triumphs of my foes,
And all their well-plann'd ſchemes oppoſe,
When I cou'd not their rage repreſs:
So very deep was my diſtreſs!

3 I call'd, O Lord, upon thy name,
Leſt I ſhou'd to the pit with ſhame
Be thrown—thou didſt attend my cry,
And ſent'ſt me ſuccour from on high.

4 Thou didſt preſerve my ſoul from hell,
That with the damn'd I might not dwell;
Thou didſt my feeble body ſave
From all the horrors of the grave.

5 Men, ſaints and angels, then, accord
To chant the praiſes of the Lord——
The praiſes of the Trinity,
Who dealt ſo graciouſly by me.

6 His anger but a little ſpace
Endures—but his all-ſaving grace
Does life exceed : grief laſts the night;
But joy dawns with the morning light.

7 Whilſt I enjoy'd the world at will,
I ſaid—" I ne'er ſhall ſuffer ill;
" My pleaſures nothing can remove;
" I ſtill ſhall lead the life I love."

8 Thus I preſume'd, and boaſted long,
As thou hadſt made my hill ſo ſtrong—
'Till, angry at my ſinful pride,
Thou turn'ſt thy countenance aſide.

9 Soon as thou didſt avert thy face,
Becauſe of my neglect of grace,
I hourly fell to ſome diſtreſs,
More dire than language can expreſs.

10 I then did earneſtly complain,
And humbly cry to thee again,
That thou wou'dſt pity take betimes,
And pardon me my countleſs crimes.

11 What profit is there in my blood,
O Lord—I argue'd—or what good
Flows thence? what glory canſt thou have
From me—when I am in my grave?

12 Can ſenſeleſs clay thy name applaud,
Or, rightly worſhip thee, my God!
Can I thy truth with language fit
Exalt, when burie'd in the pit?

13 Take then ſome pity on my grief,
And quickly grant to me relief——
To me, who now, without thy grace,
Am in a miſerable caſe.

14 It

14 It comes, it comes—the wiſh'd relief!
Thou haſt to joy turn'd all my grief——
My ſackcloth thou haſt ſtripp'd away,
And made the mourner blithe and gay.

15 On which account, moſt gracious God,
All worthy men ſhall thee applaud;
And I to theirs will join my ſong,
Becauſe thou didſt my life prolong!

Concerning the END of the WORLD.

1 ALL mortals fain the time wou'd know
When Chriſt ſhall judge the world below;
But better 'tis they ſhou'd prepare,
E'er they to judgment ſhall repair.

2 How fooliſh is the ſon of man,
Who wou'd know more than angels can,
And by mere gueſs-work underſtand
The ſecret counſel God has plann'd?

3 For if no angel, fiend, or man,
Can comprehend the myſtic plan———
If the whole world cannot divine,
Or clearly ken his leaſt deſign———

4 In vain wou'd any one reveal,
What God determines to conceal,
Or ſhew, by a mere gueſs alone,
What was to Chriſt, as man, unknown.

5 Learn then of Chriſt, what he reveals,
Aim not to know what he conceals:
What in the goſpel is expreſt,
Belongs to man—to God the reſt.

6 Then ſtudy not to underſtand
The ſecret things, which God has plann'd,
Or if thou ſhou'dſt—'twill be in vain,
And nought but ſhame thou'lt then obtain.

7 Full

7 Full many in the deep are drown'd,
Who ſeek it's vaſt abyſs to ſound;
Full many blinded are, who try
To view the ſun, with ſtedfaſt eye.

8 Full certain is the day of doom,
Though none, but God, knows when 'twill come:
Why then ſhou'd man attempt to ſhow,
What none, but God himſelf does know?

9 Though ev'ry man ſhou'd ſpeak his mind,
Yet neither angel, man, or fiend,
Can tell the hour, the day, or year,
When Chriſt to judge them ſhall appear.

10 Stand therefore all upon your guard,
And for his Advent be prepar'd:
The day, the hour, no ſoul can trace,
When Chriſt will come with ſilent pace.

11 Peter and James of Chriſt inquire'd,
Before He from the earth retire'd,
"Lord, ſhew us, e'er thou doſt aſcend,
"The time, this world ſhall have an end."

12 But he to them made this reply,
"It is not mortal man's——to pry
"Into the time, the day, and hour,
"Which God has kept in his own pow'r."

13 This ſecret is, to God alone,
And to no other Being, known:
Be ſtill prepare'd to meet your doom;
For no one knows when Chriſt will come.

14 The wiſeſt of the ſons of men,
The beſt-love'd angel knows not, when
He'll come—then of deceit take heed,
Nor add vain ſtories to your creed.

15 Elias, as ſome ſay, foretold
This world ſix thouſand years wou'd hold,
And after that in flaming fire
(Though it ſhall be renew'd) expire.

16 Two thouſand, e'er the law was ſpoke———
Two thouſand, under Moſes' yoke———
As many ſhou'd (ſince Chriſt) be paſt———
If it indeed ſo long ſhou'd laſt.

17 It's ages, as they ſay, are three———
The firſt, from any ſanction free———
The next by Moſes' law was bound——
The third is by the goſpel crown'd.

18 Two of them are already paſt,
The third as yet is ſeen to laſt;
But how much longer, can be known
To none, but unto God alone.

19 One thouſand and ſix hundred years,
With twenty more, as it appears,
Of this are now elapſe'd——then mind,
There can't be much of it behind.

20 The greateſt doctors all agree
The laſt is ſhorteſt of the three;
As God has promis'd it to make
More ſhort, for his Elected's ſake.

21 We find that, in John's ſacred page,
This age is term'd the latter age, 1 John ii. 18.
If ſo, when he his writings penn'd,
It now muſt needs be near it's end.

22 The end of all things was at hand,
When Peter preach'd, I underſtand: 1 Pet. iv. 7.
If, in his time, 'twas ſo——'tis clear,
That it muſt now be very near.

23 If, in *his* days, the' apoſtle Paul,
The time, the day, the hour, did call
The laſt——then this (all muſt agree)
Muſt needs the laſt of minutes be.

24 This world, as Saint Auguſtine told,
Is like a man, that's lame and old,
On crutches propp'd, his body bent,
And can't have many days unſpent.

25 Let

25 Let us all vigilant appear,
The great, the' important, day is near; Mat. xxiv. 33
Chriſt ſays, 'tis even at the door,
Oil in our lamps, then, let us pour.

26 'Tis certain Chriſt will ſoon appear,
But the time when, is not yet clear:
How ſoon, is not to man declare'd;
Let us then always be prepare'd.

27 There's neither man, nor heav'nly pow'r,
That knows (Chriſt ſays) the day, or hour:
It is a myſtic ſecret known
Unto the' Eternal Sire alone.

28 It therefore is abſurd and vain
That men ſhou'd labour to attain
A knowledge of the times, which he
Has hid from all Eternity.

29 Yet Napier name'd the very year,
When the' end of all things ſhou'd appear;
And ſaid it ſhou'd (ſo ſure was he)
One thouſand ſeven hundred, be.

30 Let any one ſay what he can,
There's neither angel, fiend, or man,
That knows the hour, the day, or year,
When God in judgement ſhall appear.

31 Let each then readily begin,
To-day, to-night, to leave his ſin:
For Chriſt will, like a ſudden gueſt,
Arrive, when we expect him leaſt.

32 Her time, as Rachel did not know,
Until ſhe felt the child-birth throe:
So, 'till it comes, man ne'er can ſay
What day ſhall be his dying day.

33 But when the labour of the dame,
However unexpected, came,
She was deliver'd of her load
Beneath an oak, upon the road.

34 So ſhall the earth, whoſe teeming womb
Has pregnant, now long ſince, become,
Bring forth her dead from under ground,
When ſummon'd by the trumpet's ſound.

35 As ſhow'rs of fire and brimſtone came,
And ſoon ſet Sodom on a flame:
So ſhall the day, we call the laſt,
Arrive, when moſt are ſleeping faſt.

36 Since none the hour, or time can ſay,
Then let us watch both night and day,
And, like the prudent virgins, ſtand,
Each with his lamp li't in his hand.

37 The ſigns are paſt, which Chriſt of old
So very punctually foretold,
Only that ſome among the Jews
The holy Goſpel ſtill refuſe.

38 The' Apoſtles, and a countleſs train
Of Martyrs, have long ſince been ſlain,
Who for the faith their lives laid down;
As it to all the world is known.

39 The holy city's wholly gone,
And not a ſtone left on a ſtone,
Burn't is the temple too of God,
And all the Jews diſpers'd abroad.

40 The Goſpel, on it's milk-white horſe,
O'er all the world has gone it's courſe,
There's not a land beneath the ſun
To which it, ſome how, has not run.

41 Falſe chriſts have here and there appear'd
Thro'out the world (as moſt have heard)
Who, by the firſt deceiver's art,
Made many from the truth depart.

42 Wars have already been, 'tis plain,
Betwixt the Turk and Chriſtian train,
Nor does the talk of wars yet ceaſe:
May God, to thoſe he loves, give peace!

43 Pale famine, and a dreadful dearth,
Have almoſt over-run the earth,
A plague and peſtilence of late
Have ravage'd almoſt ev'ry ſtate.

44 An earth-quake, ſuch as none e'er knew,
Diana's temple overthrew,
And many a fort and fenced town
Were by the ſhock then tumbled down.

45 The ſun eclips'd withdrew it's light,
The day was almoſt turn'd to night,
The ſea leap'd o'er it's lofty mound,
Whereby ſome thouſands then were drown'd.

46 Lo! Antichriſt long ſince is come,
And roars, e'en now, aloud at Rome,
And ceaſes not their blood to ſhed,
Who will not own him for their head.

47 True charity is grown ſo cold,
E'en daughters with their mothers ſcold,
Fathers and ſons hate one another,
And brother does not love his brother.

48 Faith, ne'er ſo very low was known,
To a mere ſceleton ſhe's gone;
In places, once for ſaints renown'd,
There's ſcarce a Chriſtian to be found.

49 There's not a ſign but what is gone,
Beſides the Jews' return alone:
Let us then ſtill be on our guard,
And for that aweful day prepar'd!

50 The mighty Judge begins to move,
And means to quit the realms above,
Whence ſoon he'll come, with haſty tread,
To doom the living and the dead.

51 Already has he whet his ſword,
And the' arrows in his quiver ſtore'd,
Already has he bent his bow,
Prepare'd into the field to go.

52 His

52 His potent arm is ſtretch'd out wide,
His angels hover on each ſide,
He'll, like the fie'ry deluge, come
To give the world it's final doom.

53 Let us then think to watch, and wait
For his arrival at the gate,
And each a juſt account prepare,
Before he comes, with anxious care.

A Memento Mori--or Remember Death.

1 HOW ſhort the date of man! how ſoon he's gone!
To-day, alive—to-morrow, in the tomb!
Strong as a giant, now——a corpſe, anon!
Such is our ſtate on earth, and ſuch our doom!

2 Not one of us, in a few moments ſpace,
Shall, unremove'd, remain beneath the ſun:
O, let us think then of our deſtin'd race;
It muſt perchance be this next night begun!

3 As haſtes the ſun unto the cloſe of day,
Or as a taper ſpends itſelf full faſt,
Or as the full-blown roſe drops from the ſpray,
Or as a miſt upon the lake is paſt:

4 So ſoon all mortals to their exit haſte!
So ſoon they all are ſpent, and gone away!
So ſoon the fleeting life of man is paſt!
So ſoon his beauty falls unto decay!

5 As ſhips at ſea, or poſts upon the road,
Shafts from the bow, or cowards from their foe,
Or ſmoke before the wind, or as a flood—
So ſwiftly hence we ſhort-life'd mortals go.

6 Life breaks, like ice—or like an arrow flies,
Or melts like wax, or like a poſt it haſtes,
Falls like a leaf, or like a flowret dies,
Scuds like a miſt, or like a taper waſtes.

7 We

7 We all ſhall, like a fleeting ſhadow, paſs,
We all ſhall melt away, like thawing ſnow,
We all ſhall wither, like the new-mown graſs,
We all, like froth, ſhall into vapour go.

8 No trace of us ſhall any more be ſeen,
Than of the bark, that thro' the billows drives,
Or of the ſnake, that glides along the green,
Or of the ſhaft, the yielding air that rives.

9 O let us then, this very day, or night,
Prepare to move from hence without delay,
And wean ourſelves from ev'ry vain delight;
Since long we cannot here expect to ſtay!

10 We, here, reſide in tenements of clay:
A little ſtorm will make our houſes fall:
Let us then watch, leſt death our ſouls ſhou'd ſlay,
Or, whilſt we ſleep, throw down the mud-built wall!

11 As fiſh are kill'd by the keen fiſher's ſtroke,
As pheaſants by the fowler are fetch'd down,
As tender flowers by the wind are broke,
As verdant meadows by the ſithe are mown;

12 So man unweetingly receives death's ſtroke,
So is he tumbled by that tyrant down,
So are his ſtrength and ſtay to pieces broke,
So are his hopes, like verdant meadows, mown.

13 As erſt the deluge pour'd down from on high,
As fire on Sodom fell, like ſudden rains,
As lightning, or as meteors from the ſky,
Or as a woman ſeiz'd with child-birth pains:

14 So rapidly, and with ſo ſwift a courſe,
So ſuddenly, ſo full of woe and dread,
So terribly, and with ſo fierce a force,
Will death purſue, and in our footſteps tread.

15 Frail is our fleſh, and little is our pow'r,
Weak is our ſtrength, and wretched is our caſe;
The ſlighteſt ſhock, the ſickneſs of an hour,
Can put an end to any of our race.

16 An old wife's diſtaff may knock Heroes down,
A ſingle hair may ſuffocate a ſwain,
A crooked pin may choke the ſtouteſt clown:
Alas! how eaſily may man be ſlain.

17 The weak, the mean, the Fool, whom all deſpiſe;
The pooreſt peaſant, with a pebble-ſtone,
May ſlay the ſtrong, may diſconcert the wiſe,
May ſtorm a fort, or ſtrike a giant down.

18 What then is man, but vapour, ſmoke, or graſs,
(Although the beſt, and braveſt of his kind)
Froth, or a flow'r, a piece of ice, or glaſs,
An earthen veſſel, or a puff of wind?

19 The bold, the gay, the cunning, the belov'd,
Even our chief, our rock, our prop, our ſtay,
The ſtrong, the wiſe, the leader moſt approv'd,
Have each by death's huge ſithe been cut away.

20 As leaves are from the trees ſoon blown away,
Or as the ſhears divide the thick-pile'd fleece,
Or as the lilies of the field decay,
Or as the brittle glaſs is broke with eaſe:

21 So ſhall we all decay, ſo wither all,
So ſhall be broke the brittle life of man,
So ſhall we ſoon, without exception, fall,
So ſhall the ſhears of fate ſnip ſhort our ſpan.

22 We all ſhall, like the cabin of a herd,
Be move'd, or, like a gorgeous robe, decay,
Or all be ſhatter'd, like a potter's ſherd,
Or vaniſh, like a morning's miſt, away.

23 We ſhall no longer than our fathers ſtay,
But muſt, like them, go to the dreary tomb:
Before the Judge we our account muſt lay,
And leave this ſcene, to make for others room.

24 We cannot here remain from age to age,
Our bus'neſs in the mart of life to do;
But in our turn we all muſt quit the ſtage,
And, where a world has gone before us, go.

25 Where-e'er we be, Death follows with his bow,
And aims his ſhaft directly at the heart:
There's no man can eſcape the deadly blow,
Nor guard againſt the venom of his dart.

26 Through ev'ry company, on his pale horſe,
He daily rides—though none his coming ſpy:
None ever can evade his matchleſs force,
To whate'er place, or country, they may fly.

27 Although Aſahel erſt was like the roe,
Though Saul in ſpeed an eagle's flight ſurpaſt,
Though Jehu did in ſwiftneſs Saul out-go,
Yet neither cou'd from death eſcape at laſt.

28 Though Samſon all the world in ſtrength excell'd,
Yet Death the ſtrongeſt in the world ſubdue'd:
We likewiſe to the potent ſhade muſt yield,
Although we were with Samſon's ſtrength endue'd.

29 The Macedonian, once ſo known to fame,
Where-e'er he march'd, did all the world ſubdue:
But Death that glorious conqueror o'ercame,
And, after all his bloody ſlaughters, ſlew.

30 Death ſlew the Victors of the Eaſt and Weſt,
Death Galen, that well-noted Leach! deſtroy'd,
Death ſlew Saint Luke, of Doctors far the beſt:
If Death ſlew them; who then can death avoid?

31 As fierce war-horſes tread beneath their feet
(Whate'er their rank) the dying and the dead:
So unrelenting Death does, on the great,
As well as on the pooreſt peaſant, tread.

32 Death, murder'd Abel—innocent in vain!
Death, Aaron ſeiz'd, for piety renown'd!
By Death, both Cain and curſed Ham, were ſlain:
Death never yet, to ſpare a man, was found.

33 Pharaoh, the king, and Eli, though a prieſt,
Iſaiah, though of the prophetic train,
Noah, that ancient Patriarch, and the reſt
Who liv'd of old, have all by Death been ſlain.

34 As

34 As cruel Herod ne'er was known to ſpare,
Or big, or little, of whate'er degree:
So Death, I ween, (whate'er their ages are)
Gives no reprieve—relentleſs quite as he.

35 Though Death ſhou'd waggon-loads of treaſure have,
The kingdoms of the earth, and all their pelf;
Yet, for a ſingle hour, he'll no man ſave,
Though one ſhou'd bribe him with the world itſelf.

36 None their deſire from him ſhall e'er obtain,
Whate'er entreaties they may chance to uſe:
No more than Pilate cou'd the favour gain,
To ſave our Saviour, from the harden'd Jews.

37 Death, when he comes, will not a ſingle hour
Of reſpite give, that we a watch may keep,
Nor any notice of his coming—more
Than the dumb dog before he kills a ſheep:

38 But unawares with ſoft and ſilent tread,
He, like a thief, will to our houſes creep,
E'en whilſt we ſlumber, free from any dread;
So ſtole his foes on Samſon in his ſleep.

39 Shou'd we proviſions for our journey lack,
Oil for our lambs, or requiſite array;
Pale death will not permit us to go back,
Nor, if we loiter, for our coming ſtay:

40 But as the Babylonian king of old
Shadrach, into the fie'ry furnace, caſt;
So Death will all (on whom he can lay hold)
Impriſon, in his clay-built dungeon, faſt.

41 To rob ſome miſer of his hoarded wealth,
As in the dead of night the burglar creeps:
So Death, to man's deſtruction, comes by ſtealth,
And unawares attacks him, whilſt he ſleeps.

42 As fiſhers ſtrike the ſalmon with their ſpear,
Whilſt in the limpid pool he reſts unſcare'd:
So Death aſſaults us, when moſt free from fear,
And when, for his reception, leaſt prepare'd.

43 As the poor pigeon knows not when, or where,
The ſportman's ſhot ſhall her of life deprive;
None can the manner, time, or place declare,
How, when, or where, the archer will arrive.

44 We come into the world, one way alone,
And always, at our entrance to it, weep;
But, by a thouſand ways, men hence have gone,
And no account we, of their going, keep.

45 Death came to Abel, as he drove his ſheep
To ſome ſequeſt'red paſture, there to feed:
Whilſt therefore thou thy flocks and herds doſt keep,
Do thou of Death's unerring dart take heed.

46 No place ſo ſafe, ſo private, can be found,
Where Death will not his gaſtly viſage ſhow,
His dart ſtill meditates the ſecret wound:
O, let us then be ready for the blow!

47 As ſhe a journey took, upon the road,
Death did ſweet-temper'd Rachel rudely greet:
Beware, I warn thee, whilſt thou art abroad,
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt with the rambling Spectre meet!

48 When all Job's children were together met,
Death came amongſt them to the genial feaſt:
Thou haſt no certainty, but at ſome treat,
Death will appear, an uninvited gueſt!

49 The bluſt'ring Holofernes die'd aſleep,
As on his bed, o'ercome with wine, he lay:
Do thou, if wiſe, from all exceſſes keep,
Leſt death ſhou'd thee thyſelf, in liquor, ſlay.

50 Belſhazzar, though of many realms poſſeſt,
Was kill'd, when drunk, with all his reeling train:
Do thou take care leſt at ſome jovial feaſt,
Thou ſhalt thyſelf, amidſt thy cups, be ſlain!

51 A mortal ſtroke Death unto Herod gave,
As on his judgement-ſeat he proudly ſate:
Monarchs ſhou'd think of death and of the grave,
Even when ſeated on their thrones in ſtate!

52 As in his chariot he triumphant rode,
Death ſhot a deadly ſhaft through Ahab's heart:
Shou'dſt thou e'er in thy coach be whirl'd abroad,
Beware therein of Death's envenom'd dart!

53 Death, like a murderer, on Eglon preſt,
As quite alone he in his parlour ſate:
Do thou when in thy chamber gone to reſt,
Of his fell dart beware—'tis tipp'd with fate.

54 When Dives, in his ſilks, a figure made,
And cocker'd up himſelf with coſtly fare,
Death came and ſlew him, for his proud parade:
Fopplings and Epicures, of death beware.

55 When the rich Fool had built his barns anew,
And grain therein for many' a ſeaſon ſtore'd,
Death came, and all his fanſy'd ſchemes o'erthrew,
E'er he had taſted of the treaſure'd hoard:

56 Do thou, O Churl! who haſt for many a year
Heap'd riches up, of Death's attacks beware,
Leſt unexpected he ſhou'd ſeize thee, e'er
Thou haſt enjoy'd thereof the ſmalleſt ſhare.

57 The ſons of Aaron erſt were both ſtruck dead,
As they their off'rings on the altar laid:
Each prieſt ſhou'd death, e'en at the altar, dread,
And of his ſudden coming be afraid.

58 Whilſt on his knees Sennacherib did pray,
E'en in the temple—Death purſue'd him there,
And in the temple did the monarch ſlay:
Death, e'en in church, and whilſt at prayers, fear.

59 Death, unto Zimri, gave a gaſtly wound,
As, with the harlot Coſbi, he tranſgreſt;
Do thou take heed, leſt thou by Death art found,
As thou ſome ſtrumpet claſpeſt to thy breaſt.

60 Light thou thy lamp, the wedding-garment wear,
And ev'ry proper ornament put on,
For God's inſpection thy account prepare,
E'er thou art call'd before his aweful throne.

61 Be ready then to-day, or e'en to-night,
(Thy lamp well fill'd, and thou in trim array)
To come into thy glorious Judge's ſight:
To-morrow, poſſibly, may be the day!

62 Not Paul, nor Peter, no created pow'r,
Not any man on earth, or fiend below,
Can for a certainty declare the hour,
Nor our approaching diſſolution know.

63 Whether by day or night—by ſea or land,
In ſickneſs or in health—or great or ſmall,
In town, or country—let us ready ſtand:
We can't tell when, or where, Death's ſtroke will fall.

64 Do all your work, whilſt yet the day does laſt,
Gather your manna with the riſing ſun,
Accept of grace, e'er yet the time is paſt,
Lay in freſh ſtore, before your ſtock is done.

65 E'er yet the race is loſt, e'er ev'ning late,
E'er the tree's fell'd, e'er in the ſlough thou'rt faſt,
E'er to the hill thou'ſt fled, or ſhut's the gate,
E'er the trump ſounds, and e'er thy doom is paſt—

66 Run ſwift the errands of thy God to do,
Bear fruit abundantly, and of the beſt,
Unto the nuptial feaſt make haſte to go,
And gain, e'er thou departeſt, thy requeſt.

A Poem, on the year 1629, when the Corn was unwholeſome by Reaſon of exceſſive Rain.

1 THou Sove'reign of mercy! thou Sire of all pow'r!
Who feedeſt the hungry, with-hold not our food
From us, who forgiveneſs repentant implore;
Tho' long in a ſhameful rebellion we've ſtood.

2 For ſake of thy mercy, and might moſt immenſe,
For ſake of thy Son, O, abate thy fierce rage!
Give ear to each prayer, forgive each offence,
Our woes and adverſities kindly aſſuage.

3 Againſt

3 Againſt thee we've ſinn'd, at ſo ſhocking a rate,
And brought on ourſelves this affliction ſevere,
With all thoſe great griefs which our boſoms now grate:
But, O, how unable the burden to bear!

4 Thy laws, ſo complete and ſo juſt, we have broke
A thouſand times o'er, e'er we ſtirr'd from the place;
As if we imagin'd thy threats, but a joke,
And thou hadſt no eye to perceive our bad caſe.

5 Thy name we've blaſphem'd, and we've hated thy word,
And under our feet thy ſweet goſpel have trod——
Thy ſabbaths we've broke, and thy temple, O Lord!
Deſerted—thy faith we've corrupted, my God!

6 Thy laws we've tranſgreſs'd, juſt as if we did right,
And thought that no vengeance wou'd fall on our pate,
Or, as if we fanſy'd, that thou hadſt no might
To plague us, for ſinning at ſuch a ſad rate.

7 Thou ſenteſt thy prophets, thy will to declare,
And by gentle uſage to ſhew us the way:
But we ſtopp'd our ears, and their voice wou'd not hear;
Like the' adder, that wou'd not the charmer obey.

8 Thou ſenteſt thy ſervants, to ſummon the blind,
That they to thy feaſt and thy court ſhou d repair:
To come they deny'd, and, with covetous mind,
They each of them went to his farm, or to fair.

9 Our delicate ſtomachs, e'en manna refuſe,
And that bleſſed bread, which for ever will laſt;
Yet garlick and onions and cucumbers chuſe
Before them, like infidels, void of all taſte.

10 The goſpel, becauſe it gives conſcience a bite,
We will not admit, but turn from it averſe;
It neither ſhall teach, or reprove us aright,
Becauſe it reſiſts all our paſſions perverſe.

11 The ſcripture ſhall not our vile natures correct,
The law their obliquities ne'er ſhall redreſs,
But ev'ry one lives, as his paſſions direct,
Nor tries his vain follies and luſts to ſuppreſs.

12 Becauſe on thy law we have trampled, alas!
Becauſe from thy ſtatutes we widely have ſwerv'd,
Like ſheep that break into the corn from their graſs,
Tho' they in the pound for their feaſt are half ſtarv'd:

13 Our riot and pride, like Gomorrah's exceſs,
Cry out for ſome trouble to lower each creſt,
And ne'er will be ſilent, 'till woeful diſtreſs,
And famine our gluttonous luſts have ſuppreſt.

14 Of ev'ry degree, be they little or great,
Men ſtrongly endeavour to anger the Lord;
As if from the ſkies each, upon his own pate,
Attempted dire vengeance to pull with a cord.

15 The prieſt, he permits them to plunge into vice,
And headlong to leap to the yawning abyſs,
Or ſhou'd he endeavour to give them advice,
They at his inſtructions contemptuouſly hiſs.

16 Our indolent rulers their duties neglect,
And ſuffer tranſgreſſors the country to fill,
And uſe not the ſword, thoſe dull fools to correct,
Who trample thy laws under foot at their will.

17 The vulgar around (like to Iſrael of old,
Without either monarch, or prophet, or prieſt)
All live vicious lives, by no ſanctions control'd,
Since they nor of law, faith, or hope, are poſſeſt.

18 The guileleſs, our bailiffs oppreſs without dread,
And pillage them, worſe e'en than thieves on the whole;
Our uſurers eat up the needy, like bread,
Or as the huge whale ſwallows up a ſmall ſole.

19 Our ſervants and hirelings do nothing but play,
Our labourers ſit on the ground without heed,
Or lie at their eaſe on the graſs all the day,
Not chuſing to work, 'till compell'd to't by need.

20 Our common mechanics, of ev'ry employ,
Muſt all leave the callings, whereat they have been;
Nay, they that good farms, and large tenures enjoy,
Wou'd fain do the like, and be keeping an inn.

21 Their

21 Their ſpinning and carding our matrons give o'er,
To brew, they their knitting and ſowing lay by;
They ſell all their wheels and their reels, and ſuch ſtore,
Caſks, bottles, and ſuch ſort of lumber, to buy.

22 The murd'rer, the ſtroller, the pimp, and the knave,
The robber, the thief, and the clerk, we are told,
Nay, women are ſuff'red a licence to have;
Beer, ale, and tobacco, to vend uncontrol'd.

23 Shou'd the De'il, or his Dam, ever have a deſire
A temple, near that of our Maker's, to raiſe,
They, for a mere trifle, a temple might hire,
Expreſsly devoted to Bacchus's praiſe.

24 As thou art accuſtom'd, Lord! lend us thy hand,
And pull down all thoſe that our principles ſpoil,
E'er they eat up each other, and ruin the land,
And thy pure and ſpotleſs religion defile.

25 So nice and ſo dainty, our ſervants are grown,
That they quite as well as their maſters muſt eat,
And many are pregnant, 'tis very well known,
Becauſe they were fed on too delicate meat.

26 All callings amongſt us make light of thy name,
They all are ſo ſelfiſh and covetous now,
They ſeek not thy glory, O Lord! to proclaim,
To whom ev'ry favour and bleſſing they owe.

27 Becauſe thou perceiveddſt we all did tranſgreſs,
And lead ſuch bad lives—thou didſt try as a friend,
By a gentle correction, and tranſient diſtreſs,
To goad us our morals and ways to amend.

28 By tender compaſſion and mercy, O God!
And by all fair means, thou to win us didſt ſtrive:
By a ſeries of bleſſings into the right road
The ſheep, that had wander'd, thou ſoughteſt to drive.

29 But when kindneſs fail'd to amend us, O Lord!
Thou threatnedſt to plague us by ways more ſevere,
Thy arrows thou pointed'ſt, thou whetted'ſt thy ſword,
And thy dreadful arms didſt for battle prepare.

30 When

30 When ready, thou warn'dſt us, before thou didſt wound,
Thy threatnings preceded the terrible ſtroke——
Thou ſaidſt, if we turn'd, grace was ſtill to be found;
But we, even then, at thy threats did but joke.

31 But when thou perceivedſt, threats not to avail,
Thy arrows flew faſt, our rebellion to quell ——
With manifold woes thou our hearts didſt aſſail——
Nor cou'd we evade thy keen ſhafts, or repel.

32 Thou thy ſervants didſt call, and didſt muſter thy hoſt,
With thy furious ſteeds—the red, black, and white,
And drivedſt them on (as we found to our coſt)
Until we poor wretches! were vanquiſhed quite.

33 A hard winter's froſt, and a hot ſummer's ſun,
With boiſterous tempeſts that ſcatter'd our grain,
High floods and high tides, that our lands over-run,
And various misfortunes beſides, gave us pain.

34 A dangerous fever, a famine ſevere,
A fatal mortality to ſev'ral parts,
Thou ſenteſt, to force a repentance ſincere,
And ſpur us, entirely to give thee our hearts.

35 But when thou didſt ſee, that all theſe wou'd not do,
To turn us from ſin, and our manners to mend,
A dearth and a plague (thy diſpleaſure to ſhew)
And the horrors of war thou didſt afterwards ſend.

36 The plague with ſcarce credible fury, mow'd down
More thouſands than I can in numbers well name;
Each church-yard was fill'd up, and empty'd each town,
Where-ever the raging infection once came.

37 A war, unſucceſsful, has beggar'd our coaſts,
The mercileſs ſword has unpeopled the land——
Our ſubſtance and wealth are conſume'd, and our hoſt
Reduce'd to a weak and diſpirited band.

38 Our ſhips thou didſt ſink, and our projects defeat,
The edge of our ſwords thou didſt blunt in the field,
Thou our ſages didſt blind, made'ſt our heroes retreat,
And to our inveterate enemies yield.

39 The

39 The plague and the ſword fill'd us all with diſmay,
And we did repent, for a morning, or two;
Then beg'd thee, aſide thoſe deſtroyers to lay,
Until thou wert pleas'd, all we ask'd for, to do.

40 But when thou the peſt and the war didſt remove,
Again to our ſins we did eagerly go,
Like dogs to their vomit, to forfeit thy love,
And force thee no favour or mercy to ſhow.

41 Thy tempeſts and ſtorms thou didſt order abroad,
And plague'dſt us, for all our exceſſes, with rain,
'Till thou haſt our harveſts quite ruin'd, O God!
And damage'd the far greateſt part of our grain.

42 So heavy, ſo thick, thou thy curſes didſt ſhed
On our corn, and our victuals of every kind,
That even the dogs wou'd not taſte the bad bread,
Which was eat every day by each labouring hind.

43 The horſe and the hog both refuſe'd the repaſt,
When once it began to be mouldy, and grow;
So loathſome and bad is the grain to the taſte,
That comes from each damag'd, and far-yeilding mow.

44 O Lord, we the curſe have moſt juſtly deſerv'd,
Which thou on our ricks and our ſtaddles didſt ſend:
From death and diſeaſes we were not preſerv'd,
Becauſe thou our coaſts didſt not deign to defend.

45 Our ſcandalous waſte, and abuſe of our food,
Will force us to eat, what we give to our hogs——
Hips, haws, or the fruits of the hedge or the wood,
Or the cruſts we uſe'd lately to fling to our dogs.

46 Was any bad taſte on the meal we employ'd,
The bread we wou'd ſpit from our mouths with diſdain;
E'en beggars on common proviſions were cloy'd,
And nothing wou'd taſte but the beſt of all grain.

47 We lately both eat, and we drank to exceſs,
And, like the Gomorrites, thy gifts did abuſe;
At dinner and ſupper their meat none did bleſs,
Till they had incens'd thee beyond all excuſe.

48 We ſwill'd,'till our ſtomachs were ſo much enlarge'd,
That we cou'd ſcarce ſtir from the riotous ſcene,
Until on the ſpot we the burden diſcharge'd,
Than dogs, or the vileſt of brutes, more unclean.

49 More gueſts in each alehouſe on Sundays remain'd,
Who their guts and the Devil devoutly ador'd,
Than were in our churches, when fulleſt, contain'd,
And met there on purpoſe to worſhip the Lord.

50 Our bellies we cramm'd both with meat and with drink
Three times ev'ry day, howe'er ſhort, at the leaſt;
But ſcarce, once a week, of our God can we think,
Who filleth his ſervants with food of the beſt.

51 At church we grow tire'd in a piece of a day,
Tho' our wants are ſo great, and our pride is ſo ſtrong;
Yet a week at a ſtretch in ſome inn we can ſtay,
Tho' the nights are, in winter, ſo cold and ſo long.

52 In the morn, e'er they dine, ſome will ſmoke, and will drink
As much at a time as wou'd ſurfeit a ſcore,
Then vomit the load back again, and ne'er think,
That poverty ever will knock at the door.

53 Our drunkenneſs calls for a dearth on the land,
A ſcarcity needs muſt enſue from ſuch waſte,
Our wilful exceſſes a famine demand——
Our gluttonous feaſts muſt produce a long faſt.

54 It is then but juſt, thou ſhou'dſt plague us, O Lord!
For rejecting thy grace, with a ſcarceneſs of meat,
And thy full allowance refuſe to afford,
But force us, for want, our own bodies to eat.

55 But, merciful God—for the ſake of our Lord,
No famine diſpatch, this our land to annoy——
No illneſs to pain us—no plague, war, or ſword,
Thy ſervants entirely to kill and deſtroy.

56 Our monſtrous perverſeneſs be pleas'd to forgive,
Nor make us a warning to all human kind;
But ſpare us, that we may more piouſly live,
Recover'd from ſin, and renew'd in our mind.

57 Do not the tranſgreſſions, juſt Father! inſpect,
Which murder our ſouls—they're ſo vile and ſo great;
But, on thy ſon's paſſion, with pleaſure reflect,
Who die'd to divert thy diſpleaſure's fierce heat:

58 For the ſake of his life, and the death that He die'd,
His merits, obedience, and blood that was ſpilt,
Direct to thy fold, thy ſtray'd penitents guide,
And pardon our former offences and guilt——

59 In the blood of his wounds waſh our ſins quite away,
And nail to his croſs our miſdeeds and our ſtains,
O cancel our bond, and thy mercy diſplay,
For the ſake of Chriſt's paſſion, and long-during pains!

60 O call us not, Lord! for our ſins to account,
Nor puniſh us for the vain works we have done;
But pardon them all—howe'er great their amount,
For ſake of our Saviour, thy beſt belov'd Son.

61 To mend our bad lives, ſend the Spirit above,
That we may to virtue return ſafe again——
Aſſiſt us, to ſerve thee—to fear, and to love—
And from any further offences reſtrain.

62 With-hold thou thy rod, and thy drawn bow unbend,
This famine repreſs, and with aſpect benign
Forgive our tranſgreſſions, our morals amend,
And make our change'd hearts all reſiſtance reſign.

63 Lord, alter the weather, and bleſs ev'ry field,
Our grief turn to joy, and remove this dire dearth,
Make our ſtacks ſwell with corn and our markets be fill'd
And crown thou, with fatneſs and plenty, the earth.

64 Give food to each Chriſtian, give graſs to each beaſt,
Give thy Goſpel to all, that love truly thy word,
Give peace to the realm, and above all the reſt,
Give honour and health to our Sovereign * Lord!

65 One thouſand, ſix hundred, and twenty, and nine,
Was the date of the year (ſince our Saviour was born)
When thoſe vaſt rains happ'ned, which made us repine,
And glutted our markets with damnify'd corn!

*Charles I. Another,

Another, on the ſame Occaſion.

1 THou ruler of heaven, of earth, and the main,
Of wind, and of weather, of tempeſts, and rain,
O, liſt to the moan and the mournful requeſt
Of us, who're by ſtorms, and bad weather diſtreſt!

2 The winds, and the waves, and the faſt-falling ſhow'rs,
The ſtars in their courſes, and the' heavenly pow'rs,
Againſt us with fell animoſity fight,
And our rife offences with famine requite.

3 The ſun, uſe'd to cheer us with heat and with light,
Now turns his pale orbit away from our ſight,
Refuſing his wonted aſſiſtance to yield,
'Till half of our grain is deſtroy'd on the field.

4 The moon, like a widow, her ſpouſe who bewails,
In clouds ev'ry night her wan countenance veils;
Her tears, like our ſins, in ſuch plenty abound,
Our labours and corn in a deluge are drown'd.

5 The billows roar wildly, the firmament low'rs,
The clouds, heavy-laden, oft burſt into ſhow'rs,
And, for the looſe lives which ſo long we have led,
Whole rivers of woe are pour'd down on each head.

6 Our corn the fierce tempeſt lays down, as it grows,
The prime of our harveſt the wind overthrows,
It ſhed, and it rotted, or grew with the heat,
Againſt it, the rains ſo outrageouſly beat!

7 Our grain is already juſt loſt on the ground,
The ſeaſon prevents us from having it bound,
Aſſiſt us, O Lord! now—(or elſe it muſt ſpoil)
With weather, to gather it from the dank ſoil.

8 That part of the crop which in mows has been ſet,
Like ſtraw in a dunghill, is thoroughly wet,
It ſmokes, reeks and moulders, tho' hid out of ſight,
But, what lies without, muſt be ruin'd out-right.

9 What's

9 What's brought to the barn, is in no better caſe,
But ſilently heats and ferments in the place,
Juſt ready to blaze—help, God of all might,
And let not our labours be fruſtrated quite.

10 The victu'als, for dinner or ſupper deſign'd,
Are full of as bad and unhealthy a kind;
And, if to aſſiſt us our God does not deign,
We all in adverſity long ſhall remain.

11 Lord, open thine eyes, and behold this ſad ſight,
Survey with compaſſion our pitiful plight,
The food of mankind is quite rotten become,
For want of fair weather, to carry it home.

12 Have mercy, good God! for deſtroy'd is our grain,
And terribly rack'd are our bowels with pain:
O make both the dearth and diſtemper to ceaſe,
Bleſs us with thy grace, and our grain with increaſe!

13 But what ſhall we do for ſeed-corn in the ſpring?
If ſo long we ſhall live, a ſupply who can bring?
All, round us, complain of great ſcarceneſs, and want;
Do thou, gracious God, a ſufficiency grant!

14 On the ſheep of thy paſture have pity, O Lord!
And take not the ſtaff of our lives from our board,
Forgive us our ſins, our vile manners amend,
And our joyleſs boſoms with comfort diſtend.

15 Command thou the ſun, to ſupply us with light,
Cauſe the moon and the ſtars to illume us by night,
With ſeaſo'nable weather the farmer befriend,
And to thy diſpleaſure put quickly an end.

16 Clear thou the Horizon, diſperſe ev'ry cloud,
Thoſe rife rains repel, (for thou'rt gracious and good)
Allay the fierce tempeſt, and, after the rain,
Give ſunſhine and criſpneſs agen to our grain!

17 But here, mighty God! I muſt freely confeſs,
Our ſins have brought on us this diſmal diſtreſs,
With all the foul weather, and judgements ſevere,
Which puniſh'd thy ſervants ſo ſorely, this year.

18 Thou

18 Thou fill'dſt us ſo full with thy favours and meat,
That none, to adore thee, wou'd ſtir from their ſeat,
Or give thee due glory and thanks, for their food,
'Till ev'ry misfortune our footſteps purſue'd.

19 The Ox and the Aſs know by whom they are fed,
The Dog loves his maſter, by whom he was bred;
But men are ungrateful, and ſeem not to know,
Their meat, and their all, to their Maker they owe.

20 With manifold bleſſings, thou feedeſt us all,
Like fatlings fed up to the full in the ſtall,
But we will not lift up our heads, nor attend, [ſcend.
More than brutes unto him, whence thoſe favours de-

21 Thy ſtorms and thy tempeſts thou therefore didſt ſend,
By rain and bad weather our manners to mend,
And force us, by feeling thy judgements, to know
'Tis thou with thine hand doſt thoſe bleſſings beſtow.

22 Tho' great were the judgements, thou ſhedd'ſt on each
To puniſh the diſſolute lives that we led, [head,
We ne'er ſince the conqueſt, ſo guilty have been,
So ſunk in debauch'ry, ſo ſodden in ſin.

23 Tho' the ſtorm roars ſo loud, and ſo fierce pours the rain,
And tho' ('tis a truth) juſt deſtroy'd is our grain,
Yet ſtill in the ale-houſe each ſabbath we ſtay,
And ſpend in a riotous manner the day.

24 When each ſhou'd repent, in the duſt, on his face,
And proſtrate implore thy forgiveneſs and grace,
And truly our glorious Creator adore,
Like Jews, we blaſphem'd, and like troopers we ſwore.

25 The more thou didſt aſk us to turn and relent,
Our morals to mend, and our ſins to repent,
We ſinn'd worſe and worſe, and more deſperate grew,
And farther and farther from mercy withdrew.

26 The greater the plagues were, which hung o'er each
Storm, war, or diſeaſe, or a ſcarceneſs of bread, [head,
More hard'ned and callous, like Pharaoh, we were,
And force'd thee to vex us with judgements ſevere.

27 It

27 It is not then ſtrange, thou thy anger ſhou'dſt ſhow,
By doubling and trebling each terrible blow:
But no one the reaſon, I fanſy, can tell,
Why thou haſt not hurl'd us, e'er this, into hell.

28 Forgive our perverſeneſs, thy fierce anger calm,
Remove our adverſity, Lord! and our ſhame,
Like Nineveh, give us all grace to repent,
And ſerve thee with pleaſure, and perfect aſſent!

A WARNING to the Welſh, to repent, wrote at the time a great PLAGUE rage'd in London.

1 MOurn Cambria, thoughtleſs Cambria, mourn,
From all thy ſins repentant turn,
Leſt they God's wrath, and judgements dread,
Shou'd draw upon thy guilty head!

2 Thy ſins have ſoar'd up to the ſky,
And thence for ſpeedy vengeance cry—
Such vengeance, as the Lord did rain
Upon the cities of the plain:

3 Both night and day, they call aloud
For puniſhment, like Abel's blood,
And nought can ſtill their hideous yell,
Beſides God's plagues, or living well.

4 The earth's polluted by thy crimes,
(As in the Cainites early times)
Which ſue to God to ſweep thee hence—
Without thy timely penitence.

5 There's not a Hamlet to be found,
Or petty Village, all around,
But that ſome monſtrous crime appears
Therein, to din the Godhead's ears.

6 There's no profeſſion, you can name,
That has not highly been to blame,
As if, with all it's might, it ſtrove
To pull down vengeance from above.

7 Our Gentry, now ſo ſelfiſh grown,
Seek no man's profit, but their own:
God's praiſe, the good of humankind,
And the true faith, they never mind.

8 Our Clergy ſleep, both night and day,
And leave the people gad aſtray,
And live in ev'ry kind of vice,
Without reproof, or good advice.

9 The Judge and Magiſtrate, for fear,
The murderer and ſot forbear,
And leave each tyrant to oppreſs
The fatherleſs, without redreſs.

10 Our Wardens, without check or blame,
Permit them to revile God's name,
The Goſpel under foot to tread,
And ſlight the conſecrated bread.

11 The Sheriffs, and their corm'rant train,
On the fleec'd populace diſtrain,
And under veil of juſtice prey
Upon their wealth, in open day.

12 The Wealthy glibly ſwallow down
The little all, the needy own,
And by oppreſſion drive the poor
To beg their bread, from door to door.

13 The vulgar, all find ſome pretence
To do what's wrong, and God incenſe:
Blind, dull, perverſe, to hell they run,
Nor will, though warn'd, perdition ſhun.

14 All ranks of men alike deſpiſe
The Goſpel, and as little prize
The law of God; but with much more
Delight, their luſts and guts adore.

15 Nay, all degrees of men, in ſhort,
Strive ſome dire vengeance to extort;
And on their pates it ſhall be ſent,
If they do not in time repent.

16 Such

16 Such ſwearing and exceſs, O Wales!
Such ſhameful wrong in thee prevails,
Such ſects, ſuch hereſies, and lies,
As ne'er before, ſince Chriſt, took riſe.

17 Though now the Deity ſurveys
With paſſive looks our ſinful ways,
Yet he's, in juſtice, bound to ſhed
Dire vengeance on each guilty head.

18 Though he has long from day to day
Entreated each to mend his way,
The time is come, when he begins
To think of puniſhing their ſins.

19 Thou in his ſcales waſt put of late,
And found, O Wales! far ſhort of weight:
He'll give thee ſoon a fatal blow,
If thou doſt not ſubmiſſion ſhow.

20 Becauſe thou haſt not wiſdom learn'd
From England's woes, and wert not warn'd
By her diſtreſs, thy God does keep
A heavy rod for thee in ſteep.

21 The plague to thy tranſgreſſions due,
Is prompt thy footſteps to purſue,
E'en now it hovers o'er thy head!
So very vile a life thou'ſt led!

22 Slung by a ſlender fineſpun thread,
Pendent it hovers o'er thy head,
Ready to drop by it's own weight
Upon thy ſin-polluted pate:

23 Yet heedleſs thou doſt all the while
New plagues on plagues inceſſant pile,
And ſtill doſt God's great patience wrong;
Though he has bor'n with thee ſo long.

24 Thou ſtill art worſe from day to day,
And roveſt more and more aſtray,
And fondly weeneſt God does doze,
Whilſt thee, to penitence, he wooes.

25 Thou ſnore'ſt aloud, ſurcharge'd with drink,
And ſeemeſt not to know, or think,
That God now whets the ſhining ſteel,
Which in thy ſleep thou ſoon ſhalt feel.

26 Repent ſincerely, Wales, repent,
Before the plague to thee is ſent—
Before God bares his ſword, entreat
His pardon, proſtrate at his feet.

27 If once the Lord ſhall light the fire,
What man alive can ſtop his ire?
If once the plague at his command
Breaks out, who can protect the land?

28 If once the Lord begins to ſlay,
And ſhall his ſhafts and ſword diſplay,
Who can the weighty ſtroke withſtand?
Who can preſerve thee from his hand?

29 Behold the woes on London brought,
Though ſhe has oft for mercy ſought,
As that, in time, ſhe did not do,
God more than half her people ſlew!

30 Ariſe, ariſe, make no delay,
But wholly caſt thy crimes away;
For mercy call, before thy doom,
Perhaps to-morrow it may come.

31 In bales of goods and merchandize,
It in the London ſhops now lies,
To Wales the plague will come at laſt,
If thou doſt not repent in haſte.

32 But ſhou'd it come unto thee, now;
How unprepare'd, O Wales! art thou,
At God's tribunal to appear,
Without the robe which thou ſhou'dſt wear?

33 If it ſhou'd to thy confines reach,
What man, alas! can guard the breach?
Not all the world combine'd can ſtand
Againſt the Lord's correcting hand.

34 In vain ſhall either rue, or ſage,
With the keen ſword of God engage:
If thou doſt not repent from ſin,
All phyſic is not worth a pin.

35 In vain it is thy gates to keep,
The peſt will o'er thy ramparts creep,
Nor pike, nor cannon can defend
Thee from the plague, which God ſhall ſend.

36 In vain it is from it to run,
Or ſeek the deadly fate to ſhun:
Go where thou wilt, thou ſtill ſhalt find
The fleet purſuer cloſe behind.

37 The beſt thing thou canſt do at laſt,
To keep the plague off, is to faſt—
From meat and drink, I do not mean,
But from each thought and act unclean.

38 If once the peſt invades thy ground,
Pale famine will beſeige thee 'round,
With ſorrow, ſtern rebuke, and fear;
Ne'er did the plague alone appear!

39 Adverſity and troubles fell,
In ev'ry town and houſe ſhall dwell,
Sad moans ſhall ſound in all thy ſtreets,
And dread ſeize ev'ry ſoul one meets.

40 Fraternal Love ſhall quit thy coaſts,
And ev'ry ſocial joy be loſt,
Nor nature, nor affinity,
Shall, whilſt it laſts, be found in thee.

41 To tend her child, the mother takes
No pains—the wife, her ſpouſe forſakes,
The ſire, his ſon, the ſon, his mother,
The ſiſter quits her dying brother.

42 The ſon, his ſire ſlays with his breath,
The mother, puts her babes to death,
The wife, her ſpouſe kills with a ſigh,
The friend, each friend that dares come nigh.

43 Slain are the living by the dead,
The vig'rous by the invalid,
The healthy, by the ſick they dreſt;
So dire, ſo dreadful is the peſt!

44 Who touches the infected, dies,
They kill, like Bas'liſks with their eyes,
Or blaſt them with their tainted breath,
Like the fell Cocatrice, to death.

45 The plague will make a man deteſt,
Like a mad dog, thoſe he loves beſt:
'Twill make him lothe his deareſt friend,
As a fierce wolf, or hell-born fiend.

46 Hence they, like traitors, are confin'd
From all the reſt of humankind,
Nor are they, any time, allow'd
To go abroad in ſearch of food.

47 Their treaſures kill all that come nigh,
Whoe'er receives their goods, muſt die,
Their caſh is worth no more (tho' great
Their wants) than pebbles in the ſtreet.

48 This, Wales! will make thy ſons oft faſt,
When they ſhall not a morſel taſte;
Tho', all they own'd, they gave for meat,
And did for it with tears entreat.

49 The plague at once will run thee o'er,
Juſt as the deluge did of yore
The world, or as the fire that came
And ſet Gomorrah in a flame.

50 Perhaps, when round the ſocial hearth,
Or in the tavern, full of mirth,
Or in the market, cheap'ning wares,
The plague will catch thee unawares.

51 Tho' thou ſhou'dſt to the ſtews, or fair,
The field, or council-room, repair;
Where-e'er the peſt ſhall on thee ſeize,
That is the place of thy deceaſe.

52 There

52 There, like a beaſt, thou ſoon ſhalt die,
(But not without great agony)
Without a ſervant, or a friend,
Thy latter moments to attend.

53 No doctor, and no prieſt will come
To thee, nor dare approach thy room,
Nor any of thy neareſt kin,
As if thou hadſt ſome rebel been.

54 To lay thee out, none will come near,
To ſhrowd and place thee on the bier,
Or to attend thee to the grave:
A brute's interment thou ſhalt have.

55 This is the death ſo full of woe,
Which thou art doom'd to undergo.
This is the death due to thy crimes,
If thou ſhalt not repent betimes.

56 O what a dire, and diſmal end?
What agonies this death attend?
O what a curs'd and ſhocking caſe
It is to die of this diſeaſe?

57 This England has beheld of late,
When London felt the frowns of fate;
And this in thee, Wales, ſhall be ſeen,
If thou doſt not forſake thy ſin.

58 O think, how hateful 'tis to fall
By this moſt diſmal death of all!
Think, how unpleaſing, how unbleſt,
It is to ſuffer by the peſt!

59 This is the death ſo full of woe,
Thou doſt deſerve to undergo!
This is the death, due to thy crimes,
If thou doſt not repent betimes.

60 God long expects thee to begin
To quit each vice and darling ſin;
Becauſe thou haſt not, he's prepar'd
To give thy ſins their juſt reward.

61 Mourn then, O thoughtleſs *Cambria*, mourn,
And from thy ſins repentant turn:
Like Nineveh for mercy call,
Or ſoon the' impending blow will fall.

62 E'er God unſheaths his glitt'ring ſteel,
For his forgiveneſs quickly kneel;
Too late God's mercy is implor'd,
When he has drawn his glitt'ring ſword.

63 Like Magdalene, thy Saviour greet,
And bathe with floods of tears his feet,
Then dry them with thy flowing hair:
So ſhall He ſave thee from deſpair!

64 An altar raiſe, like Jeſſe's ſon,
And lay a contrite heart thereon:
Thy pray'rs ſhall ſtop the angel's hand,
That's lifted to deſtroy the land.

65 Like Nineveh, in ſackcloth mourn,
And from thy ſumleſs errors turn:
God will avert thy deſtin'd end,
If thou thy manners ſhalt amend.

66 Unto the temple oft repair,
Like Aaron there with mournful air,
Forgiveneſs of the Lord requeſt,
E'er thou'rt infected by the peſt.

67 Thy boſom beat, and God adore,
Lke the poor publican of yore,
With fervent mind for mercy pray,
E'er thou art ſnatch'd at once away.

68 Daily, like royal David, feed
Upon thy tears, for each miſdeed
Deluge with tears, each night, thy bed,
E'er the plague comes, and ſtrikes thee dead.

69 Stand thou, like Moſes, in the breach,
Nor let the peſt thy people reach:
Pray God to ſtop the dreadful blow—
Pray hard, and He will mercy ſhow.

70 A javelin, like Phineas, ſeize,
Slay thoſe, whoſe ſins brought the diſeaſe,
Iniquity, by law correct:
So God ſhall thee from death protect.

71 Quit Sodom, and to Zoar run,
By penitence perdition ſhun;
The warning angel's threatnings hear,
E'er the dread peſt thy towns draws near.

72 From ſwine and ſwiniſh drunkards run,
(As erſt ran Luke's repentant ſon)
Unto thy Sire without delay,
E'er by the plague thou'rt ſwept away.

73 Like Peter, in ſome private place,
Bewail the ſins of all thy race:
The cock reminds thee to repent,
E'er to thy coaſts the plague is ſent.

74 Thy whole account, with the' utmoſt care,
E'er thou art call'd to doom, prepare,
Trim thy dull lamp, thy white robe wear,
Before the dreadful peſt comes near.

75 It of a ſudden comes, beware!
And gives no notice to prepare:
Be then each moment on thy guard,
Leſt it ſhou'd catch thee unprepar'd.

76 The readier thou art to receive
The ſtroke, and this vain world to leave,
God is more ready to forgive,
And leave thee here yet longer live.

77 May God, O Wales, to thee diſpenſe
His Grace—God give thee penitence,
God ſhield thee from this peſt ſevere;
God grant thee yet a joyful year.

Another, on the ſame Occaſion.

1 MOurn Cambria, thoughtleſs Cambria mourn,
Like Nineveh, repentant turn,
Put ſackcloth on———proclaim a faſt———
Cry out for Grace, and mend at laſt.

2 Thy eldeſt Siſter undergoes
(*England* I mean) a thouſand woes,
Beneath the weighty hand of God,
Who rules her with an iron rod.

3 The plague her people has devour'd,
Like wild-fire down from heaven ſhow'rd,
And all her towns has over-run,
Like flames thro' heath parch'd by the ſun.

4 They die in heaps, without delay,
Perhaps a thouſand in a day,
And fall, acroſs each other, down,
Along the ſtreets, in ev'ry town.

5 No medicines can ſtop it's rage,
Not floods of tears can it aſſuage,
God's power alone can it allay,
And his ſweet mercy chaſe away.

6 Great London weeps and wails full ſore,
As ſack'd Jeruſalem of yore:
Nought is there heard but hideous groans,
With loud laments, and mournful moans.

7 There is ſuch ſorrow, and ſuch grief!
Such anguiſh as exceeds belief!
Such dire diſtreſs! ſuch ſighing ſore!
The like was ne'er known there before!

8 Men of each rank, and each degree,
The ſword of death uplifted ſee,
And wait for the funereal dray,
That bears the dead off, night and day.

9 There

9 There huſbands ſee their conſorts die,
And their dear children's corſes lie
All round, 'till they the noſe offend,
And none come near, their aid to lend.

10 There wives lament to ſee a ſpouſe
And children dead, in ev'ry houſe;
Yet dare not quit, (how hard their caſe!)
Though wild with woe, the fatal place.

11 There, infant orphans cry aloud,
But there are none to give them food,
And ſuck the mother's milkleſs breaſt,
When ſhe has been ſome days at reſt.

12 To them no comforters there are
In heav'n or earth, the ſea or air,
In town or country, church or court,
From flock or fold, from field, or fort.

13 He, that is well, with tearful eyes
The oft-repaſſing carts ſurveys,
Which lately carry'd nought but dung,
Now carrying corſes, all day long.

14 They that ſurvive are almoſt dead,
Before they are attack'd, thro' dread,
By ſeeing all that weight of woe,
Which they are doom'd to undergo.

15 They're not indulge'd, abroad to roam—
They cannot purchaſe food at home——
Their viſits no one will admit———
They're not allow'd the dead to quit.

16 The plague, within their houſes, ſtalks—
In all their ſtreets, fell famine walks——
And, in the fields, the ravens pick
The eyes out of the helpleſs ſick.

17 Both God and man ſeem to have left
The wretches of all hopes bereft,
And will not any pity ſhow,
Or try to mitigate their woe.

18 The Godhead laughs at all their woes,
And ſtops his ears, from hearing, cloſe,
Nor heeds their unavailing cries,
Who uſe'd his Goſpel to deſpiſe.

19 When any, the infected ſpy,
As from a dog, that's mad, they fly:
Nay, they had rather meet a toad,
Than meet a Londo'ner on the road;

20 Becauſe they ſoon infect all thoſe,
Who dare approach them, with their clothes:
Thus whom the baſiliſk eſpies,
At once is murder'd by his eyes.

21 The father, though in the ſame houſe,
Can't ſee his ſon——nor wife, her ſpouſe——
Nor, without danger, can a friend
In this diſeaſe, his friend attend.

22 The mother, with a kiſs, deſtroys
Her ſon, the prime of all her joys,
Or, all unweeting, taints his blood,
E'en whilſt he ſucks her breaſts for food.

23 The father with his baleful breath
Puts all his progeny to death;
And, like a cocatrice, deprives
All, who approach him, of their lives.

24 The ſicken'd child, againſt his will,
Does his indulgent mother kill,
(Who nurſe'd him with the tend'reſt care)
And all the ſervants that come near.

25 Both men and women, ſuddenly,
In ev'ry houſe promiſcuous die
By hundreds, in a ſingle night,
'Till London ſeems unpeopled quite.

26 Such moans and cries were never known,
As in each corner of the town:
No!——not in Ramah, on the day,
When Herod did the infants ſlay.

27 Her clergymen's exceſſive grief
Tranſcends the limits of belief,
To ſee each church, of late ſo full,
Now nothing but an empty hull.

28 Her warehouſes tho' richly ſtock'd,
Where crouds un-number'd lately flock'd,
Sell not enough, (their trade 's ſo dead!)
To give their famiſh'd ſhopmen bread.

29 Each nice artificer complains
(Though he has finiſh'd them with pains)
That none his curious works will buy,
And that for hunger he muſt die.

30 Each inn, each houſe, or ſumptuous ſeat,
Of lords and knights the late retreat,
Now uninhabited remains;
Or elſe the plague alone there reigns.

31 All who were wont to ply the oar
Upon the Thames, or drudge aſhore,
Links, porters, ſcavengers, complain,
They can't their bread by labour gain.

32 The market, ſtore'd ſo well of late,
With fleſh and fiſh, and ev'ry cate
On which each greedy glutton fed,
Hath neither fleſh, nor meal, nor bread.

33 Many, who not long ſince repine'd,
Unleſs on quails and growſe they dine'd,
By hunger humbled, vainly wiſh
To make a meal, on ſalted fiſh.

34 Tho' then each day, to bring them food,
A thouſand veſſels ſtemm'd the flood,
There's now ſcarce ſeen a ſingle load
Of grain, or meal, upon the road.

35 Where, there were all things for their uſe,
Which land, or water, did produce,
Now nothing elſe is to be found,
But dearth and famine all around.

36 Our pride, our luſt, our vaſt exceſs,
Our gluttony, our drunkenneſs,
Our goſpel-wreſting hereſies,
To thoſe diſtreſſes firſt gave riſe.

37 Theſe are the fruits, theſe are the gains!
Theſe are the wages ſin obtains!
Theſe are the puniſhments, I own,
Which we deſerve for what we've done!

38 Thus God can, in a trice, bring down
The pride of any ſinful town,
And ſoon reduce, e'en to the duſt,
The walls and crouds to which men truſt!

39 And thus it is the' Almighty can
Humble the haughtineſs of man,
Who dares reſiſt his juſt commands,
And turn him over to Death's hands.

40 We have long ſince (I muſt confeſs)——
We all have merited no leſs:
God's ways and works are free from blame;
Holy and reve'rend is his Name.

41 We ev'ry filthineſs have ſow'd;
In furrows by injuſtice plow'd;
What can we thence expect to mow,
Beſides the crop, which ſin did ſow?

42 This is the peſt, with which of yore
God threatned thoſe, that heretofore
Did not obey and ſerve him right
With all their heart and all their might.

43 This is the ſame tremendous blow,
Which Wales is doom'd to undergo,
Becauſe ſhe did not turn betimes,
And warning take from England's crimes.

44 Since our long-ſuffering, gracious God
So long o'er London held his rod,
I fear that guilty Wales muſt feel
The edge of his avenging ſteel.

45 When

45 When Judah wou'd not erſt forſake
His ſins, nor from Samaria take
A warning, he no better ſped,
Than Iſrael did, when captive led.

46 If, warn'd by England's ſore diſtreſs,
Wales will no penitence expreſs,
Some plague, or puniſhment ſevere,
Will on her coaſts deſcend, I fear.

47 When God on Sodom, in his ire,
And on Gomorrah, rain'd down fire,
His wrathful vengeance was not cloy'd,
Until Zeboïm was deſtroy'd:

48 So as the Lord this plague has ſent
To England, from the continent;
I fear, it will not be allay'd,
'Till 't has to Wales a viſit paid.

49 When firſt the peſt, the ſword of God,
O'er Germany in triumph trod;
'Cauſe France her vices did not ſhun,
Like wild-fire o'er her towns it run.

50 Becauſe no warning ſhe at all
Took from Bohemia, Flanders, Gaul,
England is curs'd with this dire peſt,
And fares much worſe than all the reſt.

51 If Wales will not be warn'd by all
The woes, which now on England fall,
She ſhall be puniſh'd ſoon, I fear,
By plagues and judgements more ſevere.

52 Mourn therefore, heedleſs Cambria, mourn,
And from thy ſins repentant turn,
Like Nineveh, for mercy call,
E'er thoſe fell judgements on thee fall.

53 Beat, beat thy breaſt, and weep a flood,
Thy garments waſh in Jeſus' blood,
Cry out for grace, thy life amend,
E'er vengeance does on thee deſcend.

54 E'er God unſheaths his ſhining ſteel,
Before him with ſubmiſſion kneel;
For grace and favour him invoke,
E'er the deſtroyer gives the ſtroke.

55 'Tis vain to cry, when thou art ſlain,
When thou'rt condemn'd, to pray is vain,
'Tis vain, to try to break the rod,
When thou haſt been chaſtiſe'd by God.

56 Ariſe, ariſe, uſe no delay,
Make haſte, and quit thy ſins to-day,
Fate hovers o'er thee now, amend,
E'er it does, on thy head, deſcend.

A Prayer for a Clergyman, when he goes to viſit the Sick, or in the Time of a Plague.

1 BEhold, my gracious God! with pitying eye,
What dangers in my painful office lie,
Who never muſt, at any ſeaſon, ceaſe
To viſit all, whatever's their diſeaſe.

2 There's not a man, or child, that is diſeas'd,
Whether by the ſmall-pox, or meazles ſeiz'd,
Or any other malady, that's worſe,
But I am bound to viſit him of courſe.

3 Be they or hectic heats, or pungent pains,
Or nauſeous ſweats, or if a fever reigns,
I muſt attend the dying Clinic ſtill,
E'en though he of the plague itſelf were ill:

4 Which needs muſt be a moſt tremendous part
Unto a timid, and ſtill-doubting heart,
Which, of itſelf, of ev'ry ill s afraid;
Unleſs ſupported by thy gracious aid.

5 Therefore on thee (who doſt my life defend,
My ſole Protector, and my only Friend)
Who, as thou pleaſeſt, doſt direct us, all,
For thy aſſiſtance and ſupport, I call!

6 O Lord!

6 O Lord! thou canſt, if it be thy bleſt will,
Preſerve my ſoul from each impending ill,
Though now each ail might have it in it's pow'r,
Without thy help, thy ſervant to devour:

7 And if thou doſt not, of thy mercy, deign
To keep me, and thoſe maladies reſtrain,
I can't myſelf divert their rage away,
But muſt to their attacks become a prey.

8 Lend then to me, Omnipotence! thine ear,
And ſave the ſimpleſt of thy ſervants, here—
Save me, for thou to ſave canſt never fail,
From the aſſaults of each infectious ail.

9 'Tis thou, O God! that giveſt wounds and pain,
'Tis thou, O God! that healeſt them again,
'Tis thou, that kill'ſt, and yet doſt life afford,
'Tis thou, ſhall therefore puniſh us, O Lord!

10 Thy foſtring pinions, o'er my favour'd head,
(That I may 'ſcape thoſe horrid perils,) ſpread,
And give no dangerous diſtemper leave
Unto thy ſervant's earthly part to cleave.

11 O God, who didſt thy ſervant Aaron ſcreen,
When he the dead and living ſtep't between,
Protect me with thy gracious favour ſtill
From this diſeaſe, and ev'ry other ill!

12 As thou the fie'ry Furnace didſt aſſuage,
And the three Children ſaved'ſt from it's rage;
So, for Chriſt's ſake, let it thy goodneſs pleaſe,
To ſave thy ſervant from this dire diſeaſe!

13 As thou didſt from the faſting lions' jaw,
And dreary den, the prophet Daniel draw;
So from this ail, and it's afflictive rod,
Do thou preſerve me ſafely, O my God!

14 So ſhall I glorify thy holy name,
And in each church or chapel praiſe the ſame,
And my beſt thanks (as long as e'er I live)
For all thy bleſſings and thy favours give.

15 Like Aaron, to thine altar, I'll repair,
Or to my room, like Daniel, and declare
Thy mercies, or like royal David ſing
Thy praiſes, my Protector, and my King!

Short is the Life of Man.

1 MAn's life, like any weaver's ſhuttle, flies,
Or, like a tender flowret, droops and dies,
Or, like a race, it ends without delay,
Or, like a vapour, vaniſhes away,

2 Or, like a candle, it each moment waſtes,
Or, like a packet under ſail, it haſtes,
Or, like a poſt-boy, gallops very faſt,
Or, like the ſhadow of a cloud, 'tis paſt.

3 Strong is our foe, but very weak the fort,
Our death is certain, and our time is ſhort;
But as the hour of death's a ſecret ſtill,
Let us be ready, come he, when he will.

Advice to the Sick.

1 THY mortal part ſhou'd ſickneſs chance to ſeize,
Conſider, whence the fie'ry dart was ſent,
Conſider, who inflicted the diſeaſe,
And to what purpoſe, and with what intent?

2 'Tis God himſelf, that deals the dreadful ſtroke,
'Tis God, that gives the malady it's pain,
Becauſe our ſins his patient heart provoke;
That we may quit them, and reform again.

3 For all the errors of thy life repent,
God's pardon on thy bended knees implore,
His mercy beg, and he will then relent,
And give thee comfort, if he gives no more.

4 If

4 If God againſt thee is incens'd with rage,
If he has ſcourge'd thee with diſtempers dire,
The Lamb's dear Blood his anger will aſſuage,
And briny tears will mitigate his ire.

5 Do thou ſubmit, and he'll ſuſpend the blow,
Seek grace, and he'll with pleaſure give thee grace,
Do thou repent, and he'll forgiveneſs ſhow,
Lament, and he'll compaſſionate thy caſe.

6 Freely to him thy ſumleſs ſins confeſs,
Condemn thyſelf, and his forgiveneſs crave;
So ſhall thy prayers ever meet ſucceſs,
So ſhalt thou grace and abſolution have.

7 Turn thou to God, and he will thee receive,
Try, though he's wroth, his fury to appeaſe,
And when he ſees thee, with contrition grieve,
He'll bid thy troubles and thy ſorrows ceaſe.

8 'Tis God himſelf, that each diſeaſe imparts,
And ev'ry ail's a herald from his throne,
Diſpatch'd by him, to purify our hearts;
None can inflict it—but the Lord alone.

9 It is not from the main, or mountain's brow,
Earth, air, or bog, that each diſorder ſprings;
But all the ails that plague us, here below,
Come from the kindneſs of the King of kings!

10 Hot-ſhooting pains, eruptions, tumours, boils,
Agues and fevers, quinſies, gout, and ſtone,
Plague, peſtilence, conſumptions, fits, and piles,
(Nay, ev'ry ail,) proceed from God alone.

11 The greateſt ſove'reign, on this earthly ball,
Cannot impoſe, or drive an ail away;
None but the Lord, and the juſt Judge of all,
Can health reſtore, or maladies convey.

12 Diſeaſe will not give ear to human lore,
It neither ſaint, nor ſainteſs, will obey,
It minds nor wizard's charm, nor ſtellar pow'r:
'Tis God alone can order it away.

13 If by a ſurfeit, cold, or ill-air'd bed,
Thou art into the room of ſickneſs brought,
'Tis God himſelf that drew it on thy head,
In whatſoever manner it was caught.

14 'Tis not by chance, nor the decree of fate,
Or any conſtellation in the ſky,
That illneſs comes, however ſmall or great,
But by the' appointment of the Lord on high.

15 Be not too curious, like a man unwiſe,
From whence thy malady aroſe, to know;
But rather lift unto the Lord thine eyes,
And to the Hand, that dealt the gracious blow.

16 God made thee ſick, and God can make thee well,
God broke thy bones, and God can make them whole,
God thy rebellious fleſh and luſts can quell,
And God can heal thy body, and thy ſoul!

17 Welcome thou then his herald with reſpect,
With patience bear the meſſenger of God;
The child he loves, he always does correct,
Nor through a fooliſh fondneſs ſpares the rod.

18 With due ſubmiſſion thy affliction bear;
Fools only kick againſt the pointed ſword:
If God impoſe'd a treatment that's ſevere,
In vain ſhalt thou oppoſe his will, or word.

19 If God with ſickneſſes his ſons afflicts,
Their foul tranſgreſſions are the fatal cauſe:
Whene'er he any puniſhment inflicts,
It is, becauſe they violate his laws.

20 Sickneſs is then a debt, that's due to ſin,
A puniſhment, that each offender feels:
For where tranſgreſſion once has enter'd in,
Diſeaſe ſtill follows hard upon his heels.

21 To break the ſabbath and to ſwear amain,
God's holy church and goſpel to deſpiſe,
To treat the prieſt and ruler with diſdain,
Is the dire ſource, whence many ails ariſe!

22 To

22 To drink, to ſing lewd ballads, and to whore,
To waſte one's precious time, to play the thief,
To revel, riot, and oppreſs the poor,
Bring on diſeaſe, with ev'ry other grief.

23 If thou haſt any ail, or any woe,
Thy ſin, and that alone, ſhou'd bear the blame,
Which made the torrent of God's anger flow,
And cauſe'd him to afflict thee with the ſame.

24 Search thou thy conſcience with the utmoſt care,
Strive ev'ry lurking paſſion to ſubdue,
Entirely mortify thy luſts by pray'r,
And fervently, for God's forgiveneſs, ſue.

25 If thou ſhalt for thy ſins ſincerely grieve,
And turn unto the Lord thy God in haſte,
He will the errors of thy life forgive,
And thou no longer ſhalt with ſickneſs waſte.

26 Entreat the Lord, to make thy ſorrows ceaſe,
To ſoothe thy pain, and ſuccour thee, when ill:
Uſe importunity with him for eaſe;
For he can grant it, whenſoe'er he will.

27 Whatever ail, or torment, thou mayſt feel,
The' Almighty can it's raging ſmart remove;
He, at his pleaſure, can thy anguiſh heal,
However great, or grievous it may prove.

28 He cure'd the Paralitic of his grief,
He cure'd the halt and bloody-flux'd with eaſe,
To Job and Naaman he gave relief,
And heal'd each ſort of ſickneſs and diſeaſe.

29 Sickneſs is but a meſſage from the Lord,
At his command on thee it firſt began;
It kills, it cures, obedient to his word,
It comes and goes, like the Centurion's man.

30 To God thy earneſt ſupplications make,
Who has this illneſs on thy body laid;
Seek thou his ſuccour, for thy Saviour's ſake,
His aid implore, and thou ſhalt have his aid.

A Prayer for a Sick Perſon.

1 O God of juſtice, health's immortal Sire!
Thou Judge of all! thou raiſer of the low!
O hear my ſuit, and grant me my deſire,
And, for Chriſt's ſake, ſome pity on me ſhow!

2 In body weak, and in my mind not ſtrong,
To thee, with heavy heart, and ſighing ſore,
I drag, O God! my languid limbs along,
Thy ſuccour and aſſiſtance to implore.

3 Thou always art with grace and mercy crown'd,
To anger, ſlow, and of forbearance great,
In ſtraits and troubles, eaſy to be found,
For Chriſt's ſake, pity my forlorn eſtate!

4 Through thy indulgence, long in health I bloom'd,
But now I fall the victim of thy rage,
And am, for my offences, fairly doom'd,
With pain and with diſtemper to engage.

5 O God! I have deſerv'd—I freely own,
Long ſince, a puniſhment much more ſevere;
This ail was therefore juſtly on me thrown,
Which from thy hand, Almighty Lord! I bear.

6 A ſudden and a dangerous diſeaſe
Thou mighteſt have diſpatch'd, to end my days,
And turn'd me into hell, (did it thee pleaſe)
Nor granted time for me to mend my ways:

7 Yet thou didſt deign this malady to ſend,
Like a moſt merciful and gracious God,
To give me warning of my latter end,
And ſhew me penitence's painful road.

8 I take it as a token of thy love,
That thou ſhoud'ſt treat me as a lawful ſon,
And by thy puniſhment my mind improve,
Or by my errors I had been undone.

9 It is an act, juſt God! both good and kind,
The body, by ſuch penance, to diſtreſs:
Since too much cockering had hurt my mind,
And the ſpoil'd ſoul had ſicken'd, thro' exceſs.

10 When I with never-failing health was bleſs'd,
My ſins, though numerous, were never ſeen:
But now, alas! I am with pain oppreſs'd,
I nothing elſe can ſee, beſides my ſin.

11 How many are my faults? how vaſt their ſum?
To what a countleſs heap do they amount?
They're more than all the ſtars, that deck the gloom,
Shou'd I attempt their numbers to recount.

12 How fooliſhly, O God! was I thy foe?
Perverſe, as Pharaoh was in former days,
Though thou didſt ſtill the culprit kindly wooe,
To turn to thee, and to amend his ways.

13 I own, that I have merited much more—
Much more chaſtiſement, by a thouſand times;
Since I have ſinn'd againſt thy ſacred pow'r,
E'en from my youth, by oft-repeated crimes:

14 Yet well I know, that thou'rt with mercy fraught,
To pardon thoſe who their vile courſes leave,
And ready to remit each ſinner's fault,
With all, who greatly for their errors grieve.

15 Though nought I've merited but pains and woes,
And indiſpoſe'd in ſome diſeaſe to lie,
Yet mercifully, Lord! of me diſpoſe,
And on my vices never caſt thine eye.

16 Let Chriſt's ſad death, and Chriſt's obedience,
For all my ſins full ſatisfaction make,
Deep in his wounds conceal each foul offence,
And be propitious to me for his ſake.

17 My life let me not in pollution end,
E'er I have any uſeful action done;
But give me time my morals to amend,
Before thy mercy be entirely gone.

18 Hold thy afflicting hand, and ſoothe my woes,
Abate my ſorrow, and allay my pain,
Nor on my ſoul a greater load impoſe,
Than this my ſickly body can ſuſtain.

19 Although my ſoul at times preſumes to ſay,
"Lord, take my ſpirit to the realms above,"
Yet, in my coward fleſh, I oft'ner pray,
"This bitter cup from me, O God! remove."

20 Although my ſoul and body are but ill—
Prepare'd as yet, to wing their final flight;
Yet grant me time, (if it be thy bleſs'd will)
To trim them both, and order them aright.

21 I aſk not time of thee, O God! my days
In luxury and indolence to ſpend;
But that I may proclaim aloud thy praiſe,
And, all I can, of my bad manners mend.

22 O Lord! if it be pleaſing in thy ſight,
Like Hezekiah's, lengthen thou my days;
Give me ſome ſign that thou haſt cure'd me quite,
And conquer'd my inveterate diſeaſe.

23 However, if it be thy gracious will,
That yet a while my puniſhment ſhou'd laſt;
I'm ready thy good pleaſure to fulfil:
But ſtrengthen me, until the trial's paſt.

24 In health, I only did my God incenſe,
When ſick, my pain I by my ſighs expreſs,
What can I elſe? unleſs thou ſhou'dſt diſpenſe
Thy Holy Spirit's aid, in my diſtreſs.

25 Give me, O Lord! O give me ſome relief,
Remove my reſtleſſneſs—my pains allay,
Say to my ſoul, e'en in it's greateſt grief,
"I am thy Saviour, and thy only ſtay!"

26 Thou'rt the Samaritan, O Chriſt! ſo kind,
I, the poor trav'ler, wounded on the way,
My gaping wounds with proper dreſſings bind,
Comfort my heart, my painful ſmart allay.

27 Thy hand, O God! does heavy on me lie,
Yet in my God my confidence ſhall be:
Though, under thy correction, I ſhou'd die,
I'll truſt in thee, and in none elſe, but thee.

28 The keys of life, and thoſe of death, are thine,
And the grim tyrant does not come, O Lord
To touch e'en but a ſingle hair of mine,
'Till he receives the ſanction of thy word.

29 O, make me ready ſtill to meet this foe,
For his incurſion watchful let me wait;
So that, behind him mounted, I may go
To endleſs bliſs, in the celeſtial ſtate!

30 Let not the toys of this precarious ſtate———
Let not God's juſtice on the day of doom———
Let not the fear of death, my zeal abate,
Nor ſtop my flight to my eternal home.

31 The fear of death in my faint heart allay——
The world let me renounce, and all it's pride——
Waſh in Chriſt's blood my filthy ſins away——
And, with his righteouſneſs, my vices hide!

32 In all Chriſt's promiſes let me confide,
Give me ſtrong hopes that I the crown ſhall gain—
In ſickneſs be my patience firmly try'd,
And make me long my plaudit to obtain.

33 Thy ſpirit give, to calm my troubled breaſt,
And bid thy angels fence me in around———
Of all my hours, make thou the laſt, the beſt,
And, at my death, let me with joy be crown'd.

34 Let not my ſoul, my ſhepherd Chriſt! be loſt——
The precious charge let not the lions tear——
For dear enough to thee it's purchaſe coſt——
The truſt to heav'n, among thy angels bear!

An ADMONITION to the Sick to call for a Clergyman and a Phyſician, and to ſhun all Charms, &c. &c.

1 AS ſoon as thou art ſick, without delay,
For ſome good clergyman expreſsly ſend,
Who may for thee to thy Creator pray,
And try to fit thee for thy latter end.

2 Chriſt did his holy miniſters ordain
To be the ſafe phyſicians of the ſoul;
He gave them med'cines to aſſuage each pain,
And, from each ail, to make the ſinner whole.

3 Thy ſin unto the clergyman confeſs,
And he will give thee ſalves that ſeldom fail,
Such as moſt likely will enſure ſucceſs,
According to the nature of thy ail.

4 Believe whate'er the miniſter declares,
If with the word of God it does agree,
For 'tis the voice of Jeſus in thine ears,
Or to rebuke, or elſe to comfort thee.

5 Entreat him to addreſs the' Almighty Pow'r
With earneſt pray'r, that He may make thee whole,
And once again to perfect health reſtore———
Or graciouſly be pleas'd to take thy ſoul.

6 God has a promiſe made, to hear the prieſt,
When he, according to his office, prays——
And certainly he'll grant him his requeſt,
If not determin'd to curtail thy days:

7 Beg then of him his ſuccour to impart,
(Leſt Satan ſhou'd a conqueſt o'er thee gain)
And eaſe thy conſcience, and thy doubting heart,
When thou, for thy miſdeeds, art rack'd with pain.

8 Permit him both to probe and lance thy ſore——
Permit his word to harrow-up thy mind——
Permit him wine and oil, thereon, to pour,
And with the bandage of repentance bind.

9 Better

9 Better it is by much thou ſhou'dſt conſent,
That ſome good prieſt ſhou'd ſuch a freedom take,
That thou in time mayſt of thy ſins repent——
Than thou ſhou'dſt bear damnation for their ſake.

10 He will to thee ſome wholeſome counſel give,
How ſtings of conſcience may be beſt allay'd:
Thou comfort from his counſel ſhalt receive,
If thou in time wilt call on him for aid.

11 Delay not therefore for a prieſt to ſend,
'Till thou art ſure thou canſt no longer live;
For then in vain ſhall he thy call attend,
When none, on earth, can any comfort give.

12 Ah me!—how many thouſand Britons fall,
And die, like brutal beaſts, without a pray'r!
Becauſe they do not for a paſtor call,
To teach them—how they ſhou'd for death prepare!

13 Though God is able to preſerve all thoſe,
Who have this neceſſary work delay'd:
Yet there is no ſmall reaſon to ſuppoſe,
That few are ſave'd, without their paſtor's aid.

14 Send for a clergyman without delay,
When ſickneſs does at firſt thy body ſeize,
Who by his skill may purge thy ſins away:
For ſin's the fatal ſource of each diſeaſe!

15 Next to the Curate——for the Doctor ſend,
And ſeek for aid from thy phyſician's skill,
For God by them does oft mankind befriend,
And gives them knowledge to remove each ill.

16 As God himſelf the prieſthood did ordain,
To heal the various evils of the mind:
So from our bodies to remove all pain,
The art of phyſic was at firſt deſign'd.

17 Many a man has thro' perverſeneſs die'd,
Becauſe he wou'd not a phyſician uſe——
As if to ſhorten his own days he trie'd,
And to live longer here, he did not chuſe.

18 Our bodies are the houſes of the ſoul;
It is the duty then of ev'ry man,
To ſee theſe houſes are kept clean and whole,
And made to laſt as long as e'er they can.

19 To the phyſician then, with faith, apply,
When thou art firſt by any illneſs ſeiz'd:
For that bleſs'd art deſcended from on high,
To give relief and health to the diſeas'd.

20 For he, that does the healing art neglect,
Which God ordain'd the ſons of men to ſave,
Does that bleſt food, which nature gave, reject,
And ſinks a ſuicide into his grave.

21 The ſimpleſt herb, that's gather'd in the field——
The vileſt drug, that can on earth be found——
May perfect health and ſpeedy ſuccour yield,
And, if God pleaſes, with ſucceſs be crown'd.

22 A plaſter made of figs (if from above
'Tis bleſt) may heal the moſt inveterate ſore,
And the moſt common med'cine may remove
An ail, that yielded to no art before.

23 Though thou of balm and nectar were poſſeſs'd—
Of the bezoar ſtone, or of a flood
Of wine and oil, with myrrh and flow'r, unbleſs'd
By God—they ne'er cou'd do thee any good.

24 Yet do not on the Doctor's ſkill rely,
For any med'cine that e'er yet was trie'd———
Leſt thou, like Aſa, ſhou'd be doom'd to die,
Becauſe thou didſt not in thy God confide.

25 There is no pow'r in any herb or plant———
No virtue in a ſalve, or draught remains,
(If God does not his benediction grant)
To cure our ails, or mitigate our pains.

26 God often does the meaneſt med'cine bleſs,
And drugs, thro' Him, o'er maladies prevail:
They, through his bleſſing, meet with full ſucceſs,
If He with-holds it, they're of no avail.

27 Upon

27 Upon thy med'cines do not thou neglect
The Godhead's needful bleſſing to implore———
The beſt, without it, are of no effect,
But will to poiſon change their healing pow'r.

28 Never to conjurers, or wizards fly,
To charm, howe'er acute, thy pains away:
Such leave their own, and ſinfully apply
To Ekron's god, their anguiſh to allay.

29 Seek not ſuch means, thy body's health to mend,
From him, whoſe ſtudy 'tis, thy ſoul to kill:
There's no phyſician worſe than the foul fiend,
That ever can attend thee, when thou'rt ill.

30 All divination is a mere deceit———
A ſnare, the Devil did himſelf ordain,
Each innocent and ſimple ſoul to cheat,
Whilſt he pretends to charm away his pain.

31 A Charmer 's but a factor for the fiend,
Taught the unthinking vulgar to deceive,
Who take much pains to quit their real friend,
And to the fiend adulterouſly cleave.

32 They cheat their bodies, and their ſouls deſtroy,
They anger God, and give the fiend delight,
They Chriſt renounce, and each celeſtial joy,
Who have recourſe unto thoſe arts of night.

33 He does the Devil for his Doctor crave,
Whoever to a Conjurer applies,
And fain the fiend wou'd for his paſtor have,
Who, to ſuch folks for information flies.

34 Truth, they expect from falſehood's lying ſire,
Whoe'er conſult with the divining train:
They ſlay their ſouls, who from ſuch cheats enquire
For charms to cure, or mitigate their pain.

35 Avoid a wizard, as thou wou'dſt the fiend,
He tempts thee, but he can't thy pain appeaſe:
Cleave thou to Chriſt unto thy latter end,
Aſk eaſe of Him, and He will give thee eaſe.

A PRAYER

A Prayer for a ſick Person before He takes Phyſic.

1 AUthor of health, who all the plants that grow
Haſt form'd! who haſt the tyrant Death ſubdu'd!
Thy bleſſing on this medicine beſtow,
Which thou haſt with ſalubrious pow'rs endue'd!

2 Thou various herbs and drugs of ev'ry kind
Didſt, for the benefit of man, ordain,
Which were at firſt for his relief deſign'd,
Whene'er attack'd by ſickneſs, and by pain.

3 I therefore, in obedience to thy will,
Have now recourſe unto the healing art,
In hopes of help from my phyſician's ſkill:
Thy bleſſing, Lord! upon the means impart.

4 I know full well, no med'cine here below
Can my inveterate diſeaſe ſubdue,
If thou doſt not thy beniſon beſtow
On him, who gives, and him, who takes it too.

5 Then to theſe drugs, O Lord! thy bleſſing give,
Which I this moment am about to take,
That my diſorder'd frame they may relieve,
And ev'ry pain diſpel, and ev'ry ache.

6 The ſimple figs, of old, at thy command
King Hezekiah's dange'rous ail reliev'd:
Bid thou, O Lord! this med'cine, out of hand,
Remove the malady, with which I'm griev'd.

7 Thou with the liver of a fiſh, of yore,
Didſt heal old Tobit's long-benighted eyes:
Do thou to me immediate health reſtore
By the preſcription that before me lies.

8 As thou impow'red'ſt Jordan's limpid wave,
To waſh the Syrian's leproſy away:
So give this phyſic pow'r my life to ſave,
And my diſtemper's fury to allay!

9 As

9 As with thy ſpittle only, thou, O Lord!
Of the blind man a perfect cure didſt make;
So let me be to perfect health reſtor'd
By this ſame doſe, which I'm about to take.

10 With, or without theſe means (didſt thou but pleaſe)
Thou cou'dſt the moſt confirm'd diſeaſe ſubdue:
Thou haſt the pow'r, to give me preſent eaſe——
O, join the will unto the pow'r——do!

11 But, if my diſſolution thou haſt will'd,
And to thy mercy ſummon'd me away,
O, may thy ſacred pleaſure be fulfill'd!
With due ſubmiſſion I thy will obey.

12 Vouchſafe, O Lord! to give me ſtrength and grace,
Vouchſafe to give me fortitude, the while,
That I, with patience, my diſeaſe may face,
And, like a martyr, at it's tortures ſmile!

13 Give me thy pow'rful ſpirit, O my God!
That, in my weakneſs, I may courage find
To praiſe thy name, to bear thy croſs and rod,
With reſignation and a willing mind.

14 Bid thou me be prepare'd, to be diſſolve'd,
That to thy kingdom I may quickly fly,
And yield my ſoul into thy hands, reſolve'd
Ever to live with thee—tho' now I die.

15 I know, O Lord! that thou this dire diſeaſe
Canſt, at thy pleaſure, totally remove—
Yet, if thou wilt not theſe my pains appeaſe—
O take my ſoul into the joys above!

Another on the ſame Subject.

1 THou God of mercy! conſolation's Sire!
Thou author of my health, my chief delight!
Hear an afflicted ſinner's warm deſire,
Who begs for aid, and favour in thy ſight!

2 Before

2 Before thine eyes my ſeve'ral vices come,
With all the errors of a life miſ-ſpent:
So black their hue! ſo countleſs was their ſum!
Thou therefore haſt on me this ſickneſs ſent.

3 Had I been juſtly puniſh'd for each crime,
I merited a penance more ſevere,
A ſorer ſickneſs, and a ſhorter time,
Nay, far acuter pains I ought to bear.

4 My neck might have been broke in racking pain,
And, for my ſins, my life brought to an end,
I might, for them, have been or drown'd, or ſlain,
No time allow'd my morals to amend.

5 It was thy love on me this ſickneſs brought,
(I ſee it now moſt evidently clear.)
To puniſh me for ev'ry ſecret fault,
And rouſe me up to penitence ſincere.

6 Thou doſt not, Source of ev'ry good! deſire
That any ſinner ſhou'd forever die,
But rather his amendment doſt require,
That he may live to all eternity.

7 By this my corpo'ral ſufferance, 'tis plain,
That I muſt once to death a victim fall;
And by this pungent grief, and piercing pain,
Thou doſt thy ſervant to repentance call.

8 Though thy diſpleaſure I ſo much deſerve,
Do not, O Lord! thy utmoſt pow'r employ,
Exert not all thy wrath without reſerve,
Chaſtiſe me, gracious God! but don't deſtroy.

9 Thy ſhafts, O Lord! have pierc'd me to the heart,
My bones are broken, none of them are whole,
My ſpirit grieves thro' the' agonizing ſmart:
Come, Lord, and whiſper comfort to my ſoul!

10 Thou, for my ſins, haſt dealt me many a wound,
And I've deſerv'd them all, I muſt confeſs:
Yet none, but thee, my Saviour, can be found,
Who can relieve me in my great diſtreſs.

11 Thou

11 Thou doſt the ſinner ſlay, and thou doſt ſave,
Thou woundeſt, and doſt give the med'cine too,
Thou bringeſt to, thou ſaveſt from, the grave,
Thou mercy and correction both doſt ſhew.

12 'Tis thou, O Lord! that doſt inflict diſeaſe,
'Tis thou alone canſt give me health, O Lord!
And none beſides can give me any eaſe,
Nor any comfort in my caſe afford.

13 For thy great kindneſs and thy mercy's ſake,
And for the honour of thy glorious name,
Forgive my ſins, my pain leſs pungent make,
Reſcue my ſoul, ſupport this feeble frame.

14 If thou haſt not ſet bounds unto my age,
And mark'd the time, whereon my life muſt ceaſe,
Do thou, O God! this racking pain aſſuage,
And give me ſome—tho' but a little, eaſe.

15 Return, O Lord! my fainting heart to cheer;
How long ſhall thy deſtroying anger burn?
Obſerve my woes, my plaintive accents hear,
O heal me now, and from thy fury turn!

16 During my illneſs, make, O Lord! my bed,
My ſackcloth rend, and turn to joy my grief,
Dry up the tears, which I ſo long have ſhed,
Aſſuage my pain, and give me ſome relief.

17 Forgive my faults, allay this raging ſmart,
And ſave me from the' unfathom'd pit of hell,
That I may worſhip thee with all my heart,
And, whilſt I live, thy boundleſs praiſes tell.

18 Who in the grave thy glorious name ſhall laud?
Or who ſhall praiſe thee in the realms of death?
O ſpare my life, my ever-gracious God!
That I may praiſe thee with my lateſt breath.

19 So ſhall I chant thy glory and thy praiſe,
And ever in the pleaſing taſk rejoice,
And magnify thy name, throughout my days,
For health reſtore'd, with elevated voice.

An ADMONITION to a Sick Perſon, to make his will in time, and to diſpoſe of his Effects in the fear of God.

1 IF thou already haſt not made thy will,
No longer that important work neglect,
But ſhare thy ſubſtance, to thy utmoſt ſkill,
As Juſtice and Chriſtianity direct.

2 That he thy mind may with his wiſdom guide,
His Holy Spirit of thy God deſire,
To teach thee, how thou may'ſt thy wealth divide,
As is moſt pleaſing to thy heav'nly Sire.

3 To thy dear Saviour's care, thy ſoul deviſe,
Thy body to it's priſtine duſt commend,
'Till from the grave it ſhall in glory riſe,
And to the manſions of the juſt aſcend.

4 As Jacob did his uncle's ſheep, do thou
From thy own goods thy neighbour's keep a-part;
Give ev'ry one, thou dealeſt with, his due,
And pay thy debts, e'er thou doſt hence depart.

5 Inſert not in thy will a ſingle mite,
Thou by oppreſſion or by fraud didſt gain;
Leſt they, whom thou haſt injur'd of their right,
Shou'd, on the day of doom, to God complain.

6 Preſume not—if thou'dſt ſave thy ſoul alive,
Unto thy children ill-got gains to grant;
To wantonneſs they will thy offspring drive,
And bring them ſoon to beggary and want.

7 Though of three ſteers alone thou art poſſeſs'd
By right, amongſt thy children to divide:
Yet ſhall thoſe few with more increaſe be bleſs'd
Than thouſands, wrongfully obtain'd, beſide.

8 The little parcel, which the Patriarch bought,
Better than Joram's ſin-ſtain'd kingdom throve,

And

And thoſe few ſheep which Jacob juſtly got,
Than all the flocks the guileful Laban drove.

9 As Naboth's vineyard by injuſtice gain'd,
Conſume'd the whole that Ahab once poſſeſt:
So does the wealth, by wickedneſs obtain'd,
Corrode, however juſtly got, the reſt.

10 Whoe'er is with unrighteous riches curſt,
He is like Pharaoh's meagre kine of yore,
Which eat the fat ones—yet, though almoſt burſt,
They ſeem'd no fuller than they were before.

11 Whatever then is juſt and lawful, give
Among thy children, ſervants, and thy kin,
But dare not, if thou'd'ſt ſave thy ſoul alive,
Bequeath to them, what has been earn'd by ſin.

12 As God the manna formerly increas'd,
Or as the Widow's meal in ſubſtance throve,
Or as the cruſe of oil, to flow ne'er ceas'd;
So ſhall the pittance, juſtly gain'd, improve.

13 The better part of what thou art poſſeſt,
To Iſaac, thy true heir, be ſure to give,
Then wiſely portion out among the reſt
(As thou canſt beſt afford) wherewith to live.

14 Give to thy wife her thirds of thy eſtate,
Nor is it right that thou ſhou'dſt give her leſs;
To give her more, wou'd but diſputes create,
And bring perhaps thy offſpring to diſtreſs.

15 Never thy ſervant turn unpaid away,
Thy poor relation from thy barn ſupply,
Rob not the needy lab'rer of his pay:
Wealth, by ſuch ways acquire'd, aloud will cry.

16 The Goſpel and the church remember ſtill,
The ſchool, or college, where thou waſt maintain'd,
Thy native town, or county, in thy will;
If thou to pow'r and riches haſt attain'd.

17 If thou art childleſs, and canſt ought beſtow,
If thou doſt Chriſt, and his religion love,

A ‡Free-ſchool in neglected Wales endow,
Where youths, for want of teaching, can't improve.

18 Remember Joſeph, that in priſon lies,
To Lazarus, his daily dole allow,
Give thy alms now, if thou art truly wiſe,
'Tis the laſt gift perchance thou canſt beſtow!

19 If to thy friends, thou ſhalt impart thy ſtore,
Thy children, or thy wife, 'tis their's alone,
But what thou giveſt to the truly poor,
Is hoarded for thyſelf, and all thy own.

20 Return, whatever thou has filch'd away,
Whom thou haſt wrong'd (far as thou canſt) redreſs;
E'er thy removal hence, thy juſt debts pay:
When once thou'rt in, from hell, there's no regreſs.

21 The pan, the pot, the houſehold goods reſtore,
The houſes, tenements, and ill-earn'd gains,
To them, to whom they did belong before;
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt go to everlaſting pains.

22 Let not the farm which thou haſt force'd away
From thy poor neighbour, ſore againſt the grain,
Occaſion thee to loſe the realms of day:
Give him his land and tenement again.

23 Now, like Zacchëus, thou may'ſt make amends
For all the' oppreſſive acts which thou haſt done;
But it no longer on thyſelf depends,
To pay a mite—when thou to hell art thrown.

24 Agree with him, whom thou haſt wrong'd, in haſte,
E'er thou art brought before thy Judge to ſtand;
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt be to hell's deep dungeon caſt,
Where thou muſt ſatisfy his whole demand.

25 Though now, no more than any Turk or Jew,
Thou doſt the Goſpel of our Lord obey;
Yet this neglect, e'er many days, thou'lt rue,
And tear the fleſh from thine own arms away.

‡ This piece of Charity our Author himſelf perform'd at Landovery; tho' by the diſhoneſty of ſome of his Succeſſors, it took no effect——at leaſt not long. See his Life.

26 How many thouſands have to hell been thrown,
Becauſe they did not, what they ſtole, reſtore,
Who'd give the world, this day, was it their own,
In ſatisfaction to the injur'd poor.

27 Thou ſhalt be pardon'd, ſo thou doſt repent,
Shou'dſt thou againſt the Lord himſelf tranſgreſs;
But if thou ſhou'dſt thy neighbour circumvent,
God ne'er will pardon, 'till he meets redreſs:

28 But if the perſons, thou haſt wrong'd, are dead,
Unto their heirs, what thou haſt ſtole'n, reſtore,
Or ſhou'd they from their native land be fled,
Then give that portion to the neighb'ring poor.

29 Give not (what is not thine indeed to give)
Amongſt thy heirs, another perſon's due:
'Twill ſink thee to the pit of hell, and drive
Thy beggar'd offspring the bad act to rue.

30 Give not among thy children in thy will,
What thou haſt got by uſury, or wrong,
Or any method fraudulently ill:
Gains of that ſort endure but ſeldom long.

31 Obſerve the griping uſu'rers ſons and heirs,
Thoſe of the' oppreſſor, and ſucceſsful thief,
How each from church to church for pence repairs,
And daily with his wallet begs relief!

32 Such ſhall the fate of thine own offspring be!
If thou amongſt them ill-got wealth ſhalt ſhare:
For God will viſit, as we oft may ſee,
The father's ſins upon the hapleſs heir.

33 Place then the fear of God before thy ſight,
When thou by will thy ſubſtance doſt bequeath,
Give unto each what is his proper right,
And juſtly ſhare thy wealth, before thy death.

34 May God thy heart in this great work direct———
May God impow'r thee thy account to give———
May God thy mind from all miſtakes protect———
May God preſerve thy precious ſoul alive.

A LETTER from Sir LEWIS MANSEL of Margam, in Glamorganſhire, as 'tis ſuppos'd, to the Vicar PRICHARD.

The LETTER.

Rev. Sir,

1 FOR many years now paſt, a dire diſeaſe,
And dreadful dizzineſs affects my brain;
So that I can't by any means have eaſe,
Nor, O my God! get riddance of my pain.

2 I've often ſought advice for this diſeaſe
From men of practice and reputed ſkill;
Nay, I have even croſs'd the raging ſeas,
In hopes to find aſſiſtance for this ill.

3 But now all temporal relief does fail,
To men of ſenſe and piety I ſend,
O'er land and ſea, concerning this odd ail,
And for advice on which I may depend.

4 I fain wou'd know, "Whether the gracious God
Who rules this world below, and thoſe above,
Has chaſt'ned me with his afflictive rod,
And ſent this ail—in anger, or in love?"

The VICAR's ANSWER.

1 YOU tell me, worthy Sir, that God has ſent
On you an ail, no phyſic can remove,
And that you fain wou'd find out his intent,
Whether He ſent it, out of wrath, or love?

2 I tell thee, then, thy ſcruples to remove,
As plain as words can point it out———that God
Did not chaſtiſe thee out of hate, but love,
When thou wert beaten with affliction's rod.

3 'Tis

3 'Tis not a foe, but an indulgent Sire,
That treats thee thus with a correction mild,
And humbles the rebellious flesh entire,
That He by any means may save his child.

4 Thy pain is but a messenger of love
Which Christ himself in kindness deign'd to send,
That He thy patience and thy faith might prove,
And to forewarn thee of thy latter end.

5 Welcome him then—come He, whene'er He will,
And bear thy trouble with a patient mind—
And thank thy gracious Sire for his good-will,
And the correction for thy good design'd.

6 Thy present trouble will not hurt thee more,
Than does the purge that carries off the bile,
But rather make thee fitter than before,
To relish life and pleasure yet a while.

7 No wine, unmix'd with lees, was ever known——
No gold, without some dross, was ever seen———
No grain, entirely clean, was ever sown———
No man, but one, was ever free from sin.

8 To fan thy chaff—to fine thy drossy part———
To draw thy dregs——thy morals to amend——
To tame thy flesh——and to improve thy heart——
It was, that God did thy disorder send.

9 'Twas not to marr thee, but thy ways to mend——
'Twas not to give thee a complete o'erthrow———
But to instruct, and guide thee, as a friend,
That the Almighty gave thee such a blow.

10 Old Adam sinn'd, e'en in the earliest times———
Lot had his lusts——and Noah drank too deep——
Aaron and Moses too were stain'd with crimes—
E'en Paul and Peter for their sins might weep.

11 Be thou assure'd by me, most worthy Knight!
(Although thy life is virtuous in the main)
Thy conversation is not faultless quite;
However great thy parts, thou'rt still a man.

12 It makes thee caſt each worldly thought aſide——
It makes thee ſtrive each virtue to obtain———
It makes thee ſpurn the world, and all it's pride,
To follow Chriſt with all thy might and main.

13 O therefore praiſe thy Father, that's above,
For his inſtructions and paternal care,
Who makes thee, out of his abundant love,
Thus in his righteouſneſs receive a ſhare!

14 God puniſhes the children of his love,
His greateſt fav'rites ofte'neſt feel the rod,
Leſt they ſhou'd 'mongſt ungracious worldlings rove,
And be rebellious to the will of God.

15 God ſcourges moſt, whom he does moſt reſpect,
And his own children lays the hardeſt on;
The man whom he does not for ſin correct,
Muſt be a baſtard, not a lawful ſon.

16 No wheat, 'till winnow'd, free from chaff is known,
—No unbleach'd cambrick, is for whiteneſs priz'd,—
No gold is pure, 'till it is melted down———
No Chriſtian good——'till he has been chaſtiz'd.

17 The frankincenſe will yield no ſmell, 'till li't———
The grape no wine, 'till in the vintage trod———
The flint, 'till ſtruck, no fire will e'er emit———
The man no fruit, 'till he has felt the rod.

18 Cloves will, when pounded, give a ſtronger ſcent—
Vines will, by cutting, more luxuriant rove———
The palm will grow the more, for being bent——
The man will, for correction, better prove.

19 The more the fragrant chamomile is preſs'd,
The more it ſcatters it's perfumes abroad———
The more a Chriſtian is on earth diſtreſs'd,
The more his faith, the more his fear of God.

20 Remember thou that the Almighty Pow'r
Does, for thy benefit alone, give pain.
The pain perhaps may not endure an hour,
But, for a whole eternity, the gain.

21 Deſpair

21 Deſpair not then, when by thy ail thou'rt ſeize'd,
Thy life is in thy great Creator's hand,
Who can reſtore thy health, whene'er he's pleaſe'd,
And give thee eaſe—if thou wilt eaſe demand.

22 Take comfort, elevate thy drooping heart,
Be full of faith, thyſelf a man approve;
Chriſt ſoon will come, and his bleſs'd aid impart,
He'll ſoothe thy pains, and thy diſeaſe remove.

23 The Hand, that fell'd, can lift thee up again,
The ſpear, that gave the ſore, can heal the ſore;
And He, who ſent thy pain, can eaſe thy pain,
And to thee health, he took away, reſtore.

24 Cry out for help to the celeſtial Pow'r,
He is thy Father, and will hear thy cry,
His help he'll give, if thou'lt his help implore;
Beg it with fervor, and he can't deny.

25 Whate'er the nature is of thy diſeaſe,
He can give eaſe, he perfect health can give;
Pray then for eaſe, and he will give thee eaſe;
Confide in him, and he will ne'er deceive.

26 If he ſhou'd not, juſt at thy wiſh, remove,
Suffer with patience yet a-while, the load:
When for thy ſoul 'tis beſt, thou ſoon ſhalt prove
The pow'rful aid of thy indulgent God.

27 No longer ſhalt thou be attack'd by pain,
Nor ſhall it to a greater height increaſe,
Than God thinks proper, for thy body's gain,
And for thy precious ſoul's eternal peace.

28 Thy ſorrows only for a while endure,
Long pleaſure ſhall ſucceed the moment's pain;
Be patient therefore, 'till thou haſt a cure,
And many years thou may'ſt enjoy again.

29 May he, who kindly ſtrength'ned Job, to be
In his unequall'd ſuff'rings ſo reſign'd,
With his celeſtial Spirit ſtrengthen thee,
To bear thy ſickneſs with a patient mind.

30 May he, who ſent an angel from above
To ſoothe, near Cedron's ſtream, his Son's diſtreſs,
Another ſend, out of his wondrous love,
To comfort thee, and make thy ſuff'rings leſs.

31 Thou didſt in health a good example ſhow,
How we may lead lives good and pious here;
Give us the like again, to teach us how
We may, with reſignation, ſickneſs bear.

32 Permit, thy gracious Sire, thy wounds to dreſs,
Permit him from thy fleſh, the thorn to pluck,
Permit him, the foul matter to expreſs,
To cleanſe the ſore, and thence the poiſon ſuck.

33 Permit thy Saviour to extract the ſting—
The ſerpent's deadly ſting, that galls thy heel,
Leſt to thy heart the venom thence ſhou'd ſpring,
And thy poor ſoul the ſmart forever feel.

34 God does for thee a mighty care expreſs,
And better thou ſhou'dſt bear, than moſt, the pain:
He purges thee, at preſent, through diſtreſs,
That thou may'ſt everlaſting health obtain.

35 God makes thee fit, whilſt thou on earth doſt ſtay,
Thy part in the celeſtial ſcenes to bear;
He cleanſes all the filthineſs away,
Which might, 'twixt thee and heaven, interfere.

36 Thou art a ſtone, for ſacred works deſign'd,
Thou muſt be pare'd by God's own hammer, clean,
Thou muſt be rule'd, and levell'd to his mind,
If thou in heaven to reſide doſt mean.

37 Thou art, as corn, intended for the Lord,
And muſt be ſoundly thraſh'd, whilſt thou art here;
Thy chaff too muſt be clear'd, e'er at the board
Of Chriſt above, 'tis fit thou ſhou'dſt appear.

38 Much ſweetneſs, for the time already paſt,
Thou haſt receiv'd, e'er firſt thou drew'ſt thy breath,
Of bitterneſs thou muſt ſome portion taſte
Again, like thy Redeemer, e'er thy death.

39 Take thou a ſip of that imbitter'd cup
Which Chriſt, before thee, to the water quafft;
Our bleſſed Maſter freely drank it up;
And muſt not each diſciple take a draught?

40 Remember thou, that Chriſt did undergo,
For our tranſgreſſions here, much greater pain,
A greater weight of agony, and woe:
Let us a little, in our turn, ſuſtain.

41 Reflect that there is ſcarce a ſaint above,
Though now imparadiſe'd amongſt the bleſt,
Who did not a much greater ſuff'rer prove:
And thou muſt ſuffer too, like all the reſt.

42 Abel, was murder'd by his brother Cain,
Joſeph, was ſold to Egypt for a ſlave,
Iſaiah, with a wooden ſaw was ſlain,
E'er they were ſuffer'd ſeats in heav'n to have.

43 Saint Stephen by the Jews was ſtone'd to death,
Saint Lawrence broil'd alive in dreadful pain,
Saint James was, by a ſpear, deprive'd of breath,
E'er they were ſuffer'd heaven to obtain.

44 Saint Peter was, unto a croſs, made faſt,
Saint Bart'lomew was foully flay'd alive,
Saint John was to a boiling caldron caſt,
E'er they to God were ſuffer'd to arrive.

45 There never was a man, who ſojourn'd here,
And to the faith of Jeſus gave aſſent,
But did ſome evil or chaſtiſement bear,
Before he to the joys of heaven went.

46 From Egypt none to Canaan found the road,
But through the ſea, or through the mount of fire;
No man in heaven ever made abode,
Who did not to the narrow gate aſpire.

47 The croſs thou for a certainty muſt bear,
E'er thou the crown triumphal canſt obtain:
In all my days, I never yet did hear
That one the crown, without the croſs, cou'd gain.

48 Like

48 Like a good ſoldier, bear about thy croſs,
And thou ſhalt doubtleſsly the crown obtain:
With Jeſus ſuffer ev'ry pain and loſs,
And thou ſhalt afterwards with Jeſus reign.

49 Expect not heaven, whilſt thou'rt here below,
Expect not happineſs, whilſt yet alive,
Expect not, never-ceaſing health to know,
Until to paradiſe thou ſhalt arrive.

50 No ſweet, without a bitter, e'er was known,
No perfect joy, without a daſh of woe,
Without the croſs, none e'er receiv'd the crown,
Without ſome grief, none e'er to bliſs did go.

51 No Patriarch, Prophet, Martyr, ever yet,
No, nor Apoſtle, was allow'd to go
From this our globe, before he paid this debt—
Not even Chriſt, before he ſuffer'd woe.

52 Then do not you, dear Sir, expect to find,
What none on earth did ever find before;
But labour all you can, with patient mind,
To bear the load your bleſſed Saviour bore.

53 Remember Chriſt endure'd a thouſand times
More pain, than thou doſt at the preſent bear,
That on the croſs he ſuffer'd for thy crimes;
And thou'lt forget thy pains, howe'er ſevere.

54 Believe me therefore—it was out of love,
That Chriſt did thee with this diſeaſe correct,
And that thou mighteſt, to conviction, prove
Thereby, that thou art one of his elect.

55 Remember thou that ev'ry thing is found
To turn out to the true believer's gain,
Each croſs and loſs, and ev'ry ſmarting wound,
His adverſe ſtate, and agonizing pain.

56 Remember likewiſe ſtill, whilſt thou haſt breath,
That nothing can the faithful ſoul remove,
Nor loſs, nor croſs, nor the grim tyrant, Death,
From his Creator's, and his Saviour's love.

57 May He, who rais'd his friend with mighty pow'r
To perfect health, from his ſepulchral cell,
Thee alſo to thy former health reſtore,
And, from thy bed of ſickneſs, make thee well.

58 May He, who ſpare'd the faithful patriarch's heir,
On Moriah's top from the up-lifted knife,
With ſimilar indulgence kindly ſpare,
Yet many years, thy valuable life.

59 May He, who formerly his prophet ſent
To heal the pious Hezekiah's ſore,
Now ſend an angel with the ſame intent,
Who may Sir Lewis Manſel's health reſtore!

Reasons to perſuade the Sick to be patient.

1 DID it not anſwer ſome benign intent
To mortify the fleſh, and mend the mind,
The Sire of mercies never wou'd have ſent
Diſeaſe, on any of our favour'd kind.

2 God, doubtleſs, ſaw the danger of thy ſoul
O'erwhelm'd with ſins of an enormous ſize,
And that He ne'er cou'd have preſerv'd it whole,
Did He not by diſeaſe thoſe ſins chaſtize.

3 Had it not been for that imbitter'd bowl,
Which the inveterate diſeaſe o'ercame,
Thy unrepentant, unforgiven ſoul
Muſt have been doom'd to everlaſting flame.

4 By corp'ral ſmart and agonizing pain,
God ſaves the ſoul, and to it's Saviour leads;
Where flowing bliſs and endleſs joys remain
For him, who reformation's footſteps treads.

5 Through ſickneſs, 'tis that God impels the heart,
The ſacred aid of Jeſus to deſire,
And gives ſalvation to the nobler part,
Leſt it ſhou'd go to hell's tremendous fire.

6 By

6 By ſome ſhort tranſient fits He oft reſtrains
The ſons of men from everlaſting dole,
And by inflicting on them grievous pains,
He mortifies the fleſh, to ſave the ſoul.

7 Not only pain, but puniſhment ſevere,
Thy ſins have merited, and vengeance dire:
Thy ſickneſs then with reſignation bear;
Since it, in love, was ſent thee by thy Sire.

8 Thy neck, for thy bad life, He might have bow'd,
And hurl'd thee headlong to the abyſs of hell,
(Not the leaſt time for penitence allow'd!)
Amongſt the damn'd in penal fire to dwell.

9 Then thank him for the terrors He employ'd,
And the correction He ſo kindly ſent:
Since He might utterly have thee deſtroy'd,
Or in Gehenna's gloomy priſon pent.

10 Had God ſo will'd, thou mighteſt have been ſeize'd
And ſore tormented, at the foe's command;
Whereas He now moſt graciouſly is pleaſe'd,
To puniſh thee with a paternal hand.

11 The Lord does not chaſtize thee—like a foe,
Who joys to ſee his enemy undone,
But with moſt mild indulgence treats thee ſo,
As a fond ſire wou'd treat a fav'rite ſon.

12 Though thou art roughly-handled by thy God,
Yet ſtill the humbled penitent he loves;
Each gentle ſtroke of his correcting rod,
An antidote, or healing plaſter, proves.

13 Thy God, whoſe goodneſs none can e'er expreſs,
And thy celeſtial Sire, ſo wiſely-kind!
Will not inflict diſeaſes, or diſtreſs,
Which are not wholly for thy good deſign'd.

14 God does thy pain, thy frame, thy pow'rs of mind,
Thy temper, and thy conſtitution know:
A croſs, that ſuits thy nature, thou ſhalt find;
No load, above thy ſtrength, He'll on thee throw.

15 Tho'

15 Tho' aloes is full bitter to the taſte,
Yet many' a man has it preſerv'd from death;
So, though all ails are grievous, while they laſt,
Yet oft they keep us from the pit beneath.

16 Some thouſands now in fell Gehenna groan,
Who wou'd endure a greater load of pain,
And there for years unnumber'd make their moan,
Cou'd they, then, hope redemption to obtain.

17 It is a certain token of God's love,
By ſome diſeaſe to feel his weighty hand,
Which may prepare us for the realms above,
E'er we before his dread tribunal ſtand.

18 Diſeaſe is but a whip, to ſcourge deſign'd,
Not a ſharp ſword, ordain'd to murder thee,
'Tis a keen goad, to wake the torpid mind,
And not an ax, to fell the growing tree.

19 It is a flail, thy chaffy corn to threſh,
A fan, to purge the floor, thou didſt neglect,
A furnace 'tis, to purify thy fleſh,
An iron rod thy errors to correct,

20 Honey is not, for a full ſtomach, good,
Nor, for ungodly men, a proſp'rous way,
Wine, for the fev'riſh, is no proper food,
Nor is health good, for thoſe that diſobey.

21 Thou haſt not near ſo great a ſhare of pain,
As many of thy brethren have endure'd,
Who now in the celeſtial ſeats remain,
The former paſs'd, from future woes ſecure'd.

22 Poor Lazarus endure'd more pungent woe,
And Job with heavier troubles was oppreſt,
(E'en Chriſt himſelf did greater undergo)
But they in endleſs bliſs at preſent reſt.

23 If thou'lt be therefore patient in diſtreſs,
God will indulge thee this peculiar grace:
" He'll either make thy pains and troubles leſs,
" Or elſe receive thee to his holy place."

A com-

A comfortable Conference between a pious ſick Man and his Soul, againſt the Fear of Death.

1 MY coward ſoul, why doſt thou dread
To thy Redeemer Chriſt to go,
Who his heart's blood ſo freely ſhed,
To ſave thee from the inſulting foe?

2 Why doſt thou fear to try that coaſt,
Where Chriſt in endleſs bliſs reſides
With the great Sire, and th' Holy Ghoſt,
And all the glorious ſaints beſides?

3 My Saviour, my Redeemer's gone
Before me to that ſacred place.
Lord, draw thy member to thy throne,
And quicken thou my ling'ring pace!

4 Cheer up thy ſpirits—raiſe thy head—
Why wilt thou live in ſo much fear?
Behold thy Saviour's bloody bed,
There, now is nothing frightful there.

5 See, O my ſoul, thy Saviour come!
Thy Guardian, thy Protector ſee!
See there thy pardon! ſee thy home!
See there the joys prepare'd for thee!

6 Look not at ſin, avert thy head
Lo! for thy ſins the Lambkin bleeds!
Thy aweful Judge's looks ne'er dread,
Thy cauſe his darling Jeſus pleads.

7 Fear not the jaundice-viſage'd king,
Death can do nothing, but remove
(Since Chriſt has pluck'd away his ſting)
Thee hence, unto the realms above.

8 Boldly the fiend's aſſaults deſpiſe,
Since angels night and day attend,
And Chriſt, the Lamb with ſeven eyes,
Thy ſoul each moment to defend.

9 The

9 The gloomy grave no longer dread,
Where Jeſus, thy Redeemer, lay,
Who warm'd for all that clay-cold bed,
Until their reſurrection-day.

10 The pains of hell no longer mind,
'Tis Chriſt, that keeps the key of fate;
'Tis Chriſt, the Saviour of mankind,
Of death and hell, who guards the gate.

11 Cheer up thy ſpirits, raiſe thy head,
Why wilt thou live in ſo much fear?
Behold thy Saviour's bloody bed,
There now is nothing frightful there!

12 Take comfort, rear thy downcaſt eyes,
Above this earthly ball aſpire,
Obſerve the heavens, Jeſus' prize!
The heav'ns, of which he made thee heir!

13 See there thy throne! ſee there thy crown!
Thy palm weave'd wreath! thy white array!
(Which Jeſus bought and made thy own)
Above in the bright realms of day.

14 See Chriſt, and all the' angelic quire——
See all the ſaints, and juſt, above——
Who long to ſee thy ſoul aſpire,
And fold thee in their arms of love.

15 Prepare thy lyre, thy viol bring——
Prepare thy hymns and ſacred lays,
That thou above may'ſt boldly ſing
A ſtrain, to thy Redeemer's praiſe.

16 Then for thy diſſolution cry,
And beg to go to Chriſt, thy ſpouſe,
That thou may'ſt mount above the ſky,
Releas'd from this vile priſon-houſe:

17 Where God, and all the' angelic train,
The Son, and ev'ry ſaint of His,
Where his Apoſtles with him reign
In honour, joy, and endleſs bliſs!

18 Where, there's no ſickneſs, grief, or pain,
Where, there's no ſorrow nor annoy,
Where neither Death nor ſadneſs reign,
But everlaſting bliſs and joy.

19 Long then with rapid flight to move
To the bright manſions of the bleſt,
Where thy Redeemer dwells above,
And has prepare'd his nuptial feaſt.

20 But, O! take proper care to wear
Thy gorgeous jewels on thy breaſt,
That thou before him may'ſt appear
In all thy bridal fine'ry dreſt.

21 In David's well, or the Lamb's gore,
In tears of real penitence,
Cleanſe all thy filth, and waſh thee o'er,
In peace, true faith, and innocence.

22 Fill thou thy lamp with oil, and light
Thy candle, to avoid ſurprize,
Wake, watch, and pray, the live-long night,
And, 'till Chriſt comes, ne'er cloſe thine eyes.

23 Awake, expect with ſleepleſs eye
The hour, wherein thy ſpouſe will come,
And, like the hart, ne'er ceaſe to cry,
'Till Chriſt has made thy breaſt his home.

24 Say unto him—" 'Tis time to move,"
Say—" Come, O Lord, in haſte to me!"
Say—" Come, O Chriſt, my only love!
" O come, and draw my ſoul to thee!"

25 Into thy hand with pleaſing thought
My ſoul, O gracious Lord! I give:
For, with a price, thou haſt me bought;
Then to thy mercy me receive!

Another CONFERENCE between the devout Sick Man, and his Soul.

1 TELL me, my ſoul, and in good earneſt tell,
Why doſt thou ſeem afraid to Chriſt to go,
With him and his celeſtial hoſt to dwell,
From this vile Vale of miſery and woe?

2 'Tis hard that thou art force'd to leave thy wife,
Thy children, family, and ſocial train,
Lands, houſes, cattle, goods, here in this life,
Never to have a ſight of them again.

3 Howe'er take comfort, for thou ſhalt above
Much greater wealth, and richer treaſures boaſt,
Thou firmer friends and comrades there ſhalt prove,
In Jeſus Chriſt, and his angelic hoſt:

4 And if thy Children ſhall the' Almighty fear,
And all their days in righteouſneſs employ,
Thou ſhalt thyſelf again behold them there,
In endleſs glory, and in endleſs joy.

5 Inſtead of friends and comrades, thou above
Shalt have the ſaints and the ſeraphic train,
To treat thee with the moſt endearing love;
Thy children too ſhall pleaſe thee, there, again.

6 Thy wife, thy children, and thy family,
Leave thou to God—and on his aid depend,
Who plainly has profeſs'd himſelf to be
The Orphan's father, and the Widow's friend.

7 Prize not thy riches, nor thy paltry ſtore,
With greater wealth thou ſhalt above be bleſs'd,
Than Alexander ever own'd—nay, more
Than any conqueror on earth poſſeſs'd.

8 Ne'er mind thy houſe, though it a palace were,
In heav'n, each houſe is built by art divine,
The walls are made of pearl and topaz, there,
And brighter than the cleareſt mirror ſhine.

9 Thy orchards, fields, and vineyards never mind;
Terreſtrial riches ne'er too-highly prize,
Thou richer lands, and finer fruits ſhalt find,
And gardens much more fair in paradiſe.

10 On gold and ſilver lay no ſtreſs at all,
For gold in heav'n is ſtrew'd beneath thy feet,
There pearls and gems erect each gorgeous wall,
And golden ingots pave each glitte'ring ſtreet.

11 Make no account of office, or of trade,
In heaven various offices are found,
The meaneſt, there, God's miniſter is made,
The meaneſt, there, a mighty king is crown'd.

12 Mind not gay ornaments, nor veſtments fine,
In paradiſe their garments all are white,
Thy own ſhall there with dazzling luſtre ſhine,
Than the meridian ſun itſelf more bright.

13 Of meat, which leaves thee hungry, never think,
The tree of Life itſelf in Eden grows,
Manna's their food—the fount of Life, their drink,
And there no end the' eternal banquet knows.

14 Make no account of muſic's pleaſing ſound,
Such pleaſures oft are cloſe-purſue'd by pain;
True joys in paradiſe alone are found——
Such joys as to eternity remain.

15 For any thing thou now enjoy'ſt, ne'er care,
But with the utmoſt application ſtrive,
Thyſelf, for thy removal, to prepare,
That thou in endleſs joys with Chriſt may'ſt live:

16 Where more true eaſe, and pleaſures more refin'd,
For thy acceptance are long ſince prepare'd,
Than can be wiſh'd by the moſt craving mind,
Or by the moſt loquacious tongue declare'd.

17 Go therefore, and to Chriſt with pleaſure cleave—
To Chriſt, thy Chief, thy Lord and Maſter too:
The world, and all its low enjoyments leave,
Thy parents dear—that thou to Chriſt may'ſt go.

18 Inſtead of the precarious things below,
Which he has only lent thee at the beſt,
Thou ſhalt have goods which ſhall no change e'er know,
To be by thee eternally poſſeſt.

19 Thou ſhalt, without diſorder, health enjoy,
Thou ſhalt, without anxiety, have eaſe,
Thou ſhalt have happineſs, without annoy,
Thou ſhalt, without allay, have perfect peace.

20 No wound, no woe, no pain, ſhall vex thee there,
No hunger, thirſt, nor trouble, ſhalt thou know,
No grief, no loud lament, no ſigh, no tear,
Shall ever plague thee more—nor any foe:

21 But thou ſhalt live with endleſs pleaſure crown'd,
And of eternal happineſs poſſeſs'd,
With myriads of his angels guarded round,
To praiſe thy gracious God among the bleſs'd.

22 There ſhalt thou ſit upon a ſplendid ſeat,
The praiſes of the bleſſed Lamb to ſing,
And high-voice'd Hallelujahs to repeat,
Unto thy merciful and glorious King.

23 Who wou'd not now the world and all it's woe,
And all it's riches, quit—that he might cleave
To his Redeemer, and to heaven go;
Provided that the' Almighty gave him leave?

24 Thine eyes, may thy Creator open wide,
The kingdom of thy guardian Chriſt to ſee,
May God his Spirit give, thy ſteps to guide,
Prepare thyſelf for ſuch felicity.

A Short Diſſertation againſt the fear of Death, and concerning the Benefit that accrues from a righteous Death.

1 ALas! that man did thoroughly but know,
What gifts from Death unto the godly flow!
He ne'er wou'd dread his preſence, but rejoice,
And for his coming cry with earneſt voice!

2 Death puts an end to all this motley ſcene,
Our miſeries, and ev'ry act unclean,
And ſteers the ſaints, through a tempeſtuous ſea,
Unto the haven, where they wiſh to be.

3 Death, after all our troubles makes our beds,
That we thereon may lay our weary'd heads,
And gives us eaſe and happineſs at laſt,
When all our ſtraits and grievances are paſt.

4 Death buries all our errors in the grave,
Ev'ry diſorder, ev'ry pain we have,
So that no ſort of error, or diſeaſe,
Shall any more our minds and bodies ſeize.

5 Death often takes the pious ſoul away,
Leſt he ſhou'd live until the fatal day,
When woes ſhall overwhelm his native place,
And dire calamities attack his race.

6 Death ſnatches off the ſimple, from among
The dang'rous converſe of the ſinful throng,
Leſt they to vice ſhou'd prompt, and ſpur them on,
To do the things they ought not to have done.

7 Death will the righteous of the rags diveſt——
The filthy rags, wherein they here were dreſt,
And clothe them in a veſture looſe and gay,
Salvation's robes, and ever-bright array!

8 Death ſets at liberty the joyous ſoul
From a cloſe dungeon, dreary, dark, and foul,
That it may ſee the Godhead's glorious light,
And worſhip him, in holineſs, aright.

9 Death does the ſoul of man at once unbind
From the vile clay, to which it here is join'd,
And in a moment does to Chriſt unite,
Her lovely conſort in the realms of light.

10 Death does the juſt to the bright ſeats above,
Amongſt the angels of the Lord remove,
From this old houſe, whoſe ſhatter'd roof we dread,
Leſt it ſhou'd fall each moment on our head.

11 Death

11 Death leads them out of Sodom's fatal plain,
To the hill country, from the fie'ry rain,
And brings the pious (from all terrors free)
From Egypt, to the land of liberty.

12 Death, from this world the ſouls of men conveys,
That round their brows with ever-beaming rays
The crown may ſhine, which, thro' much pain and woe,
Chriſt bought for all, who ſerve him well below.

13 The good, from all their troubles, he relieves,
Their num'rous woes, and miſerable lives,
To joy and glory points the certain road,
Where real pleaſure makes her fix'd abode.

14 What Chriſtian then ſhou'd be of Death afraid,
Who lends to man ſo readily his aid,
Who bears him ſafe through trouble's thorny ways,
And to the palace of his God conveys?

15 Let thou the Pagan, to each virtue dead,
Let thou the Turk, grim Death's approaches dread:
But let not the true Chriſtian be in pain
To paſs through Death, a glorious crown to gain.

16 A day of pardon, and of jubilee,
A day, that from all ſorrow ſets us free,
A day, that from thoſe priſon-cells beneath
Unchains our ſouls, is this ſame day of Death.

17 The day of Death, (we ſhou'd that reaſon mind)
Is that, whereon we are to Jeſus join'd:
We therefore, on it, ſhou'd be blithe and gay;
It is our feaſt, our coronation-day.

18 It is the day, that ends our mortal race,
The day, that takes us from this woe-fraught place,
The day, that fully pays us all our hire,
The day, that finiſhes our whole career.

19 The day, that brings us to the bright abode
Of our Redeemer, the belove'd of God,
And clothes each Chriſtian in his beſt array,
His robes and crown—ſuch is the happy day!

A Prayer, to direct a Sick Man what things are moſt neceſſary for him to aſk, and to meditate upon, in his illneſs.

1 THou God of pity, ſtay this ſore diſeaſe!
Thou God of mercy, give thy ſervant eaſe!
Thou beſt of all phyſicians, make me whole!
Thou Son of God, give comfort to my ſoul!

2 Snatch me from hell's dun gloom to open day,
Remove all blindneſs from my mind away,
(So that I ſoon may ſee my dange'rous ſtate,)
And my pain'd conſcience's keen pangs abate!

3 Make me, like David, heartily repent——
Make me, like Magdalene, my crimes lament ——
Make me, like Nineveh, my errors own,
And in the duſt my ſinful ſtate bemoan!

4 Make me thy pardon earneſtly implore,
Like king Manaſſes, when diſtreſs'd of yore,
Make me, like Peter, for forgiveneſs cry,
Make me, like Him, repent before I die!

5 Make me believe my pardon is procure'd,
Seal'd, and beyond the reach of fate ſecure'd,
And that my ſoul is rinſed in the flood
Of thy moſt precious, and all-cleanſing blood!

6 Make me, like Lazarus, in ſilence bear
My ſickneſs and my pain, howe'er ſevere,
My confidence, in thee, O make me place,
Like patient Job, however bad my caſe!

7 Make me deliv'rance ſeek, O Lord! from thee,
And thee alone, in all my miſery,
Like good Elijah, when of old diſtreſt,
In ſuch a manner as to thee ſeems beſt.

8 Make me, like Hezekiah, caſt aſide
This world's vain pomp, and all it's tinſel pride,
And turn, like Him, unto the wall my face,
That I in thee alone my truſt may place!

9 O, make

9 O make me think on that tremendous day,
When I before thee my accounts muſt lay,
For ev'ry idle word, and ev'ry crime;
Unleſs I can renounce them all in time.

10 O make me to the Goſpel lend an ear,
And to the promiſes recorded there!
O, make me graſp thoſe promiſes divine
With Faith's ſtrong gripe, and make them ever mine!

11 Make me reflect upon the life above,
To which we ſhortly ſhall from this remove,
Where, for thy ſaints, eternal joys remain—
Joys, unalloy'd by ſickneſs, or by pain.

12 Make me renounce the world and it's deceits,
It's pompous pageantries and gilded baits;
Nor let me idly loiter on the road,
But haſte to thee, my Saviour, and my God!

13 Make me, O Lord! without the leaſt delay,
My ſoul and body on thy altar lay,
And earneſtly, until my lateſt hour,
Thy mercy and thy patronage implore.

An excellent CONSOLATION to the ſad Soul againſt Deſpair.

1 IF thou canſt but repent, why ſhou'dſt thou dread
Thy ſins, however numerous and foul?
Since Chriſt for them was crucify'd, 'till dead——
And freely ſuffer'd to preſerve thy ſoul?

2 Why wilt thou fear thy Judge's final doom,
Since Chriſt will as thy advocate appear?
Thy Judge's ſon has ſuffer'd in thy room;
Death and damnation, why then ſhou'dſt thou fear?

3 Not one ſhall be found guilty in the end,
Who here in Chriſt a lively faith retains;
But ſhall on his removal hence aſcend
From death to life, and Eden's bliſsful plains.

4 Be

4 Be ſtill then, O my ſoul! nor ſilence break,
Thy gracious God from death will ſet thee free:
For who can the condemning ſentence ſpeak,
Since Chriſt was nail'd unto the croſs for thee.

5 Chriſt in his blood will waſh thy ſins away,
And bleach thee whiter than the driven ſnow——
Though they do now a ſcarlet hue diſplay,
Yet Chriſt ſhall make them white as ermine ſhow.

6 The ſun can penetrate the thickeſt cloud,
And ſoap can ſcour the fouleſt garments bright—
Chriſt's merits thy enormous ſins can ſhrowd,
His blood can make thee as the lily white.

7 God Peter's fears, and David's luſts forgave,
The Prodigal's exceſs and youthful heat,
And king Manaſſes', tho' once ſin's mere ſlave:
He thine can pardon, howſoever great.

8 Take comfort then——thy fainty ſpirits raiſe——
The Son of God was fix'd unto the tree
For thy tranſgreſſions, and unrighteous ways;
And, for his ſake, thou ſhalt forgiven be.

An earneſt Prayer for Pardon of Sins.

1 O Lord, my God! who formedſt me of nought!
My Saviour, who from death his ſervant bought!
O Holy Ghoſt! O Trinity benign!
Preſerve my ſoul, and cancel all my ſin!

2 For Jeſu's ſake, who to redeem me deign'd,
And whoſe each act thy approbation gain'd,
Forgive me, if in ought I've been remiſs——
Forgive me all that I have done amiſs.

3 Waſh in his blood my filthineſs away——
Low in his ſepulchre my vices lay——
Veil with his righteouſneſs my errors foul,
And pardon all the' offences of my ſoul.

4 Array

4 Array me in the alb of righteouſneſs,
And in thy glorious nuptial-garments dreſs;
So that I always well-prepare'd may be,
And in trim garb to come, O Chriſt, to thee!

5 Around my dwelling, place thy guardian hoſt,
Nor let the Devil of my conqueſt boaſt!
Save me, O ſave me, from the treach'rous fiend,
Nor ſuffer him, O Chriſt, my ſoul to rend.

6 When to thy dread tribunal I ſhall come,
There to receive the' irrevocable doom,
For Jeſu's ſake my precious ſoul preſerve,
And give me not the ſentence I deſerve!

7 Inſtead of mine, Chriſt's full obedience take,
And let his death, for me atonement make;
Though for my ſins, He was condemn'd to die,
Yet for his ſake, let me damnation fly!

8 Death I've deſerv'd, and Tophet's ſcenes of woe——
Deſerv'd the doom, hypocriſy ſhall know———
Yet give me not, O God! what I've deſerv'd,
But by Chriſt's merits let me be preſerv'd.

9 He did, for me, thy ſacred law fulfil———
He perfectly, for me, perform'd thy will———
He die'd upon the croſs, that I might live———
Then, for his ſake, my ſumleſs ſins forgive.

10 No juſtice I, nor holineſs, can boaſt,
My purity and my perfection loſt!
No one can ſuccour, help, or ranſom give,
But what from thee, my Saviour! I receive.

11 Chriſt is my comfort——Chriſt's my ſolace ſure—
Chriſt is my hope, in all that I endure——
Chriſt's my aſſiſtance, when Death's terrors come—
Chriſt's my protector, in the day of doom!

12 Chriſt a moſt ignominious death did die,
That He, for me, eternal life might buy:
In pity of his painful agonies
Conduct my ſoul, O God! to paradiſe!

13 God

13 God! lend an ear, my prayers to receive——
God! for my comfort, thy bleſt Spirit give——
God! caſt an eye of pity on my grief——
And grant me, from thy lenient hand, relief.

14 O Lamb of God, my ſoul's diſeaſes heal!
My wounded conſcience's firm pardon ſeal!
Deep in the grave let all my faults remain,
And let them never, never, riſe again!

15 Thy rig'rous Juſtice, O my God! I fear;
For how can I thy fierce diſpleaſure bear?
My errors, ſelf-condemn'd, I loudly blame,
Do thou the tempeſt of my conſcience calm.

16 O, let thy guiltleſs death, my Saviour! come
Betwixt me, and the dreadful day of doom!
Place thy obedience, like a ſhield, between
Thy Father's Juſtice, and my filthy ſin.

17 Let thine own blood aſſuage the vengeful ire
Of thy too-juſtly irritated Sire——
Let thine own blood his furious wrath appeaſe,
That all the ſorrows of my ſoul may ceaſe!

18 I'm weak, O Chriſt! do thou my ſtrength increaſe,
I'm ſick and faint—O, heal the dire diſeaſe!
Heavy and ſad, I ſink oppreſs'd with fear,
Confirm my faith, my fainting ſpirits cheer!

19 Thou God of comfort, all my pains appeaſe,
Thou Sire of mercy, give me preſent eaſe;
Phyſician of the world, aſſuage my grief,
And ſend me, Jeſus, Son of God, relief!

20 Say, O my God! and ſay it o'er again——
Say to my ſoul, "E'er long thou ſhalt remain
"With me in Paradiſe, and ſoon ſhalt reſt
"Among my ſaints, with endleſs pleaſures bleſt."

21 The' aſſaults of Satan, O my Chriſt! repel,
And ſave me from the yawning jaws of hell:
My ſinking ſoul with thy free Spirit buoy,
And lead me to the realms of deathleſs joy!

22 O, Lamb of God, with all my ſins diſpenſe!
O, make my conſcience void of all offence!
O, Lamb of God, at my laſt hour attend,
And to thy mercy take me in the end!

23 O Chriſt, my Shepherd, from the lion keep
My ſoul, and from his paws preſerve thy ſheep,
For which, O Jeſus, thou haſt paid full dear,
And me to heav'n amongſt thy angels bear!

24 Receive my ſoul, O my Protector dear!
Receive my ſoul, 'tis time, unto thy care!
For long enough I've liv'd, and linger'd here;
I am not better than my fathers were.

25 I fain would from theſe chains of fleſh get looſe,
And fly, O Chriſt, to thee, my glorious ſpouſe!
Draw me, ſweet Jeſus! for the time is come,
(If 'tis thy will) to thy celeſtial home.

26 Unto thy hands, I freely recommend
My Spirit, O my God!—let no one rend
The charge from thence, or bear it, as his prey,
In triumph from thy mighty hands away!

27 O Chriſt, my Shepherd! from the lion keep
My ſoul, (and from his paw preſerve thy ſheep)
Who daily ſeeks thy ſervant to o'erpow'r,
And, in its weakneſs, wou'd my ſoul devour.

28 This is the very time, when he does ſeek
To catch his prey—I mean, whilſt I am weak;
Support me then, O Lord, that I may guard
The precious prize, nor loſe the rich reward!

29 Plant in my breaſt the Spirit of thy grace,
Around my ſoul a guard of angels place,
Array me with thy glorious panoply,
Nor let the fiend a triumph boaſt o'er me!

30 Enable me, my courſe run out, to reſt,
And make my lateſt hour to be the beſt.
On thee, O Lord! with firmneſs I rely;
O take my ſoul to heaven, when I die!

31 Appeaſe my pain, aſſuage it's raging ſmart,
Obſerve my grief, and eaſe my troubled heart,
Trim my expiring lamp, my woes abate,
Receive my ſoul——I for thy mercy wait.

32 Say to my ſoul, that thou, O God of love!
Haſt bought for me the bliſsful ſeats above—
Thy precious blood, and an unnumber'd hoſt
Of pungent ſorrows, the vaſt price they coſt.

A ſhort Prayer, for a devout Perſon to uſe at his laſt Hour.

1 DEign now, O Lord! thy ſervant to releaſe,
And from this priſon let me part in peace;
Yet, e'er I'm from th' incumb'ring fleſh ſet free,
Let my bleſt eyes thy great ſalvation ſee!

2 Come is the day! come is the dreadful hour!
Come is the time, determin'd by thy pow'r!
Come is the moment! come the very end,
And to eſcape it, I can ne'er pretend!

3 The race is ended, which I was to run,
The laſt of all my days is almoſt done—
The conflict's o'er—I juſt have reach'd the goal:
Receive, O Lord!——receive to thee, my ſoul!

4 Like thy firſt martyr, in the pangs of death,
To thee, O Chriſt! my ſpirit I bequeath:
Come then, come quickly, O my Saviour-God,
And take me with thee to thy bleſt abode!

A ſhort Meditation on Life and Death.

1 THE ſooner a good Chriſtian dies,
The ſooner he receives the prize:
The longer he on earth ſhall be,
The longer e'er he God ſhall ſee.

2 The

2 The longer one keeps from the grave,
The longer reck'ning he muſt have:
The leſs his time is here below,
The leſs account he'll have to ſhow.

The Unhappy State of the UNGODLY, after Death.

1 YOU of each ſex and age, draw near,
And to my ſad Complaint give ear,
Who vice, unto the laſt obey'd,
But now beneath the pall am laid.

2 As you are now, I once have been,
Happy and pleas'd among my kin:
Now poor and naked I appear,
Extended on the ſolemn bier.

3 When worldly wealth, the moſt I ſought,
And when of Death, the leaſt I thought,
Death came unlook'd for with his dart,
And pierce'd me to the very heart.

4 When fortune favour'd ev'ry deed,
And all my aims uſe'd to ſucceed,
The ice broke ſhort beneath my feet,
And down I tumbled to the pit.

5 When ruddy health my body grace'd,
And ev'ry nerve with ſtrength was brace'd,
To pieces fell this brittle frame,
Like glaſs, when death once near me came.

6 I, gold and ſilver once poſſeſs'd,
And was with lands and houſes bleſs'd;
But now I can't one farthing find
Of all the wealth I left behind.

7 I once in kinsfolks did abound,
Wife, children, ſervants, friends, I own'd;
But now with none can I converſe,
Beſides pale Death, within the hearſe.

8 I then, companions always had
In all my ways, however bad;
But now not any one will come
To anſwer for me at my doom.

9 The fatal ſtroke, which now I rue,
Will ſhortly come to each of you,
Be then prepare'd, before you die,
You ſhall be warn'd no more than I.

10 Chriſt, and the miniſters of heaven,
To all have proper notice given,
And yet how many millions die,
Who heed their words no more than I?

11 I long have ran a vary'd round
Of ſins, which now my conſcience wound:
But ſharper 'tis, e'en than a ſword,
To have deſpiſe'd God's holy word.

12 Stiffneck'd, and headſtrong as an aſs,
And heedleſs of God's laws, I was;
Whate'er Chriſt, or his ſervants, ſpake,
No notice of it wou'd I take.

13 With rakehell Publicans, or worſe,
Rather than prieſts I'd ſtill diſcourſe,
Tho' theſe debauch'd and ſpoil'd me quite,
And thoſe wou'd fain direct me right.

14 Whole months I'd rather gaily ſpend
In taverns with a female friend,
Than to my God with Chriſtian pray,
Or in his temple paſs a day.

15 More hours I paſs'd in taverns then
With ſwine---I mean with drunken men,
Than with the ſons of light I ſpent;
For which full oft I now repent,

16 The mirth, that hardly holds a day,
And, e'er ſcarce taſted, fleets away,
I choſe before that perfect joy,
Which always laſts, and ne'er can cloy.

17 Earth

17 Earth, ſtones, braſs, lead, I ſtill preferr'd,
My ſty, my ſtud, my lowing herd,
Before the charms of paradiſe,
Or any bliſs God cou'd deviſe.

18 My body to my ſoul I ſtill
Preferr'd—to virtue, ev'ry ill——
This world to heav'n—wrong to right—
My guts, to God——and gloom, to light.

19 But now I'm ſorry, from my ſoul,
That I was e'er ſo much a fool,
And ev'ry fibre quakes for fear,
E'er I before my Judge appear.

20 My body now to rot is gone,
For all the crimes that I have done;
Whilſt my ſad ſoul the ſkies muſt mount,
For all my follies to account.

21 My Saviour calls me by my name,
And I muſt anſwer to the ſame:
To make my reck'ning I muſt go,
However difficult to do!

22 Ah me! what an unnumber'd ſum
Of ſins my conſcience overcome———
Sins into which I madly ran,
In ſpite of God, in ſpite of man?

23 What joy dilates the Devil's breaſt,
Wide as the eaſt is from the weſt!
As he relates, before my face,
How oft I've ſinn'd—the time and place.

24 Of what a roll the Fiend's poſſeſt,
Long as the eaſt is from the weſt!
By which inſtructed, he can ſhow
The ſins I've done—when, where, and how!

25 Ah me!——who is it, that I hear
Againſt me deadly witneſs bear,
But he who tempted me of yore
To liſten to his fatal lore?

26 In all the days that I have paſt,
There's not a ſin but he does caſt
Full in my face——woe 's me the while,
That I have led a life ſo vile !

27 He ſhews, alas, with too much truth !
How fruitleſsly I ſpent my youth,
In revelry alone employ'd,
But of each Chriſtian virtue void.

28 He ſtoutly claims me, for my crimes,
Since in my youth a thouſand times
He won my ſoul ; and to my ſhame,
God cannot but admit his claim.

29 He makes each vicious folly known
I did, ſince into manhood grown,
My drunken frolicks, am'rous fires,
And all my looſe impure deſires.

30 He ſhews, how prone I was to rage,
And all the foibles of old age !
How much to gain and lies a ſlave !
But, ah ! how thoughtleſs of the grave !

31 With open mouth, and earneſt ſtrife,
He pleads that, in each ſtage of life,
He won my ſoul———and, from a boy,
That I have been in his employ.

32 With ſhameleſs, brazen, confidence,
The ſcriptures wreſting to his ſenſe,
That I am his, he boldly ſaith,
For want of penitence and faith.

33 I deem'd, by ignorance miſled,
That Chriſt for my tranſgreſſions bled,
And that the Fiend no right cou'd claim
O'er thoſe, who merely own'd his name.

34 But 'tis retorted by the Fiend,
That this can never ſerve my end,
Since Chriſt will not a ſoul receive,
But ſuch as faithfully believe.

35 To this, he further dares to add,
That I no faith, nor virtue, had,
Nor any ſurer hopes of heaven,
Than if I were a very heathen.

36 With eager rancour he'd fain ſhow,
That I have nought with Chriſt to do;
Becauſe I heeded not his lore,
Nor change'd my life, to my laſt hour.

37 And that, tho' I his name receive'd,
Baptize'd by Chriſtians that believe'd,
My faith was no more to be prize'd
Than their's, who never were baptize'd.

38 He ſays (ah me, I hear him now!)
That I no greater faith did ſhow,
Nor any works, ſurpaſſing thoſe
Which pagans in their lives diſcloſe.

39 He ſays, I never kept a word
Of all the goſpel of our Lord,
More than a Jew, who ne'er had grace
Thoſe ſacred doctrines to embrace.

40 He tells the' Almighty, whilſt I hear,
That he will any torment bear,
If I, by rote, a ſingle verſe
Of all the ſcripture can rehearſe.

41 He God himſelf preſumes to call,
(With his attendant angels all)
To witneſs, that he nothing ſays
But truth, of my ungodly ways.

42 My conſcience with the load oppreſt,
Muſt the diſtaſteful truth atteſt,
And forces me to own each ſin,
And ſay,—"Juſt ſuch my life has been!"

43 He urges, that I've ſore diſtreſs'd
The poor, and in all ſhapes oppreſs'd,
Their lands and houſes force'd away,
And made their little All, my prey.

44 He

44 He adds, that I have oft got drunk——
Oft dally'd with ſome common punk—
A thouſand times the ſabbath broke,
And of religion made a joke.

45 He then inſiſts, with malice fell,
That Chriſt ſhou'd ſentence me to hell,
To ſuffer, for my vices paſt,
Such pains, as ſhall for ever laſt.

46 Oh, how my ſoul with horror ſhakes,
For fear of Satan's fierce attacks?
Leſt he, with his black crew, ſhou'd come,
And haul me to receive my doom.

47 Ah me! how bitter to the taſte!
O, how unpleaſant at the laſt!
How much the object of my hate,
The ſin I lov'd ſo well of late?

48 How much am I aſhame'd to hear
The grand accuſer publiſh, there,
A thouſand things, which here below
I choſe not my beſt friends ſhould know?

49 Cou'd I my option have———my ſoul
Wou'd chuſe in Hell's fierce flames to roll,
Before it to God's bar wou'd mount,
For it's miſdeeds, there to account!

50 Yet it muſt at that bar appear,
(There's no excuſe for abſence there
Of all it's works account to give,
And it's juſt ſentence to receive.

51 To plead it's cauſe, I no one hear——
I ſee no advocate appear———
To give an anſwer none begins,
Even for one of all my ſins.

52 The ſacred rolls, I open'd ſee,
Before the dreadful Deity,
Ready to bring thoſe crimes to light,
Which I had acted in the night.

53 Full in my face, I hear them caſt,
My faithleſs life, and converſe paſt,
My carnal and intemp'rate mind,
To each unchriſtian vice inclin'd.

54 I hear the oaths, now number'd o'er,
Which I, among vile drunkards, ſwore—
My breaches of the ſabbath day,
With each looſe thing I uſe'd to ſay.

55 My ſoul, a ſullen ſilence keeps
Meanwhile, and ſelf-convicted weeps,
Or mute as is the fin-row'd fry,
'Tis only ſometimes heard to ſigh.

56 I hear Chriſt iſſue his commands
To have me bound faſt, feet and hands,
And thrown down to the nether gloom,
Where nought but woes and torments come!

57 I hear him, with exceſſive dread,
Paſs ſentence on my guilty head,
That I ſhou'd to the' abyſs be toſt,
With Satan and his ſable hoſt!

58 I ſee the Fiend himſelf take pains
To bind me with the ſtrongeſt chains;
And, when my hands and feet are faſt,
I ſee my ſoul to Tophet caſt!

59 I hear it, there, for very pain,
Cry out, and groan, and roar amain;
Thus headlong, without mercy, hurl'd
To ſuffer in the' infernal world!

60 I ſee the' inferior Dev'lings, there,
Each ſinner's ſoul and body tear,
As hounds, that almoſt famiſh'd are,
Through hunger tear a hind, or hare.

61 I hear my ſoul with piteous cry,
And loud laments entreat to die;
But yet, for all his piteous cries,
Far from him Death indignant flies.

62 He lies in Hell's tremendous gloom,
Where happineſs and hope ne'er come,
Half-ſtarv'd he pines among the Fiends,
Where his keen anguiſh never ends.

63 There's nothing gives me ſuch a blow,
And ſinks my hopeleſs heart ſo low,
As to reflect, that all this woe,
Shall no ceſſation ever know:

64 And that my body, there muſt go,
For want of proper caution too,
And, with the ſoul like tortures taſte,
When once the reſurrection's paſt:

65 And well do I deſerve to dwell
Among the fierceſt flames in hell,
As I entice'd it often times
To all it's unrepented crimes.

66 There all the faithleſs folks ſhall go,
Who vile, immoral actions do,
Who out of doors their houſes caſt,
And love, like ſwine, a long repaſt.

67 I therefore ev'ry one adviſe
To fear the Lord, if he is wiſe,
And always to obey him well,
Leſt he ſhou'd be condemn'd to hell.

68 Be ſober, pious, and ſincere,
And worſhip God with Chriſtian fear,
If not——I will be bold to ſay,
That you'll be hurl'd to hell, one day.

69 Fear God———the ſcripture often read,
Nor from it turn aſide your head———
Like Chriſtians live, if you wou'd fain
The weighty crown of glory gain.

70 Faith, without works, no man can ſee;
No libertine a ſaint can be:
True Chriſtians ne'er caſt faith away,
They're Satan's ſlaves, who diſobey.

71 In vain Religion you profeſs,
If works do not your faith expreſs,
They can't exiſt, unleſs both meet,
No more than fire can, without heat.

72 Juſtice and honeſty purſue,
God will, to guile, no favour ſhew;
But heavy vengeance in the end,
Shall on deceit and fraud deſcend.

73 What gain they by their ill-place'd toil,
Who rob the poor, and quite deſpoil,
If into hell they ſhall be caſt,
For their injuſtice, at the laſt?

74 What boots it that you can fulfil
Your luſts, and have, a while, your will;
If, after gaining your deſires,
You're headlong hurl'd to penal fires?

75 What boots it your vile guts to fill,
And wine and ale, whole nights to ſwill;
If for your love of ale and wine,
You ſhall, for thirſt, in Tophet pine?

76 What ſhall he gain, who falſehood ſhows,
His promiſe breaks, and quite undoes
The neighb'ring poor?——if he muſt go,
For his deceit, to hell below.

77 Then let not Satan you deceive,
Who does an ill, ſhall ill receive:
For each ſhall reap, whate'er he ſows,
And each be paid for what he does.

78 As eaſily our deadly foe
To heaven may on doomſday go,
As the debauch'd, lewd, infidel
Eſcape that day, the pains of hell.

79 God long will aim before the blow,
His wrath is deadly-ſure, tho' ſlow;
For the long ſcore and credit paſt,
He'll pay thee to the full at laſt.

80 God for a while will condeſcend
To ſpare the worſt that they may mend;
But if at length they don't repent,
To hell they ſhall in heaps be ſent.

81 God give all grace, their lives to mend,
Before their day is at an end!
God make all ready hence to go,
Before they feel Death's fatal blow!

The COMPLAINT and the ADVICE of DIVES, to his Five Brethren.

1 THE plaint and the advice of Dives hear,
From hell's hot furnace, and outrageous flame,
To his five brethren, and his kinsfolk dear,
Leſt they, like him, ſhou'd come and feel the ſame.

2 "Hear me, my brethren!——hear me, whilſt I tell,
What happ'ned to me, ſince I went below;
That warn'd thereby, you may eſcape from hell,
From it's dire pains, and never-ending woe.

3 Fraternal love and pity bid me give
You this advice, 'tis evidently plain;
Leſt you ſhould here unweetingly arrive,
Whence no one ever could return again.

4 Did you but know what horrid things I hear——
Cou'd you of all my torments form a gueſs!
You to my words wou'd lend a willing ear:
Leſt you yourſelves ſhou'd feel the like diſtreſs.

5 I'm well aſſure'd, did you but know my pains,
My woes, my anguiſh, and my vaſt diſmay,
You wou'd not for an emperor's domains,
Willingly bear them for a ſingle day.

6 No man, alas! nor angel e'er can tell,
How great my woe! how infinite my pain!
In the fierce fires and furious flames of hell;
Where I am doom'd for ever to remain.

7 I erſt in life was inſolently proud,
(For fortune is eſteem'd and honour'd ſtill)
And as I wou'd, I rule'd the trembling crowd,
And did whate'er was pleaſing to my will.

8 To many it appear'd, that from my ſoul
No God I fear'd, nor live'd of man in awe,
More than the infidel and miſcreant foul,
Whoſe inclinations are his only law.

9 But, Oh! myſelf I wretchedly deceiv'd,
Fondly preſuming I ſhou'd never die,
Or if I die'd, I fooliſhly believ'd,
That in the grave I ſhou'd unqueſtion'd lie!

10 Though Moſes, and the Prophets all averr'd,
My ſoul was not obnoxious to the grave;
Yet, to their tenets, I my own preferr'd,
And ſlighted all the counſels, that they gave.

11 Although they ſhew'd that, at God's aweful throne,
Each muſt a reck'ning make, when he is dead,
For ev'ry villainy, which he has done;
Yet it cou'd never enter to my head.

12 But now in hell, I know it to my coſt,
That all they taught was, to a tittle, true,
And that the deathleſs ſoul, which I have loſt,
Muſt in thoſe flames my foul offences rue.

13 I vainly thought, whilſt yet I drew my breath,
There was no God, no manſions of the bleſt,
No hell, nor Devil in the realms beneath,
And that man die'd, as dies the brutal beaſt.

14 But now in hell, at each repeated blow,
By each inſulting fiend I'm better taught,
And, to my full conviction, made to know,
That there's a God to puniſh ev'ry fault.

15 Now, now I feel, and ſee, alas, too plain!
That there's a Devil, and a local hell,
With Demons an innumerable train,
To plague my ſoul, with whom I'm force'd to dwell.

16 Now,

16 Now, to a demonſtration, I well know,
That man is of a deathleſs ſoul poſſeſt,
(Whether that ſoul be doom'd to bliſs, or woe!)
Though in the tomb the body's laid to reſt.

17 Now, I believe the ſcriptures to be true,
Now, I believe whatever Chriſt did ſay,
And that the ſkies will ſcud away, like dew,
Before a Word of his ſhall paſs away.

18 But as I did not this believe, in time,
What I believe at preſent is in vain:
For want of faith I plunge'd to ev'ry crime,
Worſe than the brutes, that graze the verdant plain:

19 And ſuch will you, my brethren be, when dead,
If you do not the ſcripture-truths embrace,
And ſtrive a life of piety to lead,
As they direct you, like the ſons of grace.

20 Becauſe the ſcriptures I did not obey,
Becauſe my nature I did not ſubdue,
Becauſe I wou'd not ſee the goſpel's ray,
I now, in woeful caſe, my folly rue.

21 Becauſe in Moſes' rules I never trod,
Becauſe thoſe ſacred truths I diſbeliev'd,
Becauſe I never kept the laws of God,
It was that I ſo very vilely liv'd.

22 When once I put the goſpel out of ſight,
Then Satan came himſelf to be my guide,
And by each ſin, wherein it took delight,
He my frail nature quickly drew aſide.

23 There's not a heinous vice, that I can name,
Which I did not, till I was cloy'd, plunge-in,
Until a proverb my bad life became,
And I was judge'd Manaſſes to out-ſin.

24 My worldly pelf, I as my God obey'd,
In ſenſual luſts I place'd my chief delight,
In ev'ry ſin I revell'd undiſmay'd,
And left the Lord out of remembrance quite.

25 When

25 When by thoſe errors I had long been led,
My precious ſoul I utterly deſpiſe'd,
Like ſome brute beaſt, to ev'ry virtue dead,
And nought but riches and my belly prize'd.

26 Still in the richeſt dreſs was I array'd,
My robes were in the deepeſt purple die'd;
Now, for my pride and vanity well pay'd,
I've not a rag my nakedneſs to hide.

27 The fineſt linen I was uſe'd to wear,
Nor wou'd admit of any thing more coarſe;
But now I vainly wiſh that I had here
Some ſackcloth, or the cov'ring of a horſe.

28 Each day, throughout the year, whene'er I dine'd,
I cramm'd my guts with victuals of the beſt;
And yet my ſoul for very hunger pine'd,
Amidſt the hurry of a conſtant feaſt.

29 I then was grown ſo dainty in my meat,
And ſo extremely nice, that I ne'er deign'd
Of any diſh, or kind of food, to eat,
Which was not choice, dear-bought, and finely-grain'd.

30 But now I fain my hunger wou'd aſſuage
Even on hogs-waſh, or on huſky grains,
So that I might in part appeaſe the rage
Of that keen famine, which my bowels pains.

31 I then was wont ſtrong beer and wine to ſwill,
As if no meaſure I in drinking knew,
And often my ungodly paunch wou'd fill,
'Till up again the nauſeous load I threw.

32 But now I'd gladly give the world entire,
And all it's treaſures, for a little cup
From ſome cool ſtream, to ſlake the raging fire,
Which my chark'd tongue for ever parches-up.

33 Though as much offals from my table went,
As wou'd have fed great numbers of the poor,
Yet to the dogs the whole was daily ſent,
Whilſt Lazarus lay ſtarving at my door.

34 Now

34 Now Lazarus in turn repays me home,
And ſtill refuſes, from ſome bubbling ſpring,
(Although I beg him earneſtly to come)
One drop of water, for my uſe, to bring.

35 Though Moſes and the Prophets always laid
The beſt rules down, their rules I ſtill deſpiſe'd,
And gave no ear to any word they ſaid,
Nor ever did the leaſt thing, they adviſe'd.

36 Now here I cry, and no ceſſation know;
For none unto my plaintive cries give heed,
But in my teeth their keen reproaches throw,
Becauſe of the vile life I uſe'd to lead.

37 Whenever any preach'd the word of God,
I ſtill averſe in attitude appear'd,
Or, ever and anon, was ſeen to nod,
Whilſt others profited by what they heard.

38 Becauſe at church I, then, was wont to doze,
By Demons, here, I'm torture'd all the while;
So that I now can meet with no repoſe;
Nor ſleep, nor ſlumber can my woes beguile.

39 Becauſe I, to the Goſpel, gave no ear,
Nor to thoſe doctrines, which the Saviour taught,
I now am force'd the fiend's loud yells to hear,
With hideous horror and amazement fraught.

40 Becauſe the law of Moſes they deſpiſe'd,
Becauſe the Goſpel they did not believe,
Becauſe it's dictates they ſo little prize'd,
Some thouſands, now in hell, lament and grieve!

41 The ſabbath I, in gluttony, alas!
Always miſ-ſpent, or in ſome wanton play;
In riot, I contrive'd to make it paſs,
And fouler ſins, than any other day.

42 Thouſands of ſouls are now in hell diſtreſt,
Becauſe the ſabbath they did not revere:
No pauſe they know from pain, nor day of reſt;
But without reſpite are tormented there.

43 The

43 The ſacred name of God, I took in vain
For ſport alone, a million times, or more,
And thought my ſtory wou'd no credit gain,
Unleſs by Jeſus' blood and wounds I ſwore.

44 Oh! how my tongue now fries in dreadful dole,
Becauſe his precious blood I lightly prize'd!
And, Oh! what tortures rack my very ſoul,
Becauſe the name of Jeſus I deſpiſe'd!

45 To the foul fiend I offer'd long in vain
My precious ſoul, a thouſand times a day;
But as I gave it o'er and o'er again,
At laſt he ſeize'd it, as his lawful prey.

46 Thouſands with me in ſhocking torments dwell,
Thrown headlong to this deep ſulphureous flood;
Becauſe they gave themſelves, by oaths, to hell,
Tho' Chriſt himſelf had bought them with his blood.

47 Full many a * one I to the army ſent,
Straining maliciouſly my country's laws——
Thirſting for bloodſhed, and entirely bent,
The guiltleſs to deſtroy, without a cauſe,

48 Their blood extorted vengeance from the ſky——
A vengeance juſtly-due unto my guilt!
And to the fiends their injur'd ſpirits cry,
To pay me home for all the blood I ſpilt.

49 On juries, oft, for life and death I ſerved,
Of God, and of his laws regardleſs quite;
The guiltleſs I condemn'd, but ſtill preſerve'd
Thoſe, who deprive'd their neighbours of their right.

50 But now each murderer, and deſperate thief,
(Whom erſt I from the gallows ſave'd) in hell
Remorſeleſs tear my ſoul—and, to my grief,
The fiends themſelves in cruelty excel.

51 My

* From this, and ſeveral other particulars, the Author, in this character of *Dives*, ſeems to have ſome vile and oppreſſive Magiſtrate of his acquaintance in his eye, whom he indirectly laſhes under that pretence, in this Poem.

51 My love for my own conſort ſoon grew cool,
And to vile ſtrumpets, in her ſtead, I cleav'd———
An hoſt of whom now plague me in this pool,
Becauſe I their credulity deceiv'd.

52 The baſe-born brood from thoſe foul harlots ſprung,
By my example to thoſe regions led,
Call on the fiends, with unharmonious tongue,
To pour their torments thicker on my head.

53 Their helpleſs, friendleſs, orphans I oppreſs'd,
Whene'er my tenants die'd—and from the plough,
The yoke entire, tho' nought was due, diſtreſs'd;
Leſt one, if left, ſhou'd for it's partner low.

54 Becauſe thoſe innocents I then abuſe'd,
The fiends in hell my torture'd ſoul diſtreſs,
Worſe than a tanner, any time, is uſe'd
To beat thoſe hides he fully means to dreſs.

55 Some venal villains oftentimes I hire'd,
The rankeſt lies and perjuries to tell,
Who never fail'd to ſwear, as I require'd,
When I had taught them their vile leſſon well.

56 Now, like a brood of vipers in their neſt,
They, night and day, my very entrails tear,
And ever gnaw my heartſtrings in my breaſt,
Becauſe I taught them perjuries to ſwear.

57 Of murder, and of robbe'ry I accuſe'd
Perſons, whoſe innocence was fully known,
And with foul ſlanders either ſex abuſe'd,
Out of mere pique, and wickedneſs alone.

58 The lab'rer's hire I oft was wont to keep,
And my own ſervants wages to retain,
Nay, without pay, I force'd the poor to reap,
Throughout the harveſt, my whole crop of grain.

59 Now to the fiend thoſe needy folks complain,
And at his hands my puniſhment implore,
Becauſe I uſe'd their wages to detain,
And ruin'd ſuch a number of the poor.

60 My

60 My money, to the poor, on uſe I lent,
And ſcrew'd them, with an ava'rice ſeldom known,
'Till all the little that they had was ſpent,
And they by my extortion were undone.

61 Many of thoſe, now in the pit of hell,
With aggregated pains torment me ſore,
Becauſe I did their minds to theft impel,
When my exactions had conſume'd their ſtore.

62 To * low attornies, a black-minded tribe,
I gave large fees, the needy to oppreſs,
Who now, becauſe corrupted by my bribe,
In this infernal ſink my ſoul diſtreſs.

63 I gave my ſervants orders, o'er and o'er,
To plague my neighbours round me;—in the pit,
Thoſe ſervants now torment my ſoul full ſore,
Becauſe I made them ſuch bad things commit.

64 At under-price men's lands I often bought,
Yet ſtill ſome part of that ſmall pittance kept:
But now I to this gloomy gaol am brought,
I have no money to repay the debt.

65 Cou'd one poor penny my redemption buy,
And from this doleful priſon-houſe relieve,
And bring me to the lucid realms on high,
I have not one poor penny left, to give.

66 I was adviſe'd a thouſand times, or more,
What I extorted, to refund again,
But rather than I wou'd a mite reſtore,
I choſe to ſuffer here eternal pain.

67 Whene'er I ſent to markets, or to fairs,
Falſe weights I uſe'd, and meaſures ſhort of ſize,
Or elſe amongſt my wheat I mingled tares,
Yet for that traſh require'd the greateſt price.

68 Againſt

* This is only meant of the low-bred Petty-foggers of thoſe days, who never regularly ſerv'd their time to the buſineſs, and not of the Profeſſion in general, many of whom are an Ornament to the Community, and of great Service to the Public.

68 Againſt the laws of God and of the land,
I weights for diffe'rent purpoſes produce'd:
Whene'er I bought, the large ones were at hand;
Whene'er I ſold, a leſſer ſort I uſe'd.

69 But now the fiends, in this infernal place,
My head with the moſt heavy of them bruiſe;
And ſuch as mine, is the unhappy caſe
Of all, who e'er were wont falſe weights to uſe!

70 I left no tittle of the law unbroke,
Nay, which I did not break a hundred times!
And, 'till death gave me the concluſive ſtroke,
I wallow'd daily in the worſt of crimes.

71 I juſt have given you, in language plain,
My life at large, until ſurprize'd by death:
I next ſhall give you an account again,
How Satan plagues me in the realms beneath!

The Second Part of DIVES' Complaint——or a Deſcription of Hell, and it's Torments.

72 A Deep and bottomleſs abyſs,
My drear and diſmal dungeon is,
And all it's walls are rais'd ſo high,
That none can o'er it hope to fly.

73 With liquid fire it ever glows,
And, like a boiling ſea, o'erflows,
Move'd by the breath of God, it's tide
With flaming ſulphur rages wide.

74 Once l'it, it always flames amain,
Nor ever can be quench'd again,
Though never blown, it blazes high,
And needs no ſtirring, nor ſupply.

75 Though fiercely burning it remains,
And cauſes agonizing pains,
Yet undiminiſh'd ſtill it laſts,
And not the leaſt in burning waſtes.

76 This penal fire is ſtill the ſame,
Though diffe'rent it's degrees of flame;
Some feel a fiercer or fainter fire,
Juſt as their various crimes require.

77 As the ſun warms, on India's ſands,
Much more than in the Ruſſian lands;
So hell exerts a greater heat,
To puniſh thoſe whoſe crimes are great.

78 Not one is in this dungeon found,
Who, hand and foot, is not well bound;
And in eternal chains tie'd faſt,
For all his ſins, and follies paſt.

79 Thro' all it's boundleſs, drear, domains,
A darkneſs palpable ſtill reigns;
Nor ever, ſince the world was made,
Has light illume'd the joyleſs glade.

80 'Tis fetid, to the laſt degree,
A ſtench more noiſome cannot be
Though thouſands ſtill the ſink defile,
It never has been cleans'd the while..

81 There worms inſatiate ever prey
On conſcious ſinners, night and day——
A ſort of worms, that never die,
But gnaw to all eternity!

82 More than ten thouſand devils ſtand
Around the damn'd, a dreadful band,
And to torment them never ceaſe,
Without an hour, or moment's eaſe.

83 Yet though they never ceaſe to beat,
(Their helliſh rancour is ſo great!)
And bruiſe the damn'd almoſt to death,
They never ſtop to take their breath.

84 Theſe everlaſting tortures fall,
Without reſpect of rank on all;
Yet each does ſeperately ſmart,
But chiefly in the pecant part.

85 No objects there the eye e'er sees,
But gastly ghosts of all degrees,
And wretched souls that ever weep,
In this unfathomable deep.

86 No food their famish'd mouths e'er taste,
But locusts' gall, a dire repast!
No drink they have, but when they sup
The dregs of God's displeasure up.

87 Their ears no other music know,
But shrieks of fiends, and sounds of woe,
And the unsufferable yell
Of those, who gnash their teeth in hell.

88 On red-hot coals the tongue is broil'd,
Or else in bubbling sulphur boil'd,
Without a drop of drink to' assuage
The fire's intolerable rage.

89 The nostrils ev'ry brimstone-gale,
Which from the dungeon reeks, inhale,
A place, ne'er cleans'd, since Adam fell,
And fraught with ev'ry filthy smell.

90 Bound with an adamantine chain
The hands and feet of all remain,
So that they cannot move, or turn
From that same spot, wherein they burn.

91 All grate their teeth with shocking grin,
With hideous yells and horrid din,
That terror and amazement seize,
Who hears their moans, and manners sees.

92 The gnawing worm, that never dies,
In ev'ry conscious bosom lies,
And tears voraciously it's prey,
Yet never can it's hunger lay.

93 As all my members sinn'd, each part,
Even my tongue itself, does smart;
But ev'ry member does sustain,
For diff'rent sins, a diff'rent pain.

94 As ev'ry limb ſome evil bears,
And ev'ry part ſome torment ſhares,
So ſhall thoſe evils all attend
The wicked, without pauſe or end.

95 Ne'er ſhall the' avenging worm expire,
Ne'er ſhall be quench'd the penal fire,
And death, to all entreaties dumb,
To end their pains, will never come.

96 The deluge, in a year, retire'd,
And, in a day, was Sodom fire'd,
Sev'n years, the Egyptian famine rage'd;
But my pains, ne'er, can be aſſuage'd.

97 If in a thouſand years, or ſo,
Thoſe pains ſhou'd ſome ceſſation know,
Some comfort to my heart 'twou'd give:
But I in endleſs woe muſt live!

98 The word of God my heart diſmays,
The word e'en on my vitals preys——
The word is to my ſoul a ſnare——
The word e'en drives me to deſpair.

99 To bear ſuch helliſh pains, is hard,
But harder 'tis, to be debarr'd
Thy Saviour's preſence, and reſign
Heav'n's joys, and company divine.

100 To loſe my life, and vaſt reward——
To loſe Chriſt and his ſaints, is hard——
'Tis hard, heav'n and it's joys to miſs,
With God himſelf, and ev'ry bliſs!

101 May blackeſt curſes blaſt the morn,
The very hour, when I was born!
May hell, too, prove my mother's doom,
That toads ſhe bare not in my room!

102 I wiſh that ſhe my neck had broke,
Or chopp'd my head off at a ſtroke,
When ſhe ſo vile a ſon did bear,
An angry Godhead's wrath to fear.

 103 There's

103 There's neither fiend, nor ſinner found
In hell, and all it's cells around,
That does not join, both ſmall and great,
Me, hopeleſs wretch! in turn to beat.

104 There's not a ſoul, ſince Adam fell,
That ſuffers greater pains in hell———
Nor any one, that undergoes
More grievous wants or greater woes.

105 Such are my pains! ſuch my diſtreſs!
Such heavy woes my ſoul oppreſs!
Such is the ſtate I now am in,
Each hour tormented for my ſin!

106 My Brethren, therefore, I adviſe
You, and each ſinner that is wiſe,
Take warning (e'er the day of death)
Or you will go to hell beneath.

107 If you don't leave each ſinful way,
And ev'ry Chriſtian rule obey,
The God of vengeance won't, I know,
To you, than me, more mercy ſhow.

108 That none of us may ever dwell
With Dives in the flames of hell,
Let us reflect, e'er 'tis too late,
What torments Satan's ſlaves await!

That it is in vain to Pray for the Dead.

1 MY dear Relation, and the Friend I love,
You've put to me a queſtion I approve:
I therefore think myſelf in duty bound
To give it a ſolution ſafe and ſound.

2 You thus before me did the queſtion lay———
"Is any Clergyman allow'd to pray
For him, that is of ſenſe and life bereft,
Whoſe ſoul already has his body left?"

3 To

3 To this demand I make this clear reply———
That holy ſcripture always does deny
Us leave, by prohibition ſtrong and plain,
To pray for the deceas'd with efforts vain.

4 Our God obliges ev'ry ſoul to dwell,
Either in heav'n, or with the damn'd in hell,
When once it from the body takes it's flight,
According as it's works are wrong, or right.

5 The ſouls of thoſe, who properly believe,
As ſoon as they their clay-built manſions leave,
Like holy Lazarus, above the ſky,
Immediately among the angels fly.

6 Whilſt the ungodly, in the pit below,
(Whene'er their ſouls from their pale bodies go)
Are force'd for ever in fierce flames to roll,
Like worldly Dives's unhappy ſoul.

7 The former, with true joys and bliſs abound,
And are with honours and with glory crown'd—
So great, they need not any more requeſt,
But quite contented with their ſtation reſt.

8 They need not any one for them to pray,
So happy! ſo ſupremely bleſt are they!
For each of them is an invited gueſt,
And with the Lamb ſits at his ſumptuous feaſt.

9 The latter, ne'er ſhall quit the dens of hell,
But there inceſſantly in torment yell,
Whatever off'rings for their ſouls you pay—
However oft you for their pardons pray.

10 Whene'er a man, whoe'er he be, is dead,
And has been once to God's tribunal led,
It is in vain, for any human pow'r,
For his forgiveneſs ever to implore,

11 Though Job and Daniel, many times a day———
Though Abraham, Moſes, Samuel, ſhou'd pray
For ſuch a one—yet they cou'd ne'er aſſuage,
By all their efforts, hell's tremendous rage.

12 Shou'd all the prieſts, in all the world, unite,
And ſupplicate the Lord with all their might,
And place before him gifts of ev'ry kind,
The God of truth wou'd never change his mind.

13 Shou'd all the globe unto the Godhead pray,
The dead-man's dreadful torments to allay,
Their ſupplications wou'd be all in vain———
A drop of water he ſhou'd not obtain.

14 God's ſentence paſs'd, can ne'er be done away.
Where the tree falls, it there muſt ever ſtay.
God ne'er will alter, what he once deſign'd.
He never yet was known to change his mind.

15 God, from his purpoſe, ne'er can be remove'd——
He'll ne'er reverſe the doom, he once approve'd—
Not all the world, was all the world agree'd,
Nor heav'n, nor earth, his ſentence can impede.

16 The time for pray'r is, e'er each mortal dies;
It nought avails him, after his demiſe———
A prayer, after one's deceaſe preferr'd,
Can ne'er prevail, and never ſhall be heard.

17 I therefore ev'ry man on earth adviſe
(If he wou'd be unto ſalvation wiſe)
To pray, whilſt yet alive, if he wou'd fain
Any advantage from his prayers gain.

18 Get thou thy wedding-dreſs, get oil, get light,
Get grace, e'er thou'rt ſurpriz'd by death and night—
When once the day of grace is paſs'd, 'tis plain,
The leaſt requeſt thou canſt not then obtain.

19 All of us ſhou'd, before our death, implore,
With application warm, the' eternal Pow'r———
That is the time, our ſuit ſhou'd be preferr'd,
That is the time, our prayer may be heard.

20 Before we die, and ſhall from hence be gone,
It is that heav'n is either loſt, or won-----
The ſimple ſot, when dead, no profit gains,
Since nought, but judgement, for him then remains.

21 Before

21 Before we die, we muſt reform our hearts,
Whilſt yet 'tis day, we all muſt act our parts,
Our Saviour ſays, that, when it once is night,
No mortal can perform his work aright.

22 Chriſt orders each oppreſſor to agree
With all, with whom he may at variance be,
Whilſt he is yet upon the way, and not
As yet into his Judge's preſence brought:

23 Leſt, hand and foot, in durance ſtrict confin'd,
He be at laſt to penal flames conſign'd:
Becauſe in time he did not juſtice chooſe;
Not all the world from thence can get him looſe.

24 King David knew full well, the time was paſt,
(When once his fav'rite child had breathe'd his laſt)
And that 'twas vain for him to ſhed a tear,
Or importune the Deity with pray'r.

25 It is not therefore right for any one
To pray for any friend, that's dead and gone—
Whom he believes to have been ſent to reſt
In endleſs happineſs, among the bleſt.

26 Nor is there room for any man to pray,
(When from this world he once is gone away)
Whom you believe, as naked here he came,
To have gone naked hence to hell's fierce flame.

27 There are two places only to us known,
For any man, when he from hence is gone,
Or heaven above, or hell's infernal vale:
For purgatory's but an idle tale.

28 There is no need, for any one to pray,
For him, that is allow'd in heav'n to ſtay,
Or ſhou'd he make the infernal lake his home,
He ne'er ſhall have permiſſion thence to come.

29 It therefore was a cuſtom moſt abſurd,
For any prieſt to ſpeak a ſingle word,
In favour of the ſoul that hence is fled,
Only to rob the heedleſs of their bread.

30 The beſt amongſt them will not now admit
Of thoſe impoſtures, or ſuch pray'rs permit,
Or none but cheats, whoſe aim is to impoſe,
And gain alone unto themſelves propoſe.

31 It is a duty, that upon them lies,
When any good and righteous perſon dies,
Due thanks unto the Lord above to give,
In certain hopes that he again ſhall live.

32 But that a prieſt ſhou'd any favour crave
For one that's dead, and burie'd in the grave,
It is a thing forbidden and unfit,
Which no one but a fool will e'er permit.

33 Thus to the queſtion aſk'd, my friend, by you,
I've given a ſolution juſt and true:
May God increaſe your faith, and grant you grace,
Among the ſaints above, to ſhew your face!

Mr. Prichard's Advice to his Son Samuel.

1 FOr heaven's ſake, my Sammy dear!
In mind, till death, thoſe precepts bear:
Chriſt on thy bended knees adore,
When in my ſight thou art no more.

2 Call on thy God, and Saviour dear,
With ardent faith, and heart ſincere,
And, whilſt abroad, inceſſant pray
For his aſſiſtance, night and day.

3 Bend both thy knees, both hands up-riſe,
And fix on Chriſt thy longing eyes,
For his bleſt aid and bleſſing pray,
On all occaſions---when away.

4 So ſhall he ſhield my Sammy ſtill
From ev'ry harm, and ev'ry ill,
And ne'er to want will let him come,
Whilſt he is far from me, and home.

5 To

5 To God, for his aſſiſtance, pray,
That thou may'ſt Chriſt know, and obey,
Whilſt yet thou only art a boy;
Be that, abroad, thy chief employ.

6 Uſe thou thyſelf the God of truth
To fear and worſhip, in thy youth;
So thou, by due degrees, wilt come
To ſerve him, when grown up, at home.

7 With pleaſure to thy ſtudies go,
And be not in thy learning ſlow,
Yet I forbid thee not to play
At times, whilſt thou'rt from me away.

8 When idle, touch the harp's ſweet ſtring,
Or elſe thoſe pſalms, that follow, ſing:
'Twill oft a good amuſement be,
When thou art far from home, and me.

9 Still chirping, like the cricket, keep,
Nor for thy mother fondly weep:
For God, abroad, will unto thee
A father and a mother be.

10 God give thee grace, God bleſs my ſon—
God teach thee in his paths to run——
God be thy guardian, night and day,
Whilſt thou from us art far away.

PART II.

11 Juſt at the dawn of day ariſe,
When firſt the * lav'rock mounts the ſkies,
'Twill bring thee long and laſting health,
'Twill bring thee learning, virtue, wealth.

12 Put on thy clothes, without delay,
Be always neat in thy array,
Be ev'ry button place'd aright,
E'er thou preſume'ſt to come in ſight.

13 Firſt

* An almoſt obſolete word for a *Lark*, and of which *Lark* is very probably a contraction.

13 Firſt waſh thy face, and comb thy hair,
Thy cravat then adjuſt with care,
Let all thy dreſs be clean and tight,
For that is pleaſing to the ſight.

14 When thou art dreſs'd, then go to pray,
Without deception, or delay,
And fall upon thy knees in haſte,
E'er thou a bit, or drop, doſt taſte.

15 When to God's preſence thou doſt bring
Thy prayers—think, that he's a King,
Whoſe courts the very angels tread,
With humble thoughts, and aweful dread.

16 Upon thy knees, my ſon! draw near,
When thou before Him doſt appear——
Nor dare to make the leaſt addreſs,
Which does not a juſt fear expreſs.

17 When once upon thy knees, ne'er riſe,
'Till thou haſt lift to God thine eyes,
Then doubt not any boon to crave,
Which thou doſt really want to have.

18 Tho' God's a king of wond'rous might,
Of ſtrength and honour infinite,
Yet ſtill the ſcriptures plainly ſhow,
That He's a tender Father too.

19 Whatever gift thou doſt deſire,
Or grace, or virtue, aſk thy Sire———
And God, when aſk'd, will freely grant,
Whatever thou doſt truly want.

20 Thy ſuit with equal ardor make
To him, and no refuſal take:
God grants with eaſe each juſt requeſt,
That is with earneſtneſs expreſt.

21 He'll grant his aid, if it's implore'd——
He'll hear, if rightly he's adore'd———
Place then thy truſt in Him, and He
Will keep thee from all danger free.

22 Keep Him, and He'll keep thee, in mind,
And nothing wanting ſhalt thou find:
Whoe'er reſpects Him, He'll reſpect——
Whoe'er rejects Him, He'll reject!

23 Prefer to Him each day thy pray'r,
And He will take of thee ſuch care,
As if He had no other ſon
To mind, or guard, but thee alone.

24 Remember this good caution ſtill,
My *Sammy*, whether well, or ill,
Serve thou thy God, both night and day,
And at fix'd times unto him pray.

25 If in thy youth it be thy uſe,
To ſerve thy God—thou canſt not chuſe
But ſerve him ſtill, when age appears,
And ſilvers o'er thy dropping hairs.

26 God give both ſtrength and grace to thee,
His ſervant, all thy life, to be,
'Till thou, triumphant, at it's end,
Shalt, as Chriſt's heir, the ſkies aſcend.

A PRAYER for Mr. SAMUEL PRICHARD, the Author's Son.

1 O God, by whom all good is given!
Thou Sire of light! thou King of heaven!
Behold, and liſt to my requeſt,
However young, weak, and diſtreſt!

2 Upon my knees I now preſume
Before thy throne, my King! to come—
An humble ſuit, to thee, to make;
Refuſe me not, for Jeſu's ſake:

3 To ask——thou gaveſt me command,
And promiſed'ſt that, at thy hand,
Whate'er I ask'd I ſhou'd obtain:——
I ask———let me not ask in vain!

4 King

4 King Solomon, with knowledge bleſt,
To thee for wiſdom made requeſt,
Thou gaveſt him what he deſire'd,
Nay, more by far than he require'd.

5 The patriarch Jacob on his way,
For food and clothes alone did pray;
Thou gaveſt what He ask'd, and more
By far than he petition'd for.

6 I alſo, my Creator dear!
Upon my bended knees draw near,
And for a boon to thee apply:
For Jeſu's ſake, do not deny!

7 I ask no wealth, nor worldly ſtore——
I ask not pleaſures, pomp, or pow'r——
I only ask thy grace——and might,
To ſerve and worſhip thee aright.

8 Then give me grace and give me pow'r,
That I may thee, while young, adore,
And with true faith and heart ſincere,
May in thy doctrines perſevere!

9 Permit me not in idleneſs
To ſpend my days, or in exceſs,
But cauſe me, in life's earlieſt ſtage,
Lord! in thy ſervice to engage.

10 Open thy treaſures, and impart
Thy grace to me, and teach my heart,
To know thee in my tender years,
Like Daniel, and his young compeers.

11 As Jeremiah, in his youth,
Did worſhip thee, his God, in truth——
Give grace like him, my God! to me,
Whilſt young, in truth to worſhip thee.

12 I offer up myſelf to thee,
Now in my youth, accept of me,
And grant that I, in ev'ry ſtage,
May in thy ſervice ſtill engage.

13 Thou to thy ſervice didſt admit
The prophet Samuel, as yet
A boy, and ſtill ſo very young,
That he cou'd hardly walk along.

14 Admit me alſo, I implore———
That I may thee, whilſt young, adore,
And ſo reveal to me thy will,
That I may rightly it fulfil.

15 Equip me, O my God! aright,
With ev'ry gift that's requiſite,
For one, who chuſes ſtill to be
A conſtant votary to thee.

16 Open my underſtanding's eyes,
And make me in thy knowledge wiſe,
That I the myſteries may know,
Which from the law, and goſpel flow.

17 Now, in my youth, a ſpark impart
Of thy true grace unto my heart,
That it with ardent zeal may flame
For the Almighty's ſacred name.

18 Touch thou, O Lord! my lips and tongue
With that live coal, whilſt I am young,
Which from thy holy altar fell,
That I thy praiſe aloud may tell!

19 Enable me, my gracious Lord!
To learn and ſo digeſt thy word,
That I may comprehend aright
What for my peace is requiſite.

20 To all thy people let me be,
A pattern of true piety,
And let me ever ſpend my days
In things, that tend unto thy praiſe.

21 This is the only ſuit I make,
Do not refuſe, for Jeſu's ſake,
Me grace, my Maker to adore:
'Tis the only boon that I implore!

22 O let me not miſ-ſpend my time
In any ſin, or heinous crime—
But let me ſpend it in ſuch ways,
As tend to manifeſt thy praiſe!

23 Upon my works, thy bleſſing pour,
Increaſe my knowledge ev'ry hour,
Give me true wiſdom to diſcern,
And to remember, what I learn.

24 Let me be guarded by thy eyes———
Let me be ſhielded from ſurprize———
Let thy bleſt Spirit me direct———
And let thy providence protect.

25 All honour be, my King, to thee,
Both night and day!——and grace, to me!
True glory be for ever more
Unto the Lord whom I adore!

Another Piece of Advice unto a Youth.

1 TO cram thy body, ne'er thy ſoul deſtroy——
Nor anger God, to pleaſe the' infernal crew—
To purchaſe earth, ne'er ſell celeſtial joy———
And ſin no more———leſt a worſe thing enſue.

2 Tho' thou, each day, ſhou'dſt heav'n-dropp'd manna [eat,
And glut thy maw with the moſt dainty meat;
What art thou better for ſuch fare at laſt,
If thou in hell muſt keep an endleſs faſt?

3 Though thou ſhou'dſt daily drink the choiceſt wine,
And in rich robes of regal purple ſhine,
Or tread upon the neck of ſome great king;
If Heaven's loſt———what profit can it bring?

4 Though thou didſt own the riches of the eaſt,
And wert of kingdoms; nay, the world poſſeſt;
What wou'd ſuch pomps and vanities avail,
If thou, at laſt, to ſave thy ſoul ſhou'dſt fail?

5 Though

5 Though Venus yielded to thy warm deſires,
And faireſt beauties deign'd to quench thy fires,
What are thy gains, when all is ſaid and done,
When thy poor ſoul is to the Devil gone?

6 Though all the world to flatter thee ſhou'd join,
And buoy thee up in any bad deſign:
It matters not if all the world applaud,
If thou haſt by thy vices ang'red God.

7 'Tis better God, than all the world, obey———
To curb a part, than throw the whole away———
Slightly to toil, than in fierce flames to dwell!
E'en bread and water, Hell's beſt feaſts excel.

8 Serve Chriſt, but with the Devil combat hard,
And thou a crown ſhalt gain for thy reward:
Humble thy fleſh, thy ſoul preſerve with care,
And thou ſhalt in Chriſt's bleſſed banquet ſhare.

Mr. PRICHARD's Complaint of the Town of Landovery (the Author's Pariſh)

And his Advice and Warning to that Place.

1 AH me! Landovery, thou art wanting found,
For God thy ſins has in the balance weigh'd;
In droſs and dregs alone doſt thou abound:
Of thy Creator henceforth be afraid!

2 A heavy rod long ſince prepare'd has been,
To puniſh thee for all thy ſumleſs crimes,
And for thy daily-growing maſs of ſin:
To ſhun the puniſhment, repent betimes!

3 Long, e'er he ſtrikes, the Deity will ſtay,
But heavy will his hoarded vengeance fall;
Thy long arrears and countleſs ſcore he'll pay
In full, with double intereſt, once for all.

4 He

4 He gives thee time to mend each wicked way——
He gives thee frequent warnings, to repent———
Then take his warning———whilſt 'tis yet to-day,
Or thou ſhalt ſoon thy negligence lament.

5 The longer God, out of mere mercy ſtays,
For thee thy ſinful morals to amend;
Still worſe and worſe each day are all thy ways:
But woe, alas! be to thee in the end.

6 When the Almighty puniſhment delays,
And pours no vengeance on Religion's foes,
The more, each day, the treaſur'd vengeance weighs:
The more thy ſins, the heavier his blows.

7 In time, then, of the wrath divine take heed,
Though ſlack to come, yet it will ſurely come——
It's feet are down, but, ah! it's fiſt is lead:
Though ſlow to ſtrike, yet when it ſtrikes, 'tis home.

8 Like Sodom and Gomorrah, thou art grown,
Which never from their odious vices turn'd
(Or like Samariah's ſuperſtitious town)
Until at length to duſt and aſhes burn'd.

9 As bad as Pharaoh's is thy callous heart,
Who was with a caſe-hard'ned conſcience curs'd,
And wou'd not from his vicious ways depart,
'Till he by unexampled plagues was forc'd.

10 My cautions thou ſo often haſt abuſe'd,
(For good advice was not to thee unknown)
That there's no room for thee to be excuſe'd:
Ah, woe is thee, thou poor unhappy Town!

11 E'er the cock crow'd, I roſe each circling day,
Thy rebel paſſions ſtriving to reſtrain,
In hopes to turn thee from each ſinful way;
But it was labour loſt, and all in vain.

12 In heav'n's loud trump I blew a dreadful blaſt,
To ſhew how God pours vengeance on his foes;
Yet ſtill thou ſnoreſt-on unto the laſt,
And nought can break thy perilous repoſe.

13 To

13 To thee the Goſpel I full oft have read,
And all the promiſes therein contain'd,
To wooe thee in it's ſacred paths to tread;
Yet nought I thence, but heart-felt grief have gain'd.

14 I ſtrove, with all the terrors of the law,
And God's dread plagues, to frighten thee from ill—
I ſtrove to rein and curb thy ſtubborn jaw,
But thou art reſtiff, mad, and headſtrong ſtill.

15 I pipe'd to thee, thou didſt not like the ſport—
I wept full ſore, and yet thou didſt not mourn—
Means, (fair and foul) I trie'd of ev'ry ſort,
Yet thou didſt nought but ridicule return.

16 What cou'd I, then, unhappy Town! do more,
Than to the brink of ſome lone ſtream retire,
And tears of blood for thy tranſgreſſions pour,
To ſee thee led to hell's eternal fire?

17 Who wou'd not weep to ſee the wily fiend
Draw thee along, e'en by a ſilken thread,
To that abyſs, whoſe torments know no end,
By the ſweet bait of carnal pleaſure led?

18 Eſau diſpoſed of his birth-right of old,
A meſs of pottage was the paltry price!
Thou, worſe than him, the heav'ns themſelves haſt ſold
For barley-broth—in ſpite of my advice.

19 'Tis this, alas! that cuts me to the heart,
When I thy numberleſs miſdeeds ſurvey——
That I muſt not preſume to take thy part,
Or veil thy crimes, on God's tremendous day:

20 And yet 'tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard, alas!
A father, though by blood and nature move'd,
The fatal ſentence ſhou'd be force'd to paſs
Upon the crimes, e'en of his beſt-belove'd.

21 Yet this *will* be, nay, this *muſt* be the caſe,
If ſoon thy ſinful life thou doſt not mend:
Then, for Chriſt's ſake, theſe overtures embrace,
E'er God his plagues, to puniſh thee, ſhall ſend.

22 A veil of ſack-cloth o'er thy body caſt——
Weep, till thy bed in floods of tears be drown'd,
And neither meat, nor any liquor taſte,
'Till for thy vices thou haſt pardon found.

23 Thy boſom beat—thy hair by handfuls tear——
A-down thy cheeks let tears in torrents run,
And ne'er to own thy heinous crimes forbear——
But cry, "Forgive me, Lord! the ill I've done."

24 Uncleanneſs of all kind, and ev'ry guile,
Deceit, and fornication, caſt away,
Avoid exceſs, and hide thy vices vile;
For God does all thy wickedneſs ſurvey.

25 A dreadful doom hangs o'er thee, ev'ry day,
Suſpended only by a ſlender thread,
And yet thy ſins with one accord aſſay,
To pull it down upon thy guilty head,

26 Beware then---hold thy hand, and ſin no more;
As ſwift as light'ning is the wrath divine:
I give thee all the warning in my pow'r,
If thou refuſeſt it, the fault is thine.

The PASTOR's Complaint.

1 WHat ſorrows in my ſoul, O God! ariſe,
The vaſt perverſeneſs of mankind to ſee?
Shou'd any ſtrive to lead them to the ſkies,
To quenchleſs fires they'd rather madly flee.

2 To bleach the moor, requires no greater art,
Or Jordan's ſtream up Hermon's hill to roll,
Than to perſuade the fool's obdurate heart,
To fear his God, and to preſerve his ſoul.

3 Uſe ev'ry means, though fair or foul they be,
To charm the deaf-ear'd ſnake, you charm in vain:
Prune, as you pleaſe, a rotten-hearted tree,
You neither fruit, nor ſhade, ſhall long obtain.

4 Teach,

4 Teach, ſhew, exhort, conjure the debauchee,
A vicious life he to the laſt will lead:
Try both the law and goſpel, yet from thee
He'll only with a ſneer avert his head.

5 Whether the prophets' terrors you make known,
Or in the' apoſtles milder ſtyle adviſe,
As well you beat your head againſt a ſtone;
He'll only do what's pleaſing in his eyes.

6 My heart with heavineſs is therefore fill'd:
Ah me! that God had not in pity choſe,
To give me charge of beaſts, by nature wild,
Rather than men, worſe than the worſt of thoſe!

7 As, e'en from flow'rs, of ſweeteſt taſte and ſmell,
The ſpider can a deadly poiſon draw:
Some ill the reprobate can full as well
Extract from God's own word, and ſacred law.

8 Since our Redeemer Chriſt ſo kind has been,
As for our ſakes his heart's beſt blood to loſe,
And give it as a ranſom for our ſin;
Many, on that account, to ſin ſtill chuſe.

9 'Cauſe Lot and Noah were for once ſubdue'd
By wine, and Jonah was of old moroſe;
Many their faults with ardor have purſue'd,
Who never one of all their virtues choſe.

10 Each forward youth is apt to ſwear and ban,
Like Peter, when his maſter he diſclaim'd:
But why, alas! can I not ſee the man,
Who is, like Peter, of this vice reclaim'd?

11 Many purſue the track of David cloſe,
When to adultery he plunge'd unwiſe:
But I can't find a ſingle ſoul of thoſe,
Who in his penitence with David vies.

12 I'll quit, ſays one, my darling vices quite,
And end my follies with the preſent year—
But, what ſays Chriſt? "Suppoſe this very night,
The fiends thy ſoul ſhou'd to hell-torments bear!"

13 To-day, we will have ſport, another cries,
To-morrow, we'll our wicked lives amend.
That very night, o'ercome by drink, he dies——
How ſoon, alas! his promis'd pleaſures end?

14 A third indulges theſe fallacious thoughts,
" Suppoſe my faults the higheſt hills tranſcend,
" Yet greater are God's mercies than my faults,
" And he'll forgive me at my latter end."

15 So, becauſe God is found to take delight
His mercy tow'rds the penitent to ſhow———
Moſt ſeem to ſin, as 'twere with all their might,
And will not of his juſtice too allow.

16 Though God in grace and goodneſs does abound,
Though ſlow to puniſh, and of patience great,
Yet, in the ſcriptures this plain truth is found,
That he's with juſtice equally replete.

17 If full of grace, he's full of juſtice too———
If kind to friends, he's cruel to his foes——
If he is mild, he can due vengeance ſhow———
If he is gene'rous, he is likewiſe cloſe.

18 A thouſand talents are to ſome forgiven———
From others he'll the utmoſt mite receive——
To theſe he freely gives the joys of heaven———
But thoſe he will not with one drop relieve.

19 God, to the penitent and faithful, ſtill
His gracious mercies and his truth diſplays;
But, on the ſtubborn, who reſiſt his will,
He the full weight of his diſpleaſure lays.

20 This leſſon and advice, to all, I give——
" The path of ſin's not long with ſafety trod:
" And therefore all ſhou'd ſtudy, whilſt they live,
" To paſs their time here, in the fear of God."

We muſt cleave to CHRIST, without ſuffering any thing to turn us away from him.

1 IF father, if mother, if daughter, if ſon,
If houſes, if lands, if the wife of thy love—
Shou'd ſtrive to pervert thee—by no means be won
Thy faith, and thy zeal towards Chriſt to remove.

2 Let father and mother, let children and wife,
Reprove thee, beſeech thee, lament, ſcold, or grieve,
Leave houſes, leave lands, leave thy food, leave thy life,
Leave all that thou haſt, e'er Chriſt thou doſt leave.

3 Chriſt, father and mother, and brother and friend,
Their rock and their fort, and good fortune, will prove,
Their profit immenſe and vaſt gains in the end,
And all that is dear—unto thoſe who Chriſt love.

4 Without him, of faith food and life, we're bereft—
Rule, reaſon, health, ſtrength, we our own cannot call:
But void of hope, help, and of grace, we are left—
Of knowledge, of virtue, of God, and of all.

5 God 's better than father, or mother, or nurſe——
God 's better than matron, or maiden, or bride——
God 's better than houſes, or lands, or full purſe——
God 's better than ought you can think of beſide.

6 He 's better than all the wide world and it's ſtores—
He 's better than the' earth, with his bleſſings ſo fraught,
He 's better than the' heaven, and all it's great pow'rs,
God 's better, a million times over, than ought.

7 If thou, the Almighty wilt take to thy ſhare,
Good fortune will follow, where-e'er thou ſhalt lead,
And Chriſt and his ſaints will take thee to their care,
The ſkies will receive thee, and Demons will dread.

8 The better part, thou didſt moſt ſenſibly take——
A part, that ſhall ſtill be unchangeably thine,
(When thou as thy choice the Almighty didſt make)
As long as the ſun, moon, and planets ſhall ſhine.

9 For when both the ſun and the moon diſappear,
When all this vaſt globe ſhall be burn'd to a coal,
When ſtars ſhoot from heaven, and many men fear,
Yet fearleſs, e'en then, is the innocent ſoul.

10 Then cheer up thy ſpirits, and rouſe up thy heart—
Keep hold of thy faith to the laſt gaſp of breath—
Thou'ſt choſen, be certain, the bettermoſt part:
Take heed then, nor change thy opinion, till death.

CHRIST is the TREE of LIFE.

1 COME to the Tree of Life, come all,
Come at your kind Redeemer's call,
Enjoy it's fruits---in Chriſt believe——
And you ſhall grace and life receive——

2 It takes away the harſhneſs quite,
The hunger keen, the painful bite,
The rankling wound, the curſe of God,
Which from the fruit forbidden flow'd.

3 O come, and freely of it eat———
From heav'n our Father ſent the treat-----
'Twill make us well--'twill heal each ſore,
Hunger aſſuage, and health reſtore.

4 It's fruits than manna ſweeter are———
It's leaves are healing, large, and fair,
And neither dearth nor death e'er ſhall
The man, who eats thoſe fruits, befall.

5 Chriſt, is the tree---O then draw near!
Life, is the fruit, it's branches bear-------
His words and doctrines, are the leaves,
Whence health each wounded ſoul receives.

6 Come all, that are with woes oppreſt,
Come to your ſole Redemer, Chriſt,
Come, grace, health, comfort, to receive,
Come all to him, that you may live!

7 To

7 To eat it's fruits, come let us hie,
And to our wounds it's leaves apply,
They'll ſlake our thirſt, our health reſtore,
And make us live forevermore.

That Chriſt was typify'd by the Paſchal Lamb.

1 CHriſt is the Paſchal Lamb, our ſacrifice,
Chriſt is the offering, that made our peace,
Chriſt is the ſpotleſs Lamb, by God approve'd,
Which all the ſins of all the world remove'd.

2 Chriſt is the Lamb, that for our ſins was ſlain,
Chriſt for our foul tranſgreſſions ſuffer'd pain,
Chriſt's precious blood, as on the croſs he bled,
For our iniquities was freely ſhed.

3 'Tis hard, 'tis ſad, 'tis terrible to thought,
The Lamb ſhou'd ſuffer for its kindred's fault,
And that the Son of God ſhou'd e'er be ſlain
For our miſdeeds, in agonizing pain.

4 Adam's intemperance our ruin wrought,
But Jeſus ſuffer'd for the Patriarch's fault------
'Tis man, that ſins---but Chriſt himſelf, that dies----
Did ever love to ſuch a height ariſe?

5 Alas! what heart but muſt with pity bleed,
To ſee---Chriſt ſcourge'd for Adam's foul miſdeeds,
The Shepherd, for his flock to danger brought---
The Sove'reign, torture'd for his ſubjects' fault.

6 To ſee, the Maſter ſold, to buy the ſlave-----
The Son condemn'd, his Father's foes to ſave,
The Doctor's ſide transfix'd with pointed ſteel,
That, with his blood he might his patients heal.

CHRIST typify'd by the brazen Serpent.

1 YE, who have felt the ſerpent's venom'd bite,
Come all to Chriſt, the woman's promis'd ſeed,
He'll dreſs the ſore, and pluck the ſting out quite,
He'll bind him faſt, and cauſe his head to bleed.

2 We all have felt ſin's agonizing wound,
It's ſting has to our hearts a paſſage found,
Chriſt only can a proper ſalve apply;
On him, the brazen ſerpent, fix your eye.

3 Look up to Chriſt, who on the croſs once hung,
(As they look'd up, who formerly were ſtung
By fi'ry ſerpents in Zin's pathleſs waſte)
And all your pains will paſs away in haſte.

4 If with a contrite heart, and eye of faith,
We gaze at him, although the ſerpent hath,
With baneful bite, tranſpierc'd each ſinner's heel;
Yet Chriſt, if look'd upon, the wound will heal:

5 But if we come not ſoon to Chriſt, our King,
To ſeek a cure againſt the ſerpent's ſting:
No other leach a proper ſalve can give—
None, but the Son of God can make us live.

A Hymn, or Carol, for CHRISTMAS-DAY.

1 LET ev'ry one, that hears my voice,
And underſtands my words, rejoice;
Let ev'ry one applaud with me
The undivided Trinity.

2 O turn, and tune your hearts aright,
In pſalms and hymns let's all unite
In honour of the Saviour born
To us, on this auſpicious morn!

3 It is upon this happy day
That Chriſtians ſhou'd be blithe and gay,
And ev'ry hour thereof employ
To manifeſt their well-time'd joy.

4 For on this great, this glorious morn,
The Saviour of the world was born:
And, O! how vaſtly bleſs'd are we,
This great and glorious morn to ſee!

5 This is the' important day, that brought
To ev'ry Chriſtian, what he ſought,
This is the day, that gave the blow,
Foretold unto our mortal foe!

6 This is the day, that did retrieve
The happineſs, we loſt through Eve
And Adam's fault, e'er Jeſus came
To ſave our ſouls from death and ſhame.

7 This is the day, that broke the net,
Wherewith we all were once beſet,
This is the day, ſo fraught with woe
To Satan, our deluding foe.

8 This is the bleſt, momentous morn,
Whereon the Son of God was born,
The Woman's ſeed, ordain'd of yore
To over-turn the ſerpent's pow'r.

9 Then let us, with united voice,
Upon this hallow'd day rejoice,
And ne'er diſmiſs the pleaſing thought
Of the ſalvation Jeſus wrought.

10 O, let us ever bear in mind,
And bleſs, his name, who was ſo kind
As unto us, his help to give,
And a whole ſinful world relieve!

11 O, let us celebrate his fame,
And magnify his holy name
Each day and night, and ev'ry hour
We live, unto our utmoſt pow'r!

12 But moſt, on this momentous morn,
Let us exult, when Chriſt was born,
Until our ſong to heav'n rebounds,
And angels catch the pleaſing ſounds !

13 When firſt the cock ſalutes the day,
Ariſe at once, without delay,
That, at it's dawning you may ſing
The praiſes of our Saviour-king ;

14 And when it is no longer dark,
Then in her matins join the lark,
And laud the glorious ſource of light,
Who turn'd to day the gloom of night :

15 Then, with the black-bird on the ſpray,
Continue from the noon of day
Your length'ned lays— 'till in the ſkies
At night the twinkling ſtars ariſe :

16 Then with the nightingale ſing on,
Until the moon and ſtars are gone,
Sing on, ſing on, the live-long night,
Until the gloom has left you quite.

17 From morn to noon, thence to it's end,
Each Chriſtmas-day we thus ſhou'd ſpend,
Still chanting our Redeemer's praiſe
In tuneful hymns, and holy lays.

18 This is the day, when we were bought !
This is the day, the prophets ſought,
When God to man a friend was made !
This is the day that brought us aid !

19 The day——that rais'd us up on high
From hell's abyſs, unto the ſky !
The day, that made each man, a ſon
Of God !——what wonders has it done ?

20 The day, whereon (tho' then we mourn'd)
Our grief was into laughter turn'd !
O, let us ſtill the ſame employ,
To ſhew our gratitude and joy !

21 This

21 This is the great, the' important morn,
Whereon the Lamb of God was born,
Who man's offences only knew
To bleach, though of a ſcarlet hue!

22 This, this, is the auſpicious day,
When we ſhould be alert and gay,
And make the courts of heaven's King
With grateful hallelujahs ring!

23 This day throughout, we ſhould adore,
With ceaſeleſs praiſe the filial Pow'r,
For all the goodneſs He has ſhown——
For all the wonders he has done.

24 O, think what our ſalvation coſt!
Think on the precious blood Chriſt loſt,
When from his ſide the ruſhing gore
Stream'd faſt, think on the pains he bore!

25 As pelicans are, with their blood,
Said to ſuſtain their tender brood;
So his heart's-blood our Saviour gave,
His ſinful brethren's ſouls to ſave!

26 He quitted his celeſtial train,
And, to Judea's happy plain,
Deſcended from the realms on high,
With his own blood mankind to buy.

27 From his high throne in Paradiſe
He flew, and left the lucid skies,
In Mary's womb our form to take,
And ſuffer for his people's ſake.

28 He took upon Him all the woes,
The meaneſt abject undergoes,
And the tremendous puniſhment
Due to our ſins, He underwent.

29 His ſide was wounded by a ſpear,
And he was force'd our crimes to bear—
Yet, by the ſtripes which He endure'd,
Were all our wounds and bruiſes cure'd.

30 For us He alſo bore the loſs
Of his beſt blood upon the croſs——
And unto God, for ever bleſs'd,
He made us friends, from foes profeſs'd.

31 He waſh'd us clean from ev'ry fault—
Our ſouls, he generouſly bought———
And will conduct us to the sky,
However loud our vices cry.

32 O, let us then his praiſe proclaim,
And night and day exalt his fame;
For you muſt be extremely blind,
If you do not ſuch goodneſs mind!

33 O, let us all exalt his fame,
On this great feaſt, which bears his name,
With peace, with piety, with love,
And ev'ry virtue that's above.

34 This feaſt let us entirely ſpend
In true devotion, to it's end,
Nor any worldly thoughts admit;
But keep it holy, as is fit.

35 Let us avoid all foul exceſs,
All rioting and wantonneſs,
And to the church together go;
As ev'ry Chriſtian ought to do.

36 It is not meet the Chriſtian quire
Shou'd roll in ſin, like ſwine in mire,
And this grand feſtival abuſe,
As if they were as bad as Jews.

37 But they ſhou'd paſs this feaſt, throughout,
Fully as ſober and devout,
As children of their Sire above,
In perfect charity and love:

38 And, to the temple, ev'ry day
They conſtantly ſhou'd go, to pray,
Their Saviour's praiſes to proclaim,
And glorify his holy name.

39 He

39 He ne'er at any time demands
Another off'ring at our hands,
But that we all ſhou'd praiſe him, there;
For that is pleaſing to his ear.

40 Then enter to his gates with praiſe,
And in his courts your voices raiſe:
At early morn, and ev'ning late,
Let all their Maker celebrate.

41 With awe unto his temple go;
For it is decent ſo to do:
'Tis right his praiſes to proclaim,
And magnify his holy name.

42 It is a thing, both right and good,
That ev'ry ſerious Chriſtian ſhou'd
Adore his Saviour, night and day,
Who on the croſs to ſave him lay.

43 This is the whole, that at our hands
He as a recompence demands—
'Tis all he now expects above,
For his dire agonies and love.

44 Then let us clap our hands, and give
Him all due honours whilſt we live—
And in his courts his name applaud;
For that is grateful to our God;

45 But let us never dare blaſpheme,
With lips prophane, the Lord ſupreme,
Leſt we ſhou'd be oblig'd to go,
With Judas, to the pit below.

46 Unto the bleſſed Three-in-one,
The Father—Holy Ghoſt—and Son,
Let us our bounden duty pay
Each hour, each moment, of the day.

ADVICE, to ſearch for the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

1 IF any man, or maid, or child, wou'd fain
The life to come, eternal life! attain—
Chriſt let him ſeek with care, if he wou'd live,
And Chriſt to him eternal life ſhall give.

2 Chriſt muſt be ſought for firſt with zealous pains,
For real life in him alone remains—
And 'tis a thing moſt fooliſh and abſurd,
To ſeek for life, unleſs you ſeek the Lord.

3 For thy protector, Jeſus Chriſt elect,
And for thy guide thy conduct to direct:
Eternal life thou then from him may'ſt claim,
And ne'er, thereafter, ſhalt thou loſe the ſame.

4 If for thy guardian thou doſt Chriſt refuſe,
And doſt not Chriſt for thy director chuſe,
No one, with any certainty, can tell
How thou may'ſt ſave thy precious ſoul from hell.

5 All wou'd have Chriſt, when at death's door they lie
To be their Lord and Saviour, e'er they die;
But, whilſt in health, how few, alas! of thoſe
Chriſt for the pattern of their lives propoſe.

6 Be not deceiv'd, thou ſenſual debauchee!
Chriſt will to no one a Redeemer be,
But to the man, who, of his own accord,
Shall take his Saviour for his ſove'reign Lord.

7 He, who the word of God will not obey,
Nor take his ſpirit to direct his way,
Muſt not expect, that he ſhall ever have
The Son of God, his ſinful ſoul to ſave.

8 Let Jeſus Chriſt then thy protector be,
Let him be governor ſupreme o'er thee:
Without him, none (how much ſoe'er they ſtrive!)
Can e'er pretend to ſave their ſouls alive.

9 Though

9 Though thou the world, and all its tinſel pelf
Shou'dſt gain—yet loſing Chriſt, ſhou'dſt loſe thyſelf,
What wou'd the ſad preheminence avail,
If thou, at laſt, to ſave thy ſoul ſhou'dſt fail?

10 Shou'dſt thou but Chriſt, and only Chriſt obtain,
Thou'dſt have enough to make thee well again:
For Chriſt does, in himſelf, contain the whole
That's requiſite, to ſave a ſinner's ſoul.

11 O, that thou cou'dſt but ſee, upon the whole
How needful Chriſt is, to preſerve thy ſoul,
And that, without his help, thou canſt not do
One jot, alas! of all thy task below!

12 It is a thing moſt needful for thy ſoul,
To ſeek for Jeſus to complete the whole
Thou haſt to do on earth—if thou wou'dſt fain
His ſaving mercy for thy ſoul obtain.

13 Not any creature, whether wild or tame—
Not any man, or power, thou canſt name,
Can thy deplorable condition mend;
'Till Chriſt, to better it, ſhall condeſcend.

14 Thou muſt have Chriſt, as God and man conjoin'd,
Two natures perfectly in One combine'd,
To finiſh all the work, thy ſins require,
E'er thou canſt pleaſe thy everlaſting Sire.

15 Thou muſt have Chriſt as Brother and as King,
To work out ev'ry part, and ev'ry thing,
Belonging to the neceſſary deed
Of thy ſalvation—e'er thou canſt ſucceed.

16 Whoever aims his Saviour to poſſeſs,
And comfort ſeeks from him in his diſtreſs,
For Chriſt's reception muſt fit out a home
In his own ſoul—e'er he will deign to come.

17 Prepare thy ſoul, thy ſin-fraught ſoul prepare,
That Chriſt may come, and deign to ſojourn there,
And when he comes, the ſojourner embrace,
That thou from him may'ſt get both Strength and Grace.

18 Thou

18 Thou muſt, O man! for Chriſt make ample room,
E'er he will to thy boſom deign to come——
It muſt with ev'ry Chriſtian grace be dreſt,
E'er he'll vouchſafe to lodge within thy breaſt.

19 Chriſt, and his holy Spirit, ne'er were ſeen,
Where there was ought unſeemly, or unclean:
If any one's ambitious of their ſtay,
He from his breaſt muſt caſt all filth away.

20 Chriſt in a heart impure will never ſtay,
'Till odious ſin is baniſh'd thence away:
Chriſt no impurity can e'er endure:
For his own Spirit is entirely pure.

21 Our God and Dagon ne'er at once cou'd reſt,
Or Chriſt and Belial, in the ſelf-ſame breaſt,
No more than fire and water, ſide by ſide,
In the ſame veſſel can in peace abide.

22 The ſoul, that's full of pride, beyond all doubt,
Can't Chriſt contain, 'till it be empty'd out;
Juſt as the veſſel, that's with filth replete,
Can't milk receive, e'er it be render'd ſweet.

23 All men from ſin muſt utterly depart,
Deteſt it quite, and root it from their heart,
E'er they can any friendſhip have with Chriſt,
And to their breaſts admit the ſacred gueſt.

24 The ſoul muſt clear itſelf from ev'ry ſin,
(That Chriſt with ev'ry grace may enter in)
And ſhun thoſe vices, which it once allow'd,
That Chriſt may with his gifts the manſion crowd.

25 According to the ways of nature, none,
How great ſoe'er their pain, can ſeek the Son,
'Till God ſhall by his grace direct him right,
And draw him unto Chriſt, in nature's ſpite.

26 'Tis God out of his favour and free grace,
That offers Chriſt, to ſave a ſinful race——
It is the goodneſs of our God alone
That gives us Chriſt—elſe we were all undone.

27 There's

27 There's nought in man, that can the Godhead move
To ſhew him ſuch regard—ſuch wondrous love!
But God himſelf, out of his ſpecial grace,
Vouchſafes us Chriſt—to ſave a ruin'd race.
28 The ſtreams of life, which no ceſſation know,
But ſtill with grace, with health, and virtue flow,
God freely offers unto all that thirſt;
But they muſt come unto their Saviour firſt.
29 God calls aloud to all with voice divine,
To eat his manna, and to drink his wine,
And aſks no money for the rich repaſt———
Aſks nought, but that we wou'd to Jeſus haſte.
30 God ne'er forbade a man, within his breaſt,
To entertain his Saviour for his gueſt:
But he forbids him to reject the Lord,
Tho' he were ſtain'd with crimes the moſt abhorr'd.
31 Though God thus kindly offers Chriſt to all,
Yet ſcarce a ſinner will obey the call,
Or come to Chriſt, 'till by reſiſtleſs might,
And ſpecial grace, God drags him to his ſight.
32 No one can come, let him do what he will,
Unto the Son, however great his ſkill,
'Till by the Father of all mercies led
To Chriſt, to be with conſolation fed.
33 The ſheep, that once has ſtraggled from the pen,
Will ne'er return, 'till carrie'd back agen:
Nor will the ſinner to his Lord return,
'Till, like the ſheep, he to the fold is born.
34 No robber, of his own accord will e'er
('Till force'd) before the magiſtrate appear:
Nor will a ſinner, howe'er bad his caſe,
'Till dragg'd, attempt to ſee his Saviour's face.
35 His nature, in his ſins, the wretch detains,
His conſciouſneſs of guilt, his feet reſtrains,
His crimes cry out, that he's his Saviour's foe,
And muſt be damn'd——if he preſumes to go.
36 The eyes of man, God needs muſt open wide,
To ſee how wretchedly his ſoul's ſupply'd———

To ſee it's ſhocking ſtate, it's pains, it's woes,
E'er from his Saviour he will ſeek repoſe.
37 None to the Leach apply, their wounds to heal,
Until their throbs and rankling ſmart they feel:
So on their Saviour, ſinners never wait,
'Till fully conſcious of their fearful ſtate.
38 We muſt our damnable condition ſee,
Our wretched caſe, our native poverty,
And the tremendous ſtate wherein we live,
E'er we the want of Chriſt can well perceive.
39 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, muſt light
A man, to view his miſerable plight,
E'er he, for want of knowledge and of ſenſe,
Can beg of Chriſt, to pardon his offence.
40 Like ſome ſtray'd ſheep, our Father that's above,
Muſt haul each ſinner with the hook of love,
E'er he will come, for comfort, to the Son;
Although, without him, he be quite undone.
41 God muſt to fleſh convert the marble heart,
And make it ſoft, as wax, in ev'ry part;
'Till at it's woeful ſtate it grieves full ſore,
'Twill ne'er attempt a Saviour to adore.
42 The Father muſt diſplay, before thy face,
His mercies, and the riches of his grace,
In giving thee his beſt-beloved Son;
E'er thou canſt venture to approach his throne.
43 The Father, firſt, his goodneſs muſt declare,
That it extends to all, both far and near———
That he with kindneſs each requeſt receives———
That, to the contrite, he remiſſion gives:
44 And, that he calls each vile offender in,
[However big, however black his ſin]
To have a ſhare in all his joys divine:
So he his ſins does totally reſign.
45 God unto thee muſt a commandment give,
"With perfect faith, in Jeſus to believe,"
On pain of his diſpleaſure and reproach;
E'er thou into his preſence canſt approach:

46 And

46 And when thou haſt receiv'd his gracious call,
He muſt entreat and wooe thee after all,
With Chriſt and with Himſelf, to make thy peace;
E'er he will cauſe his burning wrath to ceaſe.
47 Thou muſt be courted with perſuaſions kind,
(So obſtinate, and ſo perverſe thy mind!)
E'er he can thee, e'en by thoſe methods, gain,
His proffer'd peace and pardon to obtain.
48 The rebel by his Sove'reign muſt be preſs'd,
The traitor muſt with mildneſs be addreſs'd,
E'er he will deign to come for a reprieve,
And pardon, for his treaſon, to receive.
49 Though 'tis not fitting he to thee ſhou'd ſue,
Who doſt no ſign of reformation ſhew,
Yet God ſtill wooes, and begs thee to receive
Thy pardon——if thou'lt aſk it, he will give.
50 When thou haſt thus been to repentance woo'd,
God's patience, and forbearance muſt be ſhow'd,
How mildly-merciful he is! how kind,
Unto each liſtleſs, lazy, lingring mind!
51 How ſlow to puniſh thy repeated crimes,
How he forbears with thee a thouſand times,
How long he's known the' impending ſtroke to ſtay,
'Till thou canſt caſt thy filthineſs away.
52 Though God does thus thy ſinful ſoul invite,
Though thus he goads thee on, and gives thee light,
Yet ſtill thou will not quit thy ſins, nor come
To Chriſt, 'till God has prick'd thy conſcience home.
53 Though, by the faithful evidence within,
Thou art detected and convince'd of ſin,
And by it's juſt award condemn'd at laſt,
For thy vile morals and thy vices paſt.
54 Though ſelf-condemn'd and wounded to the heart,
Thou never canſt from thy love'd errors part,
And never ſhalt before the Lord appear,
Until the Holy Spirit drags thee there.
55 God and his Spirit muſt eject each gueſt,
And fiend unclean, that revels in thy breaſt,

And all the ſins, that there triumphant reign,
E'er thou aſſiſtance canſt from Chriſt obtain.
56 The Holy Ghoſt muſt give thee liberty,
And wholly from the Devil's toils ſet free,
And to the Son of God thy footſteps guide,
E'er thou, with him, for ever canſt reſide.
57 Thou muſt from ev'ry fav'rite vice depart,
Thou from all guilt muſt purify thy heart,
And keep thy ſoul from all pollution clear,
E'er thou in Chriſt canſt ever have a ſhare.
58 Corrupt in nature, we are all, alas!
The ſons of wrath, a hell-devoted race!
'Till Chriſt the ſons of wrath ſhall kindly take,
And them the ſons of God and mercy make.
59 So fierce, ſo hot, the wrath of God does rage
Againſt the num'rous vices of the age,
That nought cou'd ever ſtop it's fie'ry flood,
Was it not ſtopp'd by our Redeemer's blood.
60 Not all the waters, pendent in the ſky,
Nor thoſe that, in the ſpatious Severn lie,
Or in the ocean's far more ſpatious flood,
Nor ought can quench it, but our Saviour's blood.
61 We all, alas! are enemies of God's———
We all are with our righteous Judge at odds——
And had been ſtill, had Chriſt not laid the plan
Of peace, of laſting peace, 'twixt God and man.
62 Not man, nor fiend, nor any pow'r above,
Nor ought on earth, can God's fierce wrath remove,
'Till Jeſus Chriſt himſelf (tis truth I teach)
'Twixt God and man make up the fatal breach.
63 Beneath a grievous curſe we lie oppreſs'd,
Becauſe we all have willfully tranſgreſs'd
The law of righteouſneſs, and from it none
Can ſet us free, but Jeſus Chriſt alone.
64 We, one and all of us, are ſlaves to ſin,
To which we, day by day, all tumble in,
And no one living can from it refrain,
'Till he's renew'd by Chriſt, and born again.

65 We

65 We all of us by Satan are ſecure'd,
And in a duſky, dreary gaol immure'd;
'Till Jeſus comes, and ſteals his arms away,
He from his gripe will never quit his prey.
66 We all of us by Satan are ſecure'd,
And cloſely in a diſmal gaol immure'd;
'Till Jeſus ſhall the captiv'd gaoler bind,
None thence a way to 'ſcape ſhall ever find.
67 Shou'd the archangel Michael, and his train,
With the fierce Dragon ever fight again——
He ne'er cou'd conquer him, until the Lamb——
The Lamb of God, to his aſſiſtance came.
68 We are obnoxious all of us to death,
And to the dreadful pains of hell beneath———
And no one ever ſhall from thence get free,
'Till Jeſus Chriſt ſhall gain his liberty.
69 We all of us, before we firſt drew breath,
Were doom'd for guilty Adam's ſins to death,
And muſt from Chriſt get his aſſiſting grace,
E'er one is ſave'd of all the num'rous race.
70 Let him do what he can, no man ſhall e'er
In the celeſtial courts above appear,
'Till he a full and thorough change can boaſt
By Chriſt, by Water, and the Holy Ghoſt:
71 For Chriſt muſt, as it were, new-form the ſoul,
Create anew, and renovate the whole;
E'er carnal man can any happineſs
In the celeſtial realms above poſſeſs.
72 None ever cou'd have over-come the beaſt,
Who cheated Eve, nor low'r'd his ſcaly creſt,
Nor free'd us from hell's deep and dark abode,
Beſides the woman's Seed——the Son of God.
73 None elſe cou'd have inſure'd the joys above,
None cou'd the curſe, which we deſerve'd, remove,
But Jeſus Chriſt who was the ſinleſs ſeed,
From Abraham's loins, erſt promis'd to proceed.
74 No creature, how extraordinary ſoe'er,
Cou'd from the jaws of ſin poor mortals tear,

And place them near their God, the ſaints among,
But Jeſus Chriſt, the Shiloh promis'd long.
75 Moſes led Iſrael, by divine command,
From Pharaoh's court to Canaan's fertile land:
So God, thro' Chriſt, ſhall lead us far away
From Satan's pow'r, unto the realms of day.
76 The brazen ſerpent in a moment cure'd
All, who the fie'ry ſerpent's wounds endure'd:
Chriſt, by his blood, as ſpeedily ſhall heal
All, who the deadly ſhafts of Satan feel.
77 A Lambkin's blood, for their tranſgreſſions ſlain,
From Iſrael's tents Apollyon did reſtrain:
The blood of Jeſus will keep out the fiend
From ev'ry heart, that bears his death in mind.
78 As gallant David the fierce lion brave'd,
And from his paw the tender Lambkin ſave'd:
So Chriſt, our Shepherd, will protect his ſheep,
And from the fangs of Satan ſafely keep.
79 Samſon, whoſe ſtrength nought human cou'd oppoſe,
Slew at his death the chiefeſt of his foes:
So Jeſus, by his ſuff'rings, overthrew
Death, Satan, ſin, and all the' infernal crew.
80 From Chriſt, each has receiv'd his mortal wound,
Though in them ſtill ſome ſigns of life are found;
Yet all the ſalves, in all the world, can't cure
Their heart-felt anguiſh, or their lives aſſure.
81 As nought cou'd do the Syrian Leper good,
Unleſs he bathe'd in Jordan's limpid flood:
So nought can cleanſe man from each inky ſtain,
But the Lamb's blood, that for our ſins was ſlain.
82 As God diſpatch'd a meſſenger of yore,
To reſcue Shadrach from the fire's fierce pow'r:
So he, as the inſpired pages tell,
Sent his own Son, to ſave our ſouls from hell.
83 Jonah, in great anxiety of mind,
In the whale's belly was, three days, confin'd:
So deep in earth, our bleſſed Saviour lay,
For us, until the third revolving day.

84 As

84 As Abraham offer'd up his ſon of yore
On Moriah's top, to the Almighty pow'r;
So did our Saviour offer up his ſoul
To his dread Sire—to ſave his flock from dole.
85 Who plunge'd into Bethesda's pool, was heal'd;
However great his pains—whate'er he ail'd:
Whoe'er ſhall in the blood of Jeſus lave,
A cure for all the wounds of ſin ſhall have.
86 The Pelican relieves her tender brood,
When ſtung by ſome fly ſerpent, with her blood:
So the Lamb's blood relief to all imparts,
Whom ſin has wounded with her deadly darts.
87 The Unicorn can, with his horn, 'tis ſaid,
Thoſe waters heal, where ſnakes have poiſon ſhed:
So Chriſt can, by his blood, thoſe ſouls protect,
On which, the fiend his venom ſhall eject.
88 It therefore is more ſhameful, and more odd,
Shou'd we reject our ſpouſe, the Son of God!
Than if ſome beggar ſhou'd refuſe to wed,
And take a king of England to her bed.
89 No man alive can ſcale the heav'ns on high,
Which far above the lunar regions lie,
Unleſs he does the Patriarch's ladder take,
Jeſus I mean, the bold attempt to make.
90 Cry then for Chriſt, with accents loud and ſad,
'Till thou faſt hold haſt in thy Saviour had;
Then let not all the world, nor all in it,
Make thee the hold, which thou haſt taken, quit.
91 Deſire thou Chriſt, as harts the brooks deſire;
For Chriſt of ev'ry traveller enquire:
Seek him with diligence, 'till you obtain;
But, when obtain'd, ne'er part with him again.
92 E'er thou canſt Jeſus earneſtly deſire,
To ſave thy ſoul from everlaſting fire,
That he has pow'r and grace, thou firſt muſt ſee,
To keep thee ſafe, and buy thy liberty:
93 That Chriſt is gracious, thou muſt needs perceive,
That he is God-and-Man, thou muſt believe——

That he's more mighty, and of greater uſe,
Than ought the whole creation can produce.
94 Thou needs muſt ſee, that Chriſt's beyond compare,
Much better, and more neceſſary far,
Than all the world, and ev'ry tranſient joy,
To ſave thy ſoul from danger and annoy.
95 For not the world, nor all the world contains,
Can keep thy ſoul from hell's tremendous pains;
But Chriſt to heav'n the precious charge can bear,
And from the winged dragon's talons tear.
96 Chriſt, with his precious blood, can blot-out quite
Thy deep-grain'd ſins, and make them lily-white:
Though they like ſcarlet, now at preſent, glow,
Yet he can bleach them, 'till they're white as ſnow.
97 Chriſt can repair, and mould a-new thy ſoul,
Though it ſhou'd be with various vices foul,
And, whilſt thou liveſt on the earth, he can
Make thee in favour grow with God and man.
98 Chriſt can ſupply thy ſinful mind with grace
And ſtrength, on him thy confidence to place——
With learning, virtue, wiſdom, and with worth,
Fully to work thy own ſalvation forth.
99 Chriſt can to thee the' advantages reſtore,
Which thy forefathers loſt ſo long before,
And give thee life, which never ſhall decay
A life, that Satan ne'er can take away.
100 The Son of God can ſave thy wandring ſoul,
Tho' it ſhou'd ſtray, where wolves each ev'ning prowl,
And carry thee in ſafety back again,
On his own ſhoulders, to the faithful train.
101 Not all the ſpatious world, nor all therein,
Can purify thy ſpotted ſoul from ſin,
Or it's loſt native innocence recall;
But, without Chriſt, thou to the pit muſt fall.
102 Collect thy utmoſt pow'rs, thy utmoſt might,
Rely, confide, and lay, on Chriſt, thy weight;
Search for him, love him, and with faith behold,
And keep in him a ſure and ſteddy hold.

103 A Chriſtian muſt be thoroughly inclin'd
To ſeek for Chriſt, with all his heart and mind:
For Chriſt will never a Protector prove
To ſuch as ſtudy not to gain his love.
104 Unleſs one longs, unleſs one thirſts to have
The Son of God, his ſinful ſoul to ſave———
The Deity will ne'er his ſuit regard,
Nor ſuch faint efforts with ſucceſs reward.
105 The Deity, his Son to none will give,
Who are not fully ready to receive
The gift divine, Chriſt muſt with zeal be ſought,
Before he can within their reach be brought.
106 Who wiſh, who long, who pant with ſtrong deſire,
Chriſt and his gracious favour to acquire,
God will to ſuch accord the bleſſing ſoon,
And give them readily the precious boon.
107 God nought expects from any that believe,
But that with ardour they wou'd Chriſt receive:
For he, that ſeeks him with a zeal, like fire,
Shall, without price, obtain his heart's deſire.
108 Before, we Chriſt and his ſweet Grace can gain,
We muſt the certain hold of faith attain:
For, without faith, no man on earth ſhall e'er
Before the Son of God in bliſs appear.
109 No part, no ſhare, no benefit, no gain,
The Chriſtian, more than Pagan, ſhall obtain,
Of all that Jeſus purchaſe'd for our ſakes,
'Till he by faith a full poſſeſſion takes.
110 Faith, is the nobleſt boon thou canſt deſire;
Without it, thou ſhalt never Chriſt acquire:
Tho' thou, in this thy day, each wiſh ſhou'dſt have;
Yet, without faith, thy ſoul thou ne'er cou'dſt ſave:
111 Without it, thou haſt nought with Chriſt to do——
Without it, thy beſt works are mean and low——
Without it, thou to God no joy canſt give———
But, "by his faith, the juſt ſhall ever live."
112 Tho' hills of gold unto thy ſhare ſhou'd fall,
And all the glories of this earthly ball:

When

What wou'd they profit thee, on the dread day,
Shou'd'ſt throw, for want of faith, thy ſoul away?
113 Waſt thou as poor as *Lazarus* of yore;
Without goods, lands, or food, or any ſtore;
Tho' thou nought elſe but faith alone ſhou'dſt have,
By faith alone yet thou thy ſoul ſhou'dſt ſave.
114 Tho' mines of gold cannot our Saviour move,
To ſave a ſingle ſoul he does not love;
Yet faith, though little as the ſmalleſt grain,
Salvation, for its owner, ſhall obtain:
115 Without it, no delight, no comfort, is,
No joy ſincere, nor any perfect bliſs,
In heav'n above, or on the earth below;
Who has not faith, no happineſs can know!
116 Without it, thou, in Chriſt, ſhalt have no room—
Without it, thou, in hell ſhalt have thy doom—
Without it, God himſelf is ne'er well-pleas'd—
Without it, no man heaven e'er appeas'd.
117 No pardon is for ſin to be obtain'd———
No favour from the' Almighty to be gain'd——
No real pleaſure ever did appear———
Unleſs a lively faith was likewiſe there.
118 The rich have need of faith, as well as poor——
The learned ſage, and the illit'rate boor:
Like need of faith the king and beggar have;
Nay, all have need of it, their ſouls to ſave——
119 And all muſt have their Own—their Own alone—
Another's faith cannot for thee atone:
Since no man can be ſave'd—not even one———
But by his own belief and faith alone.
120 'Tis not thy mother's faith, nor yet thy ſire's——
'Tis not the prince, or peer's—that God requires,
And can on thee the grace of God draw down——
Or any other's faith, beſides thy own.
121 The father's faith, to ſave his ſon ſhall fail———
Nor ſhall the ſon's, to ſave the ſire prevail:
Each ſhall be ſaved, by his own faith alone;
No other faith to ſave a ſoul was known!

122 Who

122 Who, with attention, hear his bleſſed words,
To them, the Deity this faith affords:
On none, without the word, he e'er beſtows
The ſacred gift, or any favour ſhows.
123 Hear then the word, and, all it ſays, believe,
And to it's doctrines due attention give:
God will perform the thing which He has ſpoke!
God never yet has any promiſe broke!
124 'Tis not our temper, or our ſire's deſerts—
'Tis not our learning, ſtudy, or our parts—
But 'tis God's ſpirit, through the word poſſeſt,
That gives man faith, and plants it in his breaſt.
125 Seek then the word, the ſpirit ſeek to gain,
And, as for life, for grace cry out amain;
For they, who cry for grace, and hear his word,
To them faith's freely granted by the Lord.
126 'Tis not the word, heard by the ear, that can
Excite true faith within the heart of man;
But 'tis the Spirit, with the word combin'd,
That ſtirs up faith within the human mind.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 MY gracious God! compaſſion's Sire!
Do not rebuke me in thine ire,
Nor let thy dreadful wrath extend
It's terrors to my latter end!
2 O Lord! each keenly-pointed dart
Of thine, has pierc'd my riven heart;
Like ſudden ſtorms thy hand deſcends;
Beneath the ſtroke my body bends.
3 My fleſh is full of pain and woe;
So great, ſo furious was the blow!
No reſt, my broken bones can find—
No peace, my conſcience-wounded mind.
4 My ſumleſs ſins have ſoar'd ſo high
Above my head, they reach the ſky;
The mountain-load I cannot bear,
The puniſhment is too ſevere!

5 No

5 No eaſe my batter'd body knows,
So very weighty are thy blows!
My wounds are of corruption full,
Becauſe I was, ah me! ſo dull.
6 My back thou, like a bow haſt bent----
Juſt to the grave thou haſt me ſent---
So very low I now am found,
That I am proſtrate with the ground.
7 All day I am with grief oppreſt,
And all night long I cannot reſt,
So much my woes and tears abound,
My couch is with the deluge drown'd.
8 Turn then to me, O Lord! thine eye----
See, how I weep---hark how I ſigh!
Behold, how heavy on each part
Thy judgements lie! they whelm my heart.
9 To make my ſorrows overflow,
And fill me with exceſs of woe,
My loins inflame'd intenſely ſmart,
My body's pain'd in ev'ry part.
10 I feeble am, and ſmitten ſore,
For grief of heart I grunt and roar:
So nume'rous my afflictions are,
O God, I'm ready to deſpair!
11 O leſſen thou thy burning rage,
And part of my fierce pain aſſuage,
Nor let my life be quite ſuppreſt;
But grant that I at length may reſt!
12 Thou knoweſt, Lord! what I require,
Thou knoweſt all my heart's deſire:
My thoughts, my fears, my miſery,
Were never hid, my God! from thee.
13 My heart within me hardly beats,
My ſpirits flag, my blood retreats,
My clouded eyes have loſt their light,
And no kind friend appears in ſight.
14 My neighbours and relations fly,
And view me with a diſtant eye;

Of me, as of the plague, afraid,
They give me nor advice, nor aid.
15 All thoſe, that would my ſoul betray,
Place ſnares and pitfalls in my way;
Like a mad dog, they wou'd oppreſs
Thy ſervant, in his dire diſtreſs.
16 Each, then, wou'd fain my life deſtroy,
Each told his tale with ſavage joy,
And each condemn'd me in his mind,
As the moſt vile of human kind.
17 Some did a thouſand ſlanders ſay,
Some mock'd and ſcoff'd me all the day;
Some ſtill mean't nothing but deceit,
My woes and ſorrows were ſo great!
18 But as one deaf I ſtill appear'd,
Who none of all their railing heard,
Or like a mute, I ſtood alone,
And held my peace, and anſwer'd none.
19 I am, like one that cannot hear,
Or like an idiot I appear,
And leave them, as they pleaſe, diſpute,
Nor ſtrive their ſcandals to refute.
20 But thou, O Lord! my cauſe wilt hear,
And to my plaint, I hope, give ear,
And make a due return to thoſe,
Who without reaſon, are my foes.
21 O, let not them, that wou'd deſtroy
Thy ſervant, their heart's wiſh enjoy,
Let them not triumph over me,
When they my vaſt diſtreſſes ſee.
22 Shou'd my foot, e'er ſo little, ſlide,
At the miſhap themſelves they pride,
They laugh aloud at all my woes,
And my infirmities expoſe.
23 To ſuffer miſery and ſcorn,
I, hapleſs wretch! methinks, was born;
My heart is overwhelm'd with pain,
Still in my ſight my woes remain.

24 My

24 My ſins I therefore do confeſs,
And do lament my wickedneſs;
But, Lord! I'm ready to deſpair,
To think how numerous they are.
25 Yet ſtill my adverſaries live,
They daily multiply and thrive,
And they that hated me the moſt,
Are now become a countleſs hoſt.
26 All thoſe that jumble wrong with right,
And good, with evil turns, requite,
Still ſhew themſelves my conſtant foes,
And ſtill their ranc'rous thoughts diſcloſe.
27 Becauſe I ever have purſue'd
The things that honeſt are, and good,
I am the public butt of all,
Who for my virtue ſeek my fall.
28 Then from thy ſight, Lord! do not caſt
Thy ſervant, but, to help him, haſte!
Make him ſtill more and more thy care,
And do not from him wander far.
29 Speed, O my God!—to aid me ſpeed——
To aid me in the time of need!
O, be not from me long away,
My God! my health, my truſt, my ſtay!

Concerning the SABBATH.

1 RIſe with the cock, and clap each flutt'ring wing,
In grateful hymns exultingly rejoice—
Early to God, each Sunday morning, ſing
With glowing heart, and with a tuneful voice.
2 Put on thy beſt, at leaſt a cleanly dreſs,
And ſanctify thyſelf—or don't preſume
Into the temple of the Lord to preſs,
Unleſs prepare'd with decency to come.
3 Then to the temple, innocently gay,
With all thy family around thee, go
Thy homage to the Lord of hoſts to pay;
As all the ſaints of old were wont to do.

4 God

4 God, likes with reverence to be ador'd,
Publicly in his courts, with open gates,
Tho' chiefly on the Sabbath of the Lord:
But all clandeſtine corner-worſhip hates.
5 His whole creation God completed quite,
On the ſixth day, before it yet was eve;
Do thou thy labour end that very night,
If thou doſt in the Chriſtian faith believe.
6 Be ſanctify'd before the ſeventh day,
And cleanſe thy veſſel from each ſinful ſtain,
Waſh thou thyſelf in penitence—obey
Thy God——and ſtrive his heart-felt peace to gain.
7 Before the ſabbath comes, thy ſoul prepare,
And caſt each worldly-minded thought away,
That thou may'ſt do the work of God with care,
And proper holineſs———whilſt yet 'tis day.
8 Leave thou thy ſervants and thy cattle reſt
From all their toil, upon that ſacred day;
Let, then, no anxious cares torment thy breaſt,
No active exerciſe, or wanton play.
9 To ſell proviſions, or to bear a load,
To ſeek amuſements, or elſe idly play,
To work thy trade, or travel on the road,
Are all forbidden on that hallow'd day.
10 Take heed, leſt thou the ſabbath ſhou'dſt prophane,
At morn, at noon, or in the ev'ning grey,
But, e'en at home, as if within his fane,
To God thy unremitted worſhip pay.
11 Greater attention, whilſt thou breatheſt, pay,
Upon each ſabbath, to the work divine,
Than thou wou'dſt give on any other day,
To any worldly care, or taſk of thine.
12 It is a thing as requiſite to ſeek
Upon that day, for manna to ſuſtain
The hungry ſoul———as 'tis throughout the week,
To ſearch for food, thy body to maintain.
13 E'er yet the dawn has ſtreak'd the eaſtern skies,
E'er yet the lark has ſung her morning lay,

Early

Early, upon that ſacred day, ariſe,
That thou may'ſt paſs it in a pious way.
14 'Tis not a day, in liſtleſs ſleep to waſte,
'Tis not a day, to lie a-bed ſupine,
But 'tis a day, by Chriſtians to be paſt,
In ev'ry act and exerciſe divine!
15 'Tis not a day, in ſauntring to be paſt,
In drunkenneſs, or to ſome bad intent,
But 'tis a day, which, long as it does laſt,
Shou'd be in holy works entirely ſpent.
16 A day---which in devotion we ſhou'd ſpend———
A day---to do the buſineſs of the Lord———
A day---we ſhou'd in praye'r and reading end——
A day---whereon our God ſhou'd be ador'd——
17 A day---from ev'ry worldly work to reſt——
A day---to deeds of holineſs aſſign'd——
A day---that is beyond all others bleſt——
And not a day---for idleneſs deſign'd.
18 Though God commands us all to keep that day
Holy---and thinks therein to be obey'd:
Yet leſs attention moſt of us ne'er pay
To any precept, than to that we've paid.
19 Of all the days, throughout the rolling year,
There's not a day we paſs ſo much amiſs---
There's not a day, whereon we all appear
So irreligious, ſo profane, as this!
20 A day, for drunkenneſs---a day, for ſport---
A day, to dance---a day, to lounge away,
A day, for riot and exceſs too ſhort,
Amongſt moſt Welſhmen, is the ſabbath-day.
21 A day, to ſit---a day, in chat to ſpend----
A day, when fighting 'mongſt us moſt prevails——
A day, to do the errands of the fiend———
Such is the ſabbath in moſt parts of Wales!
22 The very day, which we ſhou'd moſt revere,
We, to defile it, ſtill ſeem moſt inclin'd,
To the diſhonour of our Saviour dear,
And to the grief of ev'ry pious mind.

23 From

23 From early morn, unto the eve'ning gray,
Be ſtill on thy religious task intent,
And let no portion of thy Saviour's day
Be, in the Devil's work or worſhip, ſpent.
24 Remember ſtill to keep the ſabbath day,
And keep it holy, with a pious mind;
For he that ſpends it in an idle way,
Will ne'er regard, whatever he's enjoin'd.
25 Whether at church, at home, or if abroad,
Obſerve the ſabbath, thou and all thy race,
And make thy family adore their God
As well at home, as in his holy place.
26 Three ſorts of works, a man may ſafely do
Upon the ſeventh day, and not tranſgreſs———
The work of love—the work we're force'd unto—
And the ſtill pleaſing work of holineſs.
27 The work of holineſs, a man then does,
To hear God's word and his due homage pay,
When, to the temple of the Lord, he goes;
However bad the road, or far the way.
28 The work of love, or charity is ſhow'd,
When man or beaſt 's from certain death reſtrain'd—
When beaſts are fodder'd with ſufficient food,
And when the poor and needy are maintain'd.
29 Thoſe we, as neceſſary works, admit,
Which none could at another time require———
Such as to ſave a beaſt, fall'n to a pit,
A wife in labour, or a houſe on fire.
30 Worſe than bad air, is an aſſociate vile.
Take heed all evil company to ſhun---
'Tis a rank peſt --- 'tis pitch, and will defile
All thoſe --- nay, e'en the beſt, that to it run.

A Prayer for the Church.

1 SUpport, O God! with thy Almighty aid
Thy glorious church, that fair wide-ſpreading vine,
Which thy right hand has in thy vineyard laid
(E'er ſince the birth of time) with art divine.

2 Let not the foreſt-boar the plant unroot———
Let not wild beaſts, for our Redeemer's ſake——
Let not the foe, deſtroy it's cluſter'd fruit,
Nor ſcathe and havock in thy vineyard make.
3 Be thou a wall of fire, by night and day,
This choice plantation cloſely to ſurround———
Still let thine eye the fav'rite ſpot ſurvey,
And thy ſtrong arm defend the ſacred ground.
4 Hide it, as men from harm their eyes wou'd hide,
Feed it, as duely as the careful ſwain
His flock—adorn it gaily, like a bride,
And ſuffer not the foe it's fence to gain.
5 Rebuild it's walls, and ev'ry breach repair———
Watch at each gate, and make each inlet faſt———
Strengthen it's turrets, ev'ry paſſage bar———
Permit no enemy to lay it waſte.
6 Suffer nor Turk, nor Pope, nor Pagan——no!
Nor any Pow'r, thy vineyard to annoy———
But ſtill to all her foes be thou a foe,
And all her adverſaries quite deſtroy.
7 Show'r thou thy bleſſings daily on her head,
'Till her luxuriant branches ſhall extend
From ſea to ſea, and be completely ſpread
O'er all the globe, unto creation's end.
8 O'erthrow the ſerpent's pow'r, and piecemeal tear
His ſable throne, and cruſh his baleful head———
Erect our Saviour's kingdom ev'ry where,
And moſt triumphantly on Satan tread.
9 Slay thou the ſon of falſehood with thy breath,
Who elevates himſelf 'bove all that's good———
And put that old, that ſcarlet-whore, to death,
Who ſlakes her thirſt, ſo oft, with Chriſtian blood.
10 O'er all the world, Lord, let thy Goſpel ride,
That ev'ry realm the bleſſing may receive———
That it may conquer all, both far and wide,
And ev'ry ſoul it's doctrines may believe.
11 Extend, O Lord! thy righteous reign around,
To ev'ry nation, and to ev'ry place——

Mong

'Mong Greeks and Gentiles let thy gifts abound,
And make them all partakers of thy grace.
12 Thy tender mercies to the Jews diſplay——
To them thy righteouſneſs and truth explain——
Take thou their callous unbelief away,
And to thy fold admit them back again.
13 Bleſs ev'ry realm, where Jeſus is ador'd,
And whoſe inhabitants devoutly live,
Preſerve among them thy moſt holy Word,
'Till Chriſt himſelf to Judgement ſhall arrive.

Againſt SWEARING.

1 HIS clothes were rent by each indignant Jew,
When any dare'd Jehovah's name blaſpheme;
But many Chriſtians no emotion ſhew,
When any, now, revile the God ſupreme.
2 By Pharaoh's head, if an Egyptian ſwore,
And falſely ſwore, he certainly was ſlain:
If Chriſtians ſwear by Chriſt's fleſh, wounds, and gore,
His cauſe, there's no avenger to maintain.
3 Jeſus but once was wounded by the Jews,
Pierce'd in the ſide, as on the croſs he lay:
But Chriſtians by their ſhocking oaths abuſe,
And wound their Lord, a thouſand times a-day.
4 Be not at all amaze'd to ſee the Great,
Their lands and ſtately houſes ſell away:
He'll ſoon diſpoſe of his paternal ſeat,
Who, to his God, does not due homage pay.
5 Survey the houſes of the rich, and there
Thou many' a pack of painted cards may'ſt ſee,
And dreadful oaths and imprecations hear:
But ſcarce e'er find one book of piety.
6 This I aver, and as my creed maintain,
That none, with more determin'd accents, ſwear
Among the fiends in agonizing pain,
Than we may often among Chriſtians hear.
7 There are whole families, ne'er mention God,
But when they ſlander, or revile his name,

Nor talk of their bleſt Saviour's precious blood,
But juſt whilſt they are ſwearing by the ſame.
8 The curſe of God, his houſe will never leave,
Who falſely ſwears by God's tremendous name—
But ſhall to ev'ry ſtone and timber cleave,
'Till utter ruin ſhall conſume the ſame.
9 More ſafe it is on powder-caſks to ſtand
Where kitchen chimnies blaze, and ſparks are near,
Than in the neateſt parlour in the land,
With thoſe, who are accuſtom'd much to ſwear.
10 Full nineſcore thouſand, of the' Aſſyrian name,
Were by an Angel ſlaughter'd on the plain,
All in one night—becauſe they dare'd defame
The Lord of Hoſts, and take his name in vain.
11 It was the Deity's command of old
All ſhou'd be ſtone'd, who did his name blaſpheme:
E'en now, he will not ſuch, as guiltleſs hold——
But as determin'd ſinners ever deem.
12 Although the greateſt Judge, that ever was,
Shou'd clear each perju'rer that before him came;
Yet God himſelf will ſentence on them paſs,
Becauſe they vilify'd his holy name.

The Duty of Clergymen.

1 LET holineſs upon thy front appear,
That all the people plainly may obſerve,
By the behaviour thou art wont to bear,
That thou doſt a moſt holy Maſter ſerve.
2 Make thou the bells, that fringe thy robes around,
Where-e'er thou goeſt, make a pleaſing noiſe,
That all may hear the Goſpel's joyous ſound,
And, in the words thou uttereſt, rejoice.
3 Make the pomegranates on thy ſacred dreſs,
Like thoſe of Aaron, ſhed a ſweet perfume———
Make them the fragrance of good works expreſs,
In ev'ry company, where thou ſhalt come.
4 Make thou thy conduct yield a grateful ſmell,
Make thou thy calling ſhine, as bright as day,

Make

Make thou each word, thy lip ſhall utter, tell,
That thou doſt Jeſus Chriſt alone obey.
5 Thou, by thy calling, art a man of God,
And to thy Saviour's ſervice doſt belong:
That a King's ſervant ſhou'd appear abroad,
Like common menials, is abſurdly wrong.
6 Thou art a herald from the King of heaven,
To teach his will unto the world, employ'd;
Let not a word, that to thy charge was given,
Through thy neglect, become unheard, and void.
7 Thou art a Shepherd, call'd the flock to keep,
Which Jeſus, with his precious blood, did buy;
Then ſtarve not, through neglect, a ſingle ſheep,
Leſt on thy head it's blood ſhou'd heavy lie.
8 Righteouſneſs, with the ſacred Urim, bear———
Bear knowledge, with the Thummim, on thy breaſt,
Deep in thy boſom, both thoſe virtues wear:
It is the duty of each worthy Prieſt.
9 When once thy hand is put unto the plough,
Follow thy calling, and drive boldly on——
Nor, like a dog, back to thy vomit go:
The crown, by perſeverance, muſt be won.
10 Becauſe he, in the day of battle, fled,
Ephraim was long among the tribes diſgrac'd;
So, from thy duty ſhou'dſt thou now be led,
Worſe will thy end be, than thy life-time paſs'd.
11 Like James and Peter, to thy Saviour cleave,
Quitting thy bark, e'er thou'rt of life bereft;
The votaries of Chriſt this world muſt leave,
As Levi the receipt of cuſtom left.
12 This world, and all it's wealth, renounce with ſcorn,
Since for thy life thou ſtarteſt on the courſe:
A load of earth, by either of them bor'n,
Will tire the ſtrongeſt man, or fleeteſt horſe.
13 Each cumb'ring paſſion and affection baſe,
With ev'ry ſin that on thy conſcience lies,
Fling-off, and ſtrive in the celeſtial race
By patience to obtain the glorious prize.

14 Feed thou the flock of Chriſt with care and zeal,
Not like a preſs'd, or mercenary ſlave——
And then—when he his glory ſhall reveal—
Thou ſhalt a crown, and envy'd honours have.
15 Woe to the Paſtor! who does nothing ſay,
Nor ſpreads the Chriſtian doctrines—at his hands
The blood of thouſands ſhall be ſought that day,
When he, at God's tribunal, trembling ſtands.
16 Three ſev'ral ways, thou ſhou'dſt Chriſt's lambkins feed,
And keep them from the fatal fiend, deſpair,
1. By the pure Goſpel, whenſoe'er they need——
2. By good example, and 3. by ardent pray'r.
17 Better than angels, are all Prieſts of worth,
The bad, are worſe than the infernal hoſt----
The good, to realms of light will lead us forth----
The bad, will let us all be wholly loſt.
18 Dreſs thou thy vineyard, 'twill large cluſters give---
Sow thou thy land, green blades will clothe the field,
Feed well thy flock, and it amain will thrive---
Inſtruct thy Pariſh---it will virtue yield.
19 Your flocks, ye Paſtors! with good precepts teach,
And into Canaan, through the deſert, lead:
In vain ſhall Doctors wholeſome doctrines preach,
Unleſs their lives and language be agreed.
20 Be gentle to your tender flocks---but raiſe,
Whene'er the wolves approach, a'larming cry:
The flocks, by gentle language cheer'd, will graze--
The wolves, diſcourage'd by your ſhouts, will fly.
21 Indulge the ſportive lambkins with the teat,
But check the rams' perverſeneſs with the crook---
Be mild unto the guileleſs folk, but treat
With ſternneſs thoſe that won't good doctrine brook.
22 Still in your hands your proper weapons weild,
As erſt the Jews, when Sion's walls they rear'd,
A trowel---the grand edifice to build------
A ſword, your people from their foes to guard.
23 Let each of you, his charge with manna feed,
And to the verdant paſtures often call:

Shou'd

Shou'd any of them chance to die for need,
Their blood ſhall on the heedleſs ſhepherd fall.
24 Drive home each ſtraggler, at the cloſe of day,
And fold, at night, the bleating pris'ners all——
Permit not one, to lag behind, or ſtray:
God each bad ſhepherd to account will call!
25 You are the lamps, ſhou'd make the church of God,
And all your congregations, ſhine full bright——
O, let your lives, like torches, blaze abroad,
That men may walk in the refulgent light!
26 The lamp, it's oil and wick does freely ſpend,
To light each true believer with it's rays:
Do you your lives in that employment end,
That your pariſhioners may ſee the blaze.
27 You are the ſalt, to ſeaſon ev'ry ſoul,
And to preſerve them, from corruption, ſweet——
Then ſeaſon all, who in their vices roll,
Leſt Chriſt ſhou'd trample you beneath his feet.
28 It is a ſhocking ſight to ſee a ſheep
Mangled within the wolf's blood-reeking jaws,
But one far worſe to ſee a ſinner weep,
(Thro' lack of knowledge) in the devil's paws.
29 'Tis bad, to ſee a field of ripen'd grain
Unreap'd, for want of hands ſufficient, lie:
But worſe, to ſee men's ſouls untaught remain,
For want of paſtors, and by thouſands die.
30 'Tis ſad, to ſee a child upon the coals
(Only for want of due aſſiſtance) fry!———
But worſe in hell, to ſee unnumber'd ſouls;
Becauſe no Prieſt did timely aid ſupply.
31 Themſelves, into a pool, to ſee men throw,
(For want of good advice) is very ſad!
But worſe, alas! to ſee a million go
To hell—becauſe they no inſtruction had.
32 The herald of the morn firſt claps his wings,
And wakes himſelf, before he wakes each ſpouſe;
So ought the herald of the King of kings,
To rouſe himſelf, e'er he his flock does rouſe.

33 As Aaron's rod, leaves, flow'rs, and almonds bore;
(To ſhew how much he was preferr'd by God)
But neither leaf, nor fruit, nor blooming flow'r,
Did once appear on any other rod.

34 So ought the Clergy, each in his degree,
With ev'ry virtue largely to abound,
Although the reſt, whate'er their callings be,
Shou'd, without virtue, all their lives be found.

35 How can the blind, with ſafety lead the blind?
How can the dumb, at the grim wolf e'er growl?
How can the barren, any milk e'er find,
To nurſe a child, or feed a famiſh'd ſoul?

36 The dog's worth nothing——that is ſtill aſleep—
And the bad ſervant——that is idle ſtill———
And the ſpoil'd ſalt——that can't it's ſavour keep,
And the vile ſhepherd——who his ſheep does kill.

37 A horſe, may a good ſtallion prove, when blind—
A fallen roof, may to the fire be thrown———
Some uſe, one for a broken pot may find———
But nought can, with an idle prieſt, be done.

38 Who'll put the blind, to guide thoſe without eyes?
Who'll put the mute, to chide the wolf away?
Who'll put a fool, the fooliſh to adviſe?
Who'll put a dunce, to ſhare an army's pay?

39 The ſightleſs, on a tow'r—the foe to ſee———
The ſtupid—to inſtruct a ſtupid race——
The' unſkillful ſteerſman, to the helm, at ſea,
By man are place'd—God ſuch did never place.

40 If thou art learn'd—the' unlearn'd inſtruct with care,
If a good ſhepherd—guide thy flock with ſkill——
If a wiſe ſteward—give to each his ſhare,
If a true Chriſtian, do thy Maſter's will.

41 If thou'rt a faithful dog, the thief oppoſe——
If thou'rt an angler—labour men to catch,
If thou'rt a watchman, guard againſt thy foes,
And tell, in time, what happens in thy watch.

42 Where no ſeed's caſt, nought thence can e'er be mown,
And where no trumpets ſound, no armies move,

From

From ſheep unfed, no profit e'er was known,
Where no one's taught, none ever can improve.
43 If thou'rt a vine-dreſſer, thy vineyard till,
And from the plants prune ev'ry uſeleſs ſhoot,
Their roots, their trunks, their branches, dreſs with ſkill,
Leſt they ſhou'd all be fell'd, for want of fruit.
44 If any love, O Peter! warms thy breaſt
For Chriſt, thy Saviour, and ſincereſt friend,
Let it be to his tender flock expreſt,
Feed well his lambs, and them from wolves defend.
45 Let not his ſheep in the wild deſert ſtray,
Let not the foreſt beaſts his younglings kill,
Let not diſeaſes on their bodies prey,
For want of proper phyſic, care, and ſkill.
46 Ye paſtors all, whatever your degree,
Shine, like the ſtars upon a froſty night,
But be not like the moon, whoſe orb we ſee
Yeild, when o'erſpread with ſpots, a fainter light.
47 Make your voice ring, throughout the church, aloud,
So angels praiſe the Lord in paradiſe!
Make yourſelves known above the vulgar crowd,
And ſhine, like ſtars, when they illume the ſkies.
48 Happy the Prieſt, who in his pulpit dies,
As he the Goſpel to his flock diſplays,
Or in the temple, on his bended knees,
As for the people he devoutly prays.
49 The cloudy pillar, let each Paſtor be,
Or that of fire----the narrow path to ſhow,
How all (from their Egyptian bondage free)
May to the heav'nly Canaan ſafely go.
50 O! with what conſcience can a ſhepherd ſhear
The flock, he never fed? nor be aſhame'd
To eat the off'ring without any fear,
Though, againſt vice, he never has exclaim'd!
51 Ah me! how many a moan, and piteous plaint,
Shall thouſands make when they to doom are brought,
Who now, for lack of good inſtruction, faint,
Soul-ſtarve'd, and ruin'd thro' their Paſtor's fault?

Concerning

Concerning the Divine Providence.

1 GOD ne'er any good from thoſe
With-holds, who fear Him here below:
On them He grace and fame beſtows,
Nor loſs, nor croſs they e'er ſhall know.
2 Throw thou on him thy troubles all,
And He will thee with plenty feed;
He will not leave the righteous fall,
Nor ever ſuffer them to need.
3 God ſays (of that advantage make!),
"Open thy mouth, I will thee feed:"
Pains in ſome honeſt calling take,
And all thy labours ſhall ſucceed.
4 Though lions, and each brute beſide,
Are oft diſtreſs'd for want of food;
Yet they, who in their God confide,
Shall never want for ought that's good.
5 God gives the very abjects food;
Supplies the Turk, and Pagan's need,
His very foes He fills with good,
And ſhall He not his ſervants feed?
6 At too much riches never aim,
But be content with what is thine:
God never will thoſe folks diſclaim,
Who duely keep his laws divine.
7 Implore God's help in ev'ry ill,
He is the Giver of all good:
But ſhou'dſt thou truſt thy net and skill,
Thou'dſt loſe the fiſh, that by thee ſtood.
8 Full many a man ſtill lives in need,
Becauſe on God he ne'er rely'd———
Full many a one ſtill begs his bread,
Who did in his own ſtrength confide.
9 Since God is always to them kind,
Why do they die for want of aid,
But 'cauſe they on their ſtrength reclin'd,
And ne'er for his aſſiſtance pray'd?

10 God

10 God never knows the leaſt repoſe,
But for his ſervants ſtill prepares;
Whilſt at our eaſe we ſweetly doze,
He daily for his houſehold cares.
11 Say, can a mother e'er forget
Her charge, and ſucking babe neglect?
But ſhou'd it be neglected——yet
God will his ſervants recollect.
12 E'er thou ſhalt woe or want behold,
(If thou doſt truly God obey)
He'll tell a fiſh to fetch thee gold,
Thy juſt expences to defray.
13 Though, like the widow's meal, thy ſtore
Shou'd be but ſmall——yet in a trice
(If thou doſt ſtrictly God adore)
He'll make that little ſtore ſuffice.
14 Do not on thy own arm rely,
Thy ſtrength or thy ſuperior skill,
But on thy friend, the Lord moſt high!
If thou woud'ſt be preſerv'd from ill.
15 God feeds the warblers of the wood,
And clothes the lilies of the plain;
God gives to all things living food,
And will he not his ſons ſuſtain?
16 The ravens neither ſow nor reap,
They have no barns to houſe their ſeed;
Yet God does e'en the ravens keep,
And them, through ev'ry ſeaſon, feed.
17 Obſerve the lily, and the roſe,
To toil and ſpin they ne'er were known,
Yet God indulges them with clothes,
More gay, than monarch e'er put on.
18 On God, each living creature's eyes
Are fix'd—He, with a parent's care,
The wants of all the world ſupplies,
And gives to each it's proper ſhare.
19 He opes his bounteous hand full wide,
And feeds each animal that lives,

And ne'er leaves any unſupply'd,
But to them all due meaſure gives.
20 He to the lion's whelps gives food—
To each fierce rambler of the wild——
To the black raven's gloſſy brood—
And ſhall He not to ev'ry child?
21 Thou doſt not drop a ſingle hair,
Without a Providence divine—
No ſparrow tumbles from the air—
Nought haps, which God did not deſign.
22 Already has God's Providence
To thee, breath, being, ſtrength allow'd—
Health, knowledge, reaſon, memo'ry, ſenſe:
Will he not, think'ſt thou, give thee food?
23 Two ſparrows, as they are ſo ſmall,
Are purchaſe'd for a ſingle mite;
Tho' little, yet God feeds them all:
Art thou leſs precious in his ſight?
24 Though God, for all his creatures here,
With a moſt lib'ral hand provides;
Yet is the ſoul of man more dear
To Him, than all His works beſides.
25 On God, thy cares and troubles lay—
For thee, He always is in pain:
If Chriſt thou truly doſt obey,
A ſure reward thou ſhalt obtain.

Concerning PURGATORY.

1 THere's nought in nature that can purge a ſoul,
But the Lamb's blood, which for our ſins was ſlain;
It cleanſes ev'ry vice and habit foul,
And purifies the conſcience from each ſtain.
2 Two roads there are, wherein all men muſt go;
To ruin, one—to life, the other leads—
A third, no man can from the goſpels ſhow,
Which he that goes to purgatory treads.
3 Two places only, in the world unknown,
Thoſe books point out for all men, when they die,
Heaven

Heaven and Hell---nor can a third be ſhown :
For Purgatory 's but a Popiſh lie.
4 Two ſorts alone of men, on earth, are known,
The unbelievers, and the faithful train---
The former to perdition, ſhall be thrown;
The latter ſhall in endleſs bliſs remain.
5 Fire can torment, 'tis true, and hurt a man ———
Fire can all earthly ſubſtances devour——
But neither fire, nor ought created, can
Make pure one ſoul, beſides our Saviour's gore.
6 Fire may the gold from all it's droſs refine,
Fire may conſume chaff, ſtraw, or logs of wood,
But neither fire, nor ought thou canſt divine,
Can purify thy ſoul, beſides Chriſt's blood.
7 The man that does not go to paradiſe,
Where our Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt remains,
Shall down, to hell, be hurry'd, when he dies,
With Satan, there to ſuffer ceaſeleſs pains.
8 The man, that does not, at departing, fly
Like happy Lazarus, to Abraham's breaſt,
Muſt ſoon to hell's infernal furnace hie,
Like Dives, by the fiend to be diſtreſt.
9 This Purgatory is not in the sky,
Nor in the earth, nor is it in the ſea,
Nor does it in the nether regions lie,
Where then can this ſame Purgatory be?
10 Since ſome aſſert, that in the roaring main,
Some, in the earth---and ſome, in hell below,
Others, that it in Etna lies, maintain :
Which of them all, muſt I give credit to?
11 That, 'tis the' angelic hoſt, ſome papiſts ſay,
Others affirm, 'tis hell's old fable train,
Puniſhes thoſe, who there are doom'd to ſtay;
Whilſt others know not what they ſhall maintain :
12 Some ſay, that they ſhall be in water boil'd,
Others, that they in penal fire ſhall fry :
Since they can't tell, who ſhall be ſod, who broil'd,
We may conclude the whole to be a lie.

13 Small

13 Small venial ſins alone, as ſome maintain,
Before the Purgatorial court appear,
Others believe it, full as ſtrong and plain,
That deadly ſins are only puniſh'd, there.
14 Some, thoſe tremendous pains muſt undergo
'Till doom'ſday, as it is by many ſaid---
Some, for a thouſand years to come, or ſo---
Some, 'till an off'ring, for their ſins be paid.
15 But when this off'ring on th' altar's place'd,
Each prieſt, or prelate, can a pardon have,
Or elſe the Pope, with Peter's powers grace'd,
Can, whom he will, from Purgatory ſave.
16 The money'd churl ſhall ſoon be looſed from thence,
Entirely free from purgatorial pain;
Whilſt the poor wretch, who has no ſtock of pence,
Shall long (what care ſuch paſtors?) there remain.
17 If Purgatory make the ſinner pure,
For what was our Redeemer's paſſion good?
Why did He pains ineffable endure?
Why did He offer up his precious blood?
18 If it be that, which waſhes ſin away,
And all our filth---what do the ſcriptures mean,
When they ſo oft, and ſo expreſsly, ſay,
That 'tis the blood of Chriſt, which makes us clean?
19 In vain did Chriſt pour out his precious blood,
(His death and ſufferings all entirely loſt)
That we might waſh in that all-cleanſing flood;
If Purgatory ſuch effects can boaſt.
20 O, let me waſh my filthineſs away,
And bleach my ſoul in Chriſt's abſtergent gore!
Then let the Pope in Purgatory key
My ſoul: I value not his papal pow'r.
21 The bloody tenets, that the Papiſts hold,
The Chriſtian blood that they ſo often ſpill,
Shew me, they are not of Chriſt's peaceful fold,
But wolves that take delight his ſheep to kill.

Concerning

Concerning Perſeverance in a State of Grace.

1 NOne e'er his Maker's matchleſs might withſtood,
He's ever ſtedfaſt, and ſupremely good,
He will fulfil, whate'er he did propoſe,
And none, whom he has choſen, will he loſe.
2 It is impoſſible, he ſhou'd neglect
A ſingle ſoul amongſt his own elect:
Although the world, the fleſh, and fiend ſhou'd join,
They cou'd not one of all his flock purloin.
3 God is with wondrous faithfulneſs replete,
Whate'er he once deſign'd, he will complete:
Our ſouls and bodies he will ſpotleſs keep,
'Till Chriſt ſhall come, and drive to heav'n his ſheep.
4 God choſe his ſaints, before their birth of old,
And in the Book of Life their names enroll'd:
Nor can the fiend, on any ſly pretence,
Eraze the name of any one from thence.
5 Whom God elected long before the fall,
Them will he, at a proper ſeaſon, call,
They from their ſins ſhall be entirely free'd,
And them, he'll to celeſtial glories lead.
6 A ſure foundation (as St. Paul has ſaid)
Our gracious God for his elect has laid:
He knows full well all them, whom he e'er choſe,
And will not one of all the number loſe.
7 O, little flock, ſay, why art thou afraid?
E'er the foundations of the world were laid,
Thy bounteous God to thee, for Jeſu's ſake,
A kingdom gave, which none can from thee take.
8 The Lord his fear, (to ev'ry faithful heart
In his own flock) has promis'd to impart———
To which, if it does not at all times cleave,
Yet it the ſame ſhall ne'er entirely leave.
9 Our heav'nly Sire has ſet his ſeal on thoſe,
Whom he, through Jeſu's mediation, choſe,
And, as an earneſt, with the Holy Ghoſt
Has fill'd their hearts, that none of them be loſt.

10 Eternal

10 Eternal life our bleſſed Saviour gives
To ev'ry one, that faithfully believes,
Nor can a ſingle ſoul of them be loſt,
Since they have Jeſus and the Holy Ghoſt.
11 The' Omnipotent preſerves his children all,
Leſt they into atrocious ſins ſhould fall,
And plenteouſly, through faith, on them beſtows
Salvation, and in heave'n a bleſt repoſe.
12 God, will preſerve them from a ſhameful fall——
God, from tranſgreſſion will reſtrain them all——
God, will protect them, with a parent's care,
'Till they to his tribunal ſummon'd are.
13 The ſons of Jacob were not ſave'd of old
Becauſe they never change'd; but we are told,
That they were ſave'd, on this account alone,
Becauſe their God to change was never known.
14 A man can't be of his ſalvation ſure,
Becauſe he is, in his own mind, ſecure,
But from the promis'd covenant of heaven,
Whereby his ſins, through Chriſt, are all forgiven.
15 Though Peter his Redeemer once diſown'd,
Though David fell, e'en to the very ground,
Yet, afterwards, the Lord his ſpirit ſent,
And cauſe'd them both ſincerely to repent.
16 Although the ſons of God do oft tranſgreſs,
And, through temptation, fall to ſome exceſs,
Their fall is, notwithſtanding, ne'er ſo great,
But they can ſtand again upon their feet.
17 Though Peter's tongue his Maſter's did diſown,
For fear of being to a priſon thrown,
His heart no treachery at all deſign'd,
But to his Lord was ever well-inclin'd.
18 Though ſin ſhou'd chance to ſteal on the elect,
And all the ſaints, at times, their God neglect;
Yet none of them e'er rove ſo far aſtray,
But that, though loſt, they can regain the way.
19 Shou'd it e'er chance that God's elected Son
Shou'd err, the holy Spirit ſpurs him on,

By

By true contrition, to amend his ways;
Nor can he reſt, 'till he the call obeys.
If God once chooſes thee for his elect,
He never will again his choice reject:
No change can e'er affect the God above;
Whom He once love'd, He will for ever love.

That a WOMAN ought to ſuckle her CHILD, unleſs ſhe be weak and ſickly.

1 WIth milk from thy own breaſts thy children nurſe,
And be not than the female dragon worſe;
For ev'ry animal, e'en rave'nous beaſts,
Suckle their young, if they have any breaſts.
2 God form'd the teats, the tender young to rear,
As He prepare'd the womb it's load to bear;
The paps that give no ſuck are nothing more
Than the ſeal'd womb, which never children bore.
3 If thou haſt milk ſufficient, when a nurſe;
With-hold it not, leſt it ſhou'd prove a curſe:
Sarah was ninety years of age, when firſt,
A joyful mother! ſhe her Iſaac nurſt.
4 If, for this purpoſe, God thy milk prepar'd,
Why ſhou'd thy babe be of it's due debar'd?
'Tis hard, that thou ſhou'dſt rob thy girl, or boy,
Of that which nature meant it ſhou'd enjoy!

ADVICE to a WOMAN, not to grieve too much for the Death of her Child.

1 O! Martha, Martha, ceaſe thy plaintive moan—
Take comfort—check thy over frequent ſighs
For thy dear babe—whom God in mercy ſoon
Took from this vale of tears to paradiſe.
2 This pungent grief, my ſiſter dear, reſtrain,
And to lament thy darling infant ceaſe,
Whom God ſnatch'd hence, from agonizing pain,
To live with Chriſt in everlaſting peace:

3 A meſſenger was ſent by God, in love,
To fetch him from amidſt the vicious throng,
And bear him to the glorious realms above,
To chant forth hymns, the bleſſed ſaints among.
4 The very angels who convey'd of yore
The ſoul of Lazarus, to Abraham's breaſt,
Above the skies thy little infant bore
In their own arms, in endleſs joys to reſt.
5 God took him to Himſelf, with meaning kind,
E'er ſin had time his morals to defile,
Or evil converſe cou'd corrupt his mind,
Or hurt his fame, by ſlanders dark and vile.
6 But now, nor ſeeming friend, nor open foe,
Nor ſlanderous reports, nor wanton jeſts,
Can any harm to thy dear infant do,
Since he with Chriſt, in peace and ſafety reſts---
7 With Chriſt he reſts, from ev'ry ſenſe of pain,
From ev'ry miſery, exempted quite---
With Chriſt, the Lamb, and his celeſtial train,
He ſings the praiſes of the Sire of light.
8 Take comfort then, thy ſpirits elevate
Above the tumults of this earthly ſphere:
Didſt thou but ſee, in what ſurprizing ſtate,
He ſits with Chriſt, thou wou'dſt not ſhed a tear.
9 Look up, and ſee thy child with rapture'd eyes,
Rank'd by his Saviour with the virgin train,
Who were long ſince admitted to the skies,
Becauſe they kept their bodies free from ſtain!
10 Behold the linen robes, ſo dazzling white,
The gift of Chriſt! which thy ſweet infant wears,
E'er ſince he enter'd to the realms of light;
Not more refulgent the bright ſun appears!
11 See there the gorgeous crown of burniſh'd gold,
Which Chriſt upon thy infant's head has place'd!
The ſons of light in all their pomp behold,
And thy own babe with regal honours grace'd!
12 Behold him with the choir of angels vie,
Who paradiſe with countleſs numbers throng!

See,

See, where his chair of ſtate is rear'd on high,
And liſten to his ſweetly-vary'd ſong!
13 See, with his hands he ſweeps the golden lyre,
And beats forth muſic from it's trembling ſtrings,
To which the praiſes of the' eternal Sire,
And of the Lamb, with tuneful voice he ſings!
14 Liſt to the ſweet Hoſannah's which he ſings,
(How, holy, holy, holy, loud he cries!)
And Halelujah's to the King of Kings,
E'er ſince he firſt was taken to the skies!
15 Behold the manna, and the fruitage ſweet,
Which he among the ſaints of God enjoys!
Without allowance, or reſtraint, they eat,
And yet the plenteous banquet never cloys!
16 Behold the fount, whence living waters flow,
Where he his thirſt may at his pleaſure ſlake!
Who taſtes them once, no thirſt again ſhall know,
Nor ever need a ſecond draught to take!
17 See there the city, where he does reſide,
Whoſe ſpatious ſtreets are pave'd with glitt'ring gold,
And all whoſe walls are face'd on either ſide
With precious ſtones, amazing to behold!
18 Look up, and ſee, who his companions are!
Who but the ſaints, and the angelic train?
For Devil, or for man, they need not care——
Do all they can—they cannot give them pain.
19 The only labour, he applies him to,
Is the great ſabbath to obſerve aright,
Among the ſaints——with nothing elſe to do,
But ever to applaud the Source of light.
20 Behold, no ſorrow, laſſitude, or pain,
No hunger, thirſt, diſeaſe, or darkneſs, there——
But endleſs joys and happineſs, remain,
Where thy ſweet babe does now in bliſs appear!
21 Why then lamenteſt thou, my ſiſter, ſo?
Why ſtream the tears forth from thy blood-ſhot eyes
For him, whom God took from this vale of woe,
And place'd in ceaſeleſs bliſs above the skies?

22 Why doſt thou weep, ſo bitterly, to ſee
Thy Saviour ſnatch him from the dire diſtreſs,
That mortals, here, o'erwhelms—to ſet him free,
Among the bleſs'd, in endleſs happineſs ?
23 Why doſt thou weep ? whereas the righteous Sire
Invites him to receive a glorious crown,
And pompous honours, in his ſacred quire,
Though he was not as yet to manhood grown !
24 God takes the pious and the juſt in haſte,
With all his fav'rites, to their heav'nly home,
E'er they ſhall any of the ſorrows taſte,
Which on the ſinful certainly ſhall come.
25 God takes unto himſelf thoſe He loves beſt,
And often makes them leave the world, abrupt,
Leſt they ſhou'd through injuſtice be oppreſt,
Or wicked men their morals ſhou'd corrupt.
26 Abel, though guiltleſs as a Lamb, was ſlain—
Joſeph, was ſold a ſlave, though innocent—
Daniel, a night with lions did remain—
David, a thouſand troubles underwent.
27 Job, was at once deprive'd of all his care—
Rachel, erſt mourn'd her ſons in Rama ſlain---
Abſalom died, ſuſpended by his hair---
Who knows what death, fate ſhall for him ordain?
28 Falle'n on his ſword---ſee, one a bleeding lies !
A halter, robs a ſecond of his breath !
A third, o'erwhelm'd with liquor, drunken dies !
We can't too much bewail ſo vile a death !
29 'Tis ſad, to ſee a fellow creature ſhot---
'Tis ſad, to ſee him ſhorter by the head---
'Tis ſad, to ſee him in a priſon rot---
But 'tis not ſad, to ſee him fairly dead.
30 Why ſhou'd a mother be o'erwhelm'd with woe,
To ſee her children ſnatch'd away with ſpeed,
And from the pains that plague them here below,
By ſome well-time'd, ſome kind diſtemper, free'd ?
31 Let us give thanks to our immortal Sire,
When he vouchſafes ſo natu'ral a releaſe,

Nor

Nor let us weep more than our hopes require,
Nor more than ſerves to give our nature eaſe :
32 But let us thank our Father ever-bleſt,
When to himſelf, with tender pity move'd,
He takes, that they may find eternal reſt,
From this world's miſeries, his beſt-belove'd.
33 To calm thy ſorrows---conſolation mild
May God to thee, my ſiſter, quickly ſend !
May God himſelf conſole thee for thy child !
May God to me vouchſafe ſo good an end !

A WARNING againſt OPPRESSION, and a Recommendation of Reſtitution.

1 TO get ſome pounds, and thy good name abuſe—
To get, thro' loſs of fame, mere dung and droſs—
To get much wealth, and thy ſalvation loſe,
Is wretched gain, and miſerable loſs.
2 Better a mite, through juſtice to poſſeſs,
Than minted gold, thro' fraud and guilt, obtain'd :
One, will the way, wherein thou walkeſt, bleſs---
T'other conſume, e'en what was juſtly gain'd.
3 Better one field through a fair bargain bought,
Than through oppreſſion a whole realm to win,
By which thy ſoul, to torment ſhall be brought,
Thy wife, to poverty———thy ſons, to ſin.
4 With him, thou haſt oppreſs'd, in time agree---
Zacchëus-like, whate'er thou took'ſt away,
Reſtore :---e'er thou ſhalt from the gaol get free,
Thou muſt the debt, to the laſt farthing, pay.
5 Do thou no wrong to any man alive,
'Tis better ſuffer ten, than offer one ;
For ev'ry wrong, thou an account muſt give :
If wrong'd, to thee ſtrict juſtice ſhall be done.
6 What wilt thou do with thy ill-gotten gain ?
'Twill eat through all thy ſubſtance in the end,
It ſhall not in the houſe of God remain ;
And it's vile ſavour will our Lord offend.

7 The lands it buys, ſhall quickly be re-ſold———
The houſes ſoon ſhall fall, it does erect———
If give'n thy ſons—in ſin 'twill make them bold——
If to the poor—the Lord will it reject.
8 The wealth, thou haſt unjuſtly got, reſtore,
Or on thy houſe 'twill pull down Heaven's wrath;
The reſt with it will not agree—no more
Than erſt the ark did with the men of Gath.

An INVITATION to Sinners, to come and receive the good Things, which GOD offers them in the Goſpel, through the Parable of the Great Supper.

1 COme gentle, come ſimple, come all to the feaſt,
The feaſt of the Son of your King!
Let nothing impede each from being a gueſt——
'Tis God that invites you all in.
2 There is in this ſupper moſt delicate cheer!
There's food, that will comfort your ſouls!
There's honey and manna! the Bread of life's there,
Gifts ſacred, and myſtical bowls!
3 The Lamb that now lives, and the Lamb that was ſlain,
You there ready dreſs'd ſhall all have!
To gladden your hearts He aroſe up again,
And bilk'd for your ſafety the grave.
4 The blood of the Lamb, you ſhall quaff at this feaſt,
And eat of his fleſh, that was ſlain———
In clothes of his wool, you above ſhall be dreſt:
His merits ſhall raiſe you again.
5 You there ſhall the peace of the Deity gain,
With pardon, for all that's amiſs——
You, there, ſhall the Spirit of comfort obtain——
You Chriſt ſhall have, there, with each bliſs!
6 Come merrily therefore, come jovial and gay,
To this ſumptuous treat, at his call——
Come all to the wedding, and make no delay——
Chriſt offers himſelf unto all.

7 Let

7 Let nothing detain you, but come for your life,
Not the world, nor the fleſh, nor the fiend,
Nor oxen, nor farm, nor a new marry'd wife:
You to nothing beſides ſhou'd attend.
8 But if, to this marriage, to come you are loath,
If you fail to be, there, as a gueſt,
The great King declares with a terrible oath,
You never ſhall taſte of his feaſt.
9 The garment of Grace is, in hue, red and white—
Red, within—white, without—is the coat:
The white is a ſign of a life good and right,
The red, the true faith does denote.
10 Come then, in this dreſs, to the glorious repaſt,
Without it, let none there, be found,
Leſt they to the bottomleſs pit ſhou'd be caſt,
And there lie for ever faſt bound.
11 In a garb, whereby virtue is rightly expreſs'd,
In decent and proper array,
Let ev'ry one, there, at his peril be dreſs'd,
That Jeſus's heart may be gay.
12 If you to this ſacred repaſt ſhall repair,
He'll grant you the favour, that He
(So you're clad with repentance, with faith, and with
Your ſpouſe and protector will be. [pray r)

PSALM C.

1 COme all ye nations of the earth—
Come all with jollity and mirth,
And with gay heart the praiſes ſing
Of God your Saviour and your King!
2 Come ev'ry one, both great and ſmall---
Come all, that tread this earthly ball---
Come all, and in your God rejoice
With cheerful heart, and tuneful voice!
3 This truth, let ev'ry creature know,
" The Lord above, is God below,
" That he is Sove'reign o'er all lands,
" That he the univerſe commands."

4 Know, 'twas not you yourſelves that made
Thoſe curious forms, without his aid;
But, from the duſt, his plaſtic hand
His ſheep, and little children, plann'd.
5 Then enter to his gates with praiſe,
And in his courts your voices raiſe:
At early morn, and eve'ning late,
Let all their Maker celebrate.
6 With awe into his temple go,
For it is decent ſo to do;
'Tis right his praiſes to proclaim,
And magnify his holy name.
7 For He, kind, merciful, and good,
Has pity to his people ſhow'd:
From age to age his word remains,
And, to Eternity, He reigns!

Concerning the New Jeruſalem.

1 YE Britons of the South come forth,
With all your brethren of the North,
And hearken to a paſtor's ſtrains,
Who'd lead you to heav'n's bliſsful plains.
2 There is a kingdom large on high
(Above the empyreal sky)
By God out of his grace prepar'd,
And fraught with bliſs, for man's reward.
3 This, our dear Lord, God's only Son,
For us, his wretched brethren won,
(His own heart's blood, the price it coſt!)
If not through our own folly loſt.
4 For many loſe the ſeat of bliſs,
Becauſe they know not what it is,
And oft, like dunces, as they are,
Forego, for trifles light as air.
5 One, for a belly-full of drink,
Can men of ſuch a bargain think?

Another,

Another, not more wife than he,
That he may with a whore make free.
6 Heav'n, Adam for an apple fold——
Cain, for one murd'rous blow of old—
For pottage, Efau ——Eli's fon,
For flefh :—and many, worfe have done.
7 Some lofe it, 'caufe they give no ear
To truth ; nor practife, what they hear ;
Others, becaufe they do not ufe
Themfelves to pray, the blefling lofe :
8 But none of them, the more's their woe !
For want of faith and knowledge, know,
How great the kingdom is, they mifs,
Nor dream of it's ecftatic blifs.
9 I therefore, now, myfelf engage
To fhew it, from each facred page——
To try, if God, out of his grace,
Will make you long for that blefs'd place.
10 'Tis fo delightful, bright, and high,
That man, or angel, cannot fly
To fuch a pitch, nor e'er expreſs
The tithe of it's vaft happineſs.
11 Than fea and land, 'tis larger far,
The Sun can't with it's light compare,
Nor fummer's heats, nor winter's fnows,
Nor rain, nor ftorm, it ever knows.
12 For ever blooming it appears,
'Tis void of cares, and void of fears :
From death and revolutions free,
It lafts to all eternity.
13 No hunger, there, nor thirft remains,
No Sorrows, wearineſs, or pains ;
No weakneſs, or no want, fhall e'er
Approach the foul, that enters, there.
14 The sky, that is above us place'd,
With it's fix'd ftars and planets grace'd,
(Though it fo very luſtrous is)
Is but the floor, as 'twere, of this.

15 As no one there can ought require,
Since all enjoy their heart's deſire——.
So nothing grows in that bleſs'd ſoil,
Whereat man's nature can recoil.
16 It is a kingdom, made by God
With his own hands, for his abode,
Where angels ſhall his might adore,
With all his ſaints, for evermore.
17 Full in the midſt, a city, fair
Beyond conception and compare,
Which John the new Jeruſa'lem calls,
Lifts-up aloft it's tow'ring walls—
18 Walls, built with precious ſtones---for there
Berils, and topazes appear———
There jaſpers, amethyſts, combine,
And ſapphires, join'd with ſardines, ſhine.
19 This city is a perfect ſquare——
For all it's ſides quite equal are—
No artiſt can the figure blame,
It's length, and breadth, and heighth the ſame.
20 Twelve valves of pearl aloft are hung,
Thro' which God's fav'rite people throng,
At each of them an angel waits,
Leſt ought impure ſhou'd paſs the gates.
21 It's ſtreets are wholly pave'd with gold,
For man, too dazzling to behold!
They are than poliſh'd glaſs more bright,
And flaſh, like chryſtal, on the ſight.
22 A fount, whoſe wave, like ſilver, gleams,
From under God's tribunal ſtreams,
Whoſe current waters ev'ry ſtreet,
And is, than wine, by much more ſweet:
23 To ev'ry ſtreet, through which it flows,
The Tree of Life projects it's boughs:
Twelve ſorts of fruits, divinely good,
Each month it bears, celeſtial food!
24 Whoever on it's fruitage feed,
Shall never feel diſeaſe, or need;

Who

Who quaff the ſtream, ſhall never know,
Or thirſt, or any kind of woe.
25 None e'er ſhall to the' Almighty's ſight
Approach, except the ſons of light—
None, but the choſen and the good,
Whom Chriſt redeem'd with his own blood.
26 No murderers, no drunkards, there,
No vile idolaters, appear:
No whoremongers e'er make abode
In this, the city of our God!
27 No darkneſs, there, is ever ſeen,
No lie, nor falſehood, enters in,
But light, that never knows decay,
And makes an everlaſting day.
28 This glorious city ne'er requires
The ſun or moon's material fires——
The triune God, and Chriſt the Lamb,
With ceaſeleſs light illume the ſame.
29 There's no one e'er inhabits, there,
Whoſe face does not more bright appear,
Than is the ſun's eye-dazzling ray,
Upon the faireſt ſummer's-day!
30 All riches, there, they lightly hold,
Or precious ſtones, or pearls, or gold----
With gold, they make the pavements, there,
With precious ſtones, their walls they rear.
31 And, in the midſt of this abode,
Is place'd the gorgeous throne of God,
On angels ſhoulders rais'd on high,
The greateſt pow'rs in all the ſky!
32 A Canopy, of em'rald green,
Is, like an arching rainbow, ſeen
To over-hang this glorious throne
Of God, the ſacred Three-in-one!
33 Seve'n lamps, bright-gleaming, hung on high,
Which holy graces ſignify,
With wondrous luſtre, always ſhine
Before the' Almighty's throne divine.

34 The

34 The cherubim, (a ſix-wing'd band,
And full of eyes) around it ſtand,
And, to the Trinity divine,
Inceſſant praiſes ſtill aſſign.
35 Bedeck'd with might, with grace, and fire,
The Seraphim conjoin the quire,
And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry
Unto the Deity, moſt high!
36 The white-robed Elders, next to thoſe,
On golden ſeats, in ſtate repoſe;
But low'r their crowns, whene'er they bow
To laud him, with obeiſance low.
37 A crown of gold, each Elder wears——
Each, like a mighty King, appears——
And each in white array is dreſt,
Like an officiating prieſt.
38 There, all of them, thus richly crown'd,
The praiſes of the Lamb reſound,
And, with their cenſers in their hand,
To give him grateful incenſe ſtand.
39 Whoever enters there, may ſee
His vota'ries, each in his degree,
Applaud the' Almighty, and the Lamb,
Who, with ſuch pow'r, to ſave us came.
40 The angels, firſt, to heaven's King
Their loud-voice'd Halelujah's ſing;
The ſaints then from their ſeats conjoin
Their notes, in ſymphony divine.
41 There is no ſaint, nor angel, there,
That does not with them chorus bear—
There is not one ſo idle found,
Who does not his juſt praiſe reſound!
42 With notes combine'd, alike they ſing,
Reſponſive to the tuneful ſtring,
Harmoniouſly alike they laud
With harp and voice the' eternal God.
43 There, Halelujah's ſweet they ſing
Unto the' Almighty Lord and King,

And,

And, for his wondrous goodneſs raiſe
Their voices, to their Saviour's praiſe.
44 With pleaſing notes aloud, they laud
The mercies of their high-throne'd God,
And praiſe the Lamb, their bleſſed Lord,
Who man from ſlavery reſtor'd:
45 And ſo much pleaſure they receive,
Whilſt to the Trinity they give
Due honours——that, to ceaſe, is pain,
And from the taſk they can't refrain.
46 There ev'ry one alike, is free
The glorious Shekinah to ſee;
For, in God's preſence, ſtill there is
A never-failing fund of bliſs.
47 Myriads of ſaints, from ev'ry land,
Around the white-robe'd Elders ſtand,
Countleſs as ſands upon the ſhore,
The Lord of heaven to adore.
48 The face of God appears ſo fair
Unto his choſen ſaints, who are
Indulge'd to ſee it——they'll ſcarce deign
To look on ought beſides again.
49 Before the Godhead, void of dread,
Within his hallow'd courts they tread;
And neither fiend, nor any foe,
Can further miſchief to them do.
50 No emperor, beneath the ſky,
Has courtiers like the Lord's on high;
For e'en his worſt 's of nobler birth
Than any potentate on earth.
51 They all a royal lineage own,
By blood ally'd unto a crown——
They're a King's ſons, without diſpute,
And come, like princes, in his ſuit.
52 They, the Meſſiah's brethren are,
And each of them with him coheir-----
They're equal to the' angelic hoſt---
They all a princely rank can boaſt.

53 None of them all, a moment, ſleep,
But everlaſting vigils keep,
Yet none of them e'er fails to laſt:
So pleaſingly their time is paſt!

54 Like ſove'reign monarchs, they appear,
For all their crowns, like monarchs, wear,
And all, without exception, reign
With Jeſus Chriſt, a glorious train!

55 Each 's ſeated on a golden throne,
And each a milk-white veſt has on,
Like prieſts, at ſacrifice, they pay
To Chriſt due homage, night and day.

56 They all with palm-boughs in their hand,
Like victors in a triumph, ſtand,
Who have in conflict fierce and rude,
The world, the fleſh, and fiend ſubdue'd.

57 Not Solomon, nor e'en the roſe,
Was ever deck'd like one of thoſe——
The plaineſt-clad, the meaneſt, there,
Does a more gawdy veſture wear.

58 The ſaints above, more beauteous are
Than Abſalom, though wond'rous fair—
They all with radiant luſtre ſhine,
Frame'd in their Saviour's form divine!

59 And as like Abſalom they're fair,
Than Samſon, they much ſtronger are—
They more than match Hazael's flight—
They all are, as God's angels, bright.

60 Secure they live, without annoy,
In perfect happineſs and joy——
A joy, that ſhall for ever flow,
Exempt from pain—exempt from woe.

61 There, all their labour is to ſing
Loud Halelujahs to heav'n's King,
And the Lamb's praiſes to ſuſtain———
The Lamb, that for their ſins was ſlain!

62 Delicious manna is their meat,
Or from the Tree of Life they eat:

Who

Who on it's fruit, but once, ſhall feed,
Another meal ſhall never need.
63 Their drink is from the living ſpring,
The fountain of the' eternal King,
Which burſts in torrents all abroad
From under-neath the throne of God.
64 Their chief amuſement is to walk
Together with the Lamb—and talk
Along the borders of the ſtream---
His glorious praiſe their conſtant theme!
65 And when they are return'd again;
To welcome Him, and all his train,
They ready on the table find
A banquet for their uſe deſign'd.
66 No Perſian monarch ever knew,
Nor cou'd, at a collation, ſhew
Such coſtly cates, ſuch curious cheer,
As at our Saviour's board appear
67 No eye e'er ſaw——no ear e'er heard---
No mind conceiv'd----all tha.'s prepar'd
For our reception at this feaſt:
It's dainties cannot be expreſt!
68 No food, than manna worſe, is eat
By any, at this ſumptuous treat:
The worſt of liquors, at the board,
The ſacred ſtreams of Life afford.
69 This ſupper is at God's expenſe——
His Son, the liquors does diſpenſe——
Authorities, the feaſt controul———
Archangels, hand about the bowl.
70 There youthful Cherubs entertain,
Upon their harps, the happy train,
Along with which, each Seraph ſings,
And joins his voice unto the ſtrings.
71 Hoſannahs dwell on ev'ry tongue,
And this the burden of their ſong---
" All praiſe, and pow'r, and glory be"
" For ever to the Trinity."

72 There

72 There ev'ry want ſhall be ſupply'd——
There ev'ry wiſh be ſatisfy'd—
There ev'ry raviſh'd ſenſe ſhall find
Enjoyments of a proper kind.
73 The eye ſhall, there, with ſights be cloy'd,
(Sights ne'er, on earth, by man enjoy'd!)
The ear be ſated with ſweet ſounds,
With which the vault of heav'n rebounds.
74 The mouth with manna ſhall be fill'd,
And water from life's fount diſtill'd——
The tongue ſhall be employ'd, to ſing
The praiſes of our Saviour-King.
75 Their bodies, there, like ſouls ſhall fly,
Without incumbrance, o'er the sky,
And all throughout, from head to heel,
Like thought, no weight or hindrance feel.
76 There's not a member, that they have,
Which unto God due glory gave,
That ſhall not, for that ſervice, riſe
To honours great, in paradiſe.
77 Nay, the whole body there ſhall blaze,
Bright as the ſun's meridian rays:———
If then the body ſhines thus, there;
How luſtrous muſt the ſoul appear?

THE END.

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ERRATA.

ERRATA.

Page.	Stanza.	Line.	
18.	3.	1.	*for* Sai'sb'ry *r.* Sal'sb'ry
38.	7.	1.	*for* was *read* waſt
43.	16.	2.	*for* flock *read* flocks
46.	43.	1.	*for* three *read* four
55.	24.	4.	*for* of *read* from
69.	4.	1.	*for* were *read* wert
87.	12.	1.	*for* are *read* were
113.	25.	4.	*for* woe *read* woes
115.	45.	1.	*for* was *read* waſt
116.	52.	3.	*for* doſt *read* doth
122.		1.	*for* ſhall *read* ſhalt
	37.	4.	*after* all *inſert* that
123.		2.	*f* whatever *r* whate'er
125.	64.	3.	*for* ſhalt *read* ſhall
133.	51.	3.	*for* ſkud *read* ſcud.
134.			marginal note, *for* Eph. *read* Epiſt.
136.	73.	1.	*for* Act *read* Acts
137.	85.	2.	*for* her *read* it's *in two places*
		4.	*for* her *read* it
140.	15.	4.	*for* light *read* love
	2.	1.	*after* kept *inſert* thee from
150.	24.	2.	*for* ſums *read* ſum
162.	3.	1.	*dele* it is
170.	19.	1.	*for* puiſance *r* puiſſance
182.	21.	2.	*after* it *inſert* ſhou'd
192.			*in the title of the poem, for* thoughts *read* words
220.	39.	3.	*for* garment *r* garments
222.	56.	2.	*for* their *read* his
224.	79.	2.	*for* mattins *read* matins
231.	13.	1.	*for* liſtleſs *read* liſtleſs
249.	29.	3.	*for* vices *read* vice
256.	96.	2.	*for* Ammon *r* Amnon
260.	8.	1.	*dele the word* only
269.	2.	4.	*for* over *read* o'er
282.	7.	4.	*for* crouded *r* crowded
297.	6.	4.	*for* then *read* thence
307.	39.	2.	*for* lambs *read* lamps
328.	67.	2.	*for* Lke *read* Like
334.	38.	4.	*for* crouds *read* crowds
348.	23.	1.	*for* were *read* wert
	24.	3.	*for* ſhou'd *r* ſhou'dſt
356.	20.	1.	*for* has *read* haſt
361.	23.	4.	*for* thee *read* the
363.	39.	2.	*for* water *read* bottom
384.	14.	3.	*f* Chriſtian *r* Chriſtians
385.	18.	3.	*for* heav'n *read* heaven
401.	76.	3.	*for* fiercer *read* fierce
403.	99.	3.	*for* thy *read* my
422.	6.	2.	*f* Redemer *r* Redeemer
423.	5.	2.	*for* miſdeeds *r* miſdeed
436.	62.	4.	*for* make *read* makes
444.	6.	4.	*for* with *read* on
453.		1.	*for* lip *read* lips
462.	15.	1.	*for* th' *read* the
464.	17.	1.	*for* maſter's *r* maſter
465.	2.	1.	*for* the *read* thy
467.	14.	3.	*for* Halelujah *r* Hallelujah, *and in two or three other places*
478.	59.	3.	*for* Hazael *read* Aſahel

There are ſome few literal errors, as well as errors in the punctuation, which the reader will be pleaſed to correct as he goes along.